JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 42

2000 AD PROGS **1465 - 1484**
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE **236 - 244**
YEAR: **2127**

Written by
John Wagner
Gordon Rennie
Ian Edginton
Simon Spurrier
Robbie Morrison

Art by
Carl Critchlow
Arthur Ranson
Henry Flint
Richard Elson
Ian Gibson
Greg Staples
D'Israeli
Cam Kennedy
Steve Yeowell

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Published by Rebellion, Riverside House,
Osney Mead, Oxford, OX2 0ES, UK.
www.rebellion.co.uk

Originally serialised in **2000 AD** Progs 1461-1484, 2006 & **Judge Dredd Megazine** 236-244. Copyright © 2005, 2007 & 2023 Rebellion 2000 AD Ltd. All rights reserved. *Judge Dredd* and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion 2000 AD Ltd. No portion of this book may be reproduced without the express permission of the publisher. Names, characters, places and incidents featured in the publication are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead (except for satirical purposes) is entirely coincidental.

ISBN: 978-1-78618-709-3
Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press

First Printing: August 2023
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed on FSC® certified paper.
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.
To find out more about **2000 AD**, visit www.2000AD.com

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Letters: Tom Frame
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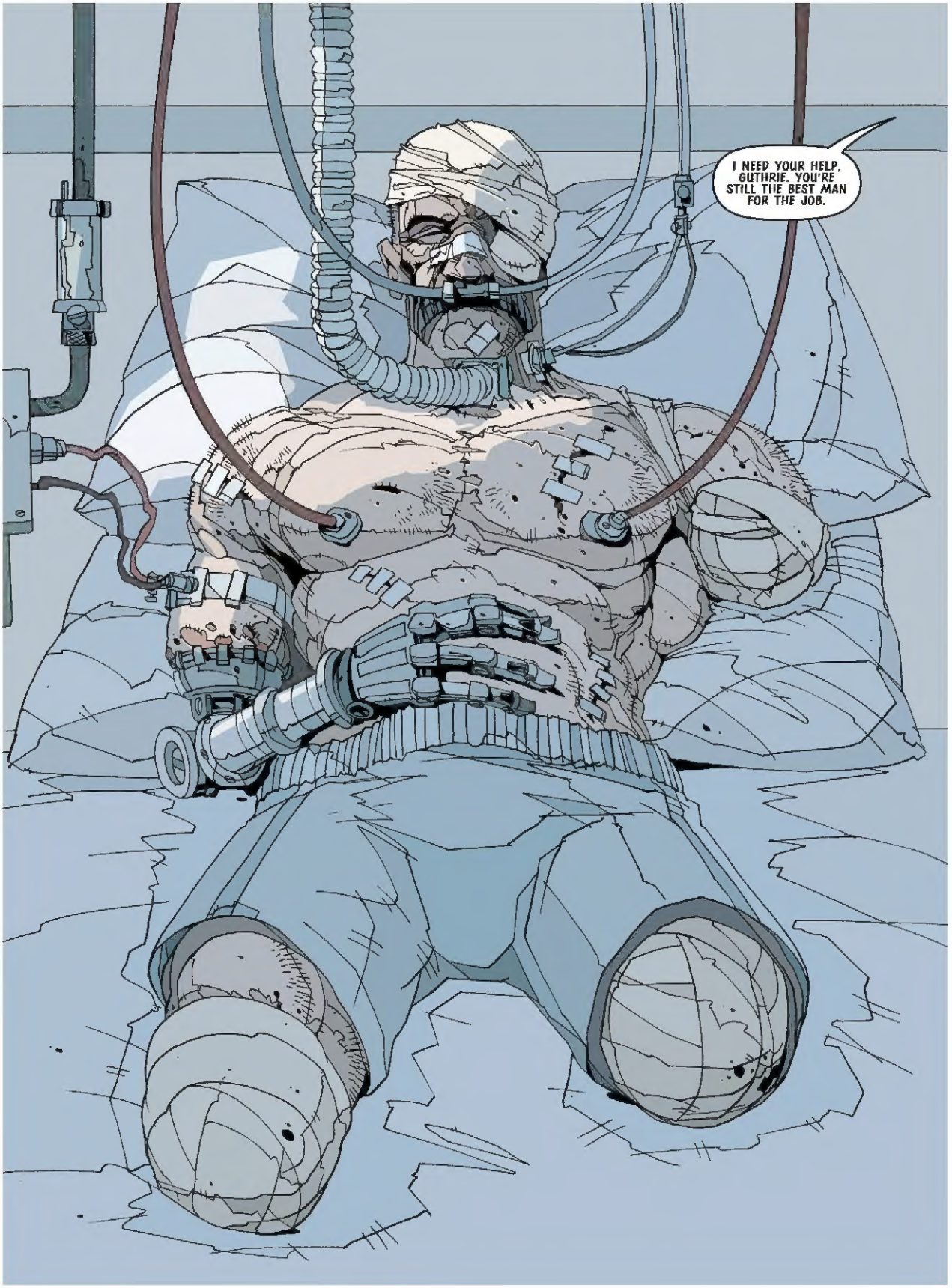
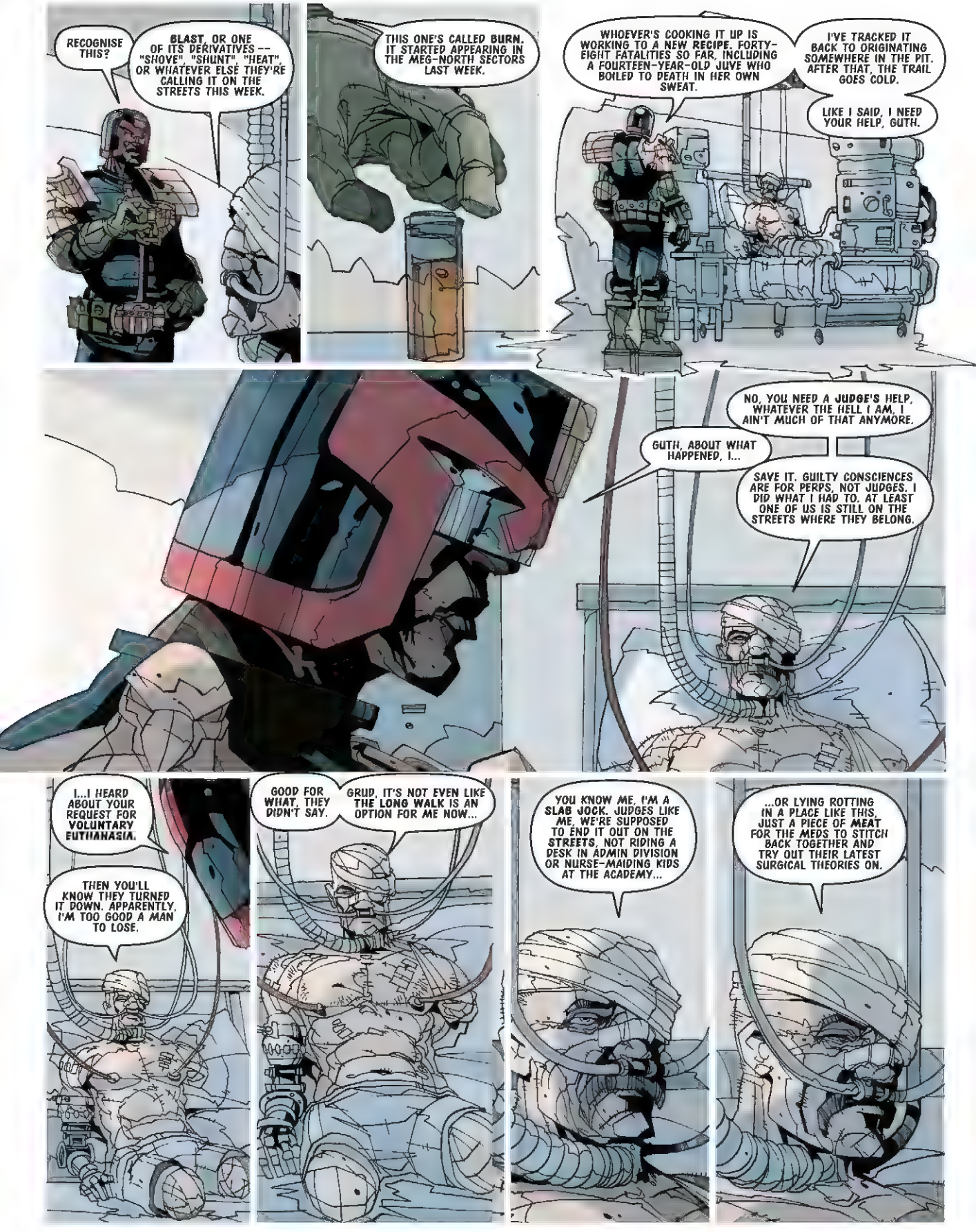
SECTOR 301. THE PIT.
NOT AS BAD AS IT USED TO BE.
JUDGE DREDD
BURNED OUT
KINDA LIKE SAYING RAW MUNCE TASTES BETTER ONCE YOU START TO COOK IT.
HE HAD GIVEN THIS LITTLE CREEP ALL THE CHANCES HE WAS GOING TO GET. TIME TO BRING THIS TO A FINISH.
BIKE.
SCREEEEEECH
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART CARL CRITCHLOW
LETTERS TOM FRAME

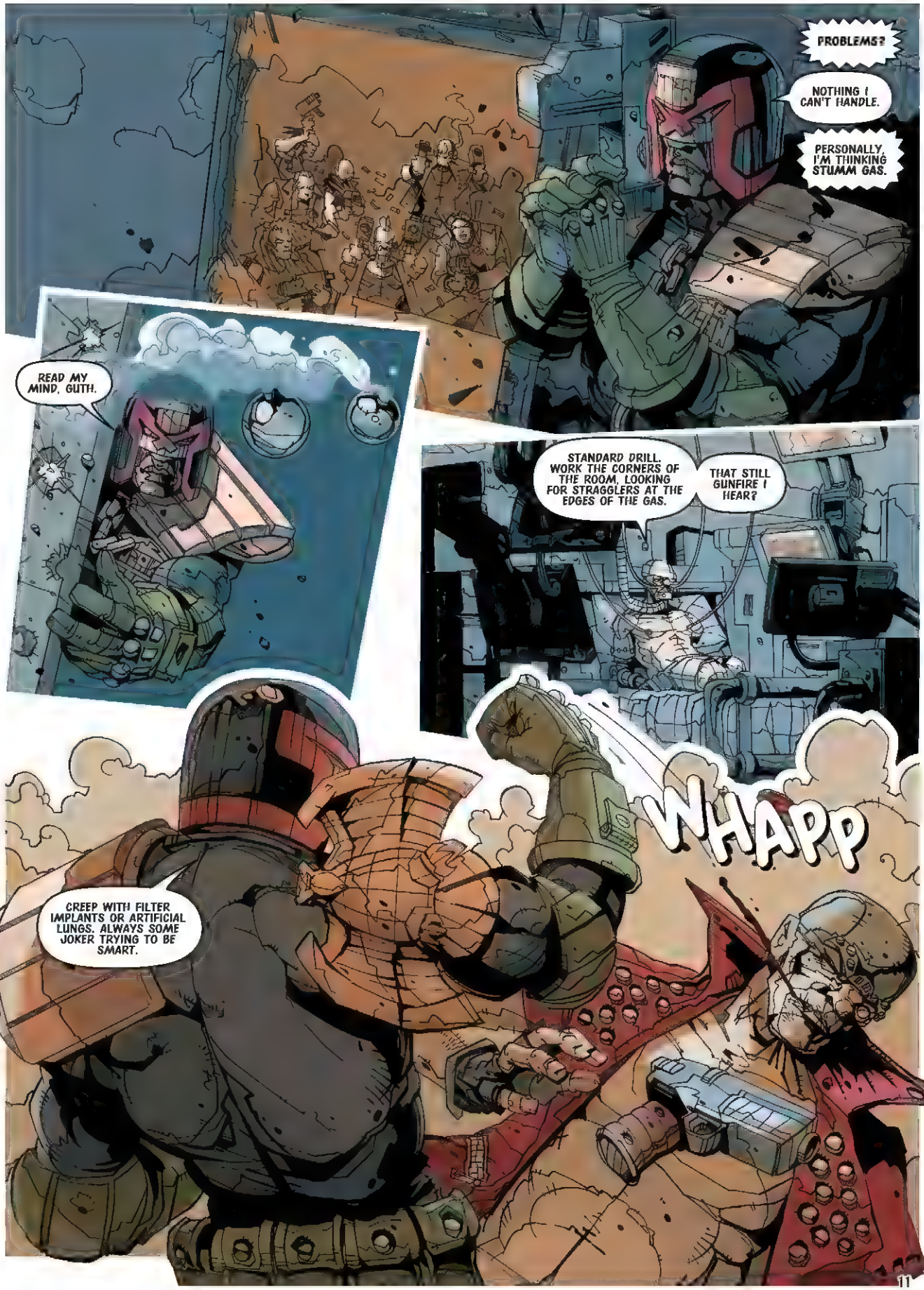
THUNNK
UFFF!
DISOBEYING A COMMAND FROM A JUDGE -- SIX MONTHS. RESISTING ARREST -- TWO YEARS. SUSPICION OF ILLEGAL DRUG USE -- A POSSIBLE THREE TO TEN YEARS.
WANT ME TO GO ON, SAMMY?
I'M...I'M CLEAN, JUDGE, I SWEAR!
SEE?
USE YOUR BOOT-KNIFE. MAKE A COUPLE OF SHALLOW CUTS ON HIS ARMS. SEE HOW MUCH BLOOD COMES OUT.
NOT YOUR LUCKY DAY, SAMMY. THE VOICES IN MY HEAD ARE CALLING THE SHOTS...
...GOOD CALL ON THE BOOT-KNIFE TRICK. THERE'S ONE YOU'LL NEVER READ ABOUT IN THE OLD MAN'S COMPORTMENT.
OLD PIT HYPEHEAD SCAM. PLASTI-SKIN GRAFTS TO COVER UP THE HYPE-MARKS.
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A PLACE CALLED THE SIN BIN.
I KNOW IT. IT'S A FLESH-MARKET JOINT ON THE FIGUERELLA STRIP. ONE OF THE LEFTOVERS FROM THE OLD DAYS...

YOU SURE THIS IS IT?
BEEN LIKE THAT FOR YEARS. FIGURE SOMEONE AT CITY PLANNING MUST HAVE BEEN PAID TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.
SIN BIN
CLOSED FOR DEMOLITION BY ORDER OF THE JUSTICE DEPT.
THE REAL ENTRANCE IS ROUND THE BACK.
OLD DAYS OR NEW, THIS IS STILL THE PIT. YOU DON'T WALK INTO A PLACE LIKE THIS WITHOUT BACK-UP—
DON'T NEED IT.
I GOT THE BEST STREET PARTNER IN THE DEPARTMENT RIDING SHOTGUN WITH ME, REMEMBER?
TWELVE HOURS EARLIER...
WHY ME?
THE PIT'S YOUR OLD STOMPING GROUND. YOU KNOW THE TERRITORY, YOU KNOW ALL THE SPECIAL VARIETIES OF CREEP THEY STILL BREED UP THERE.

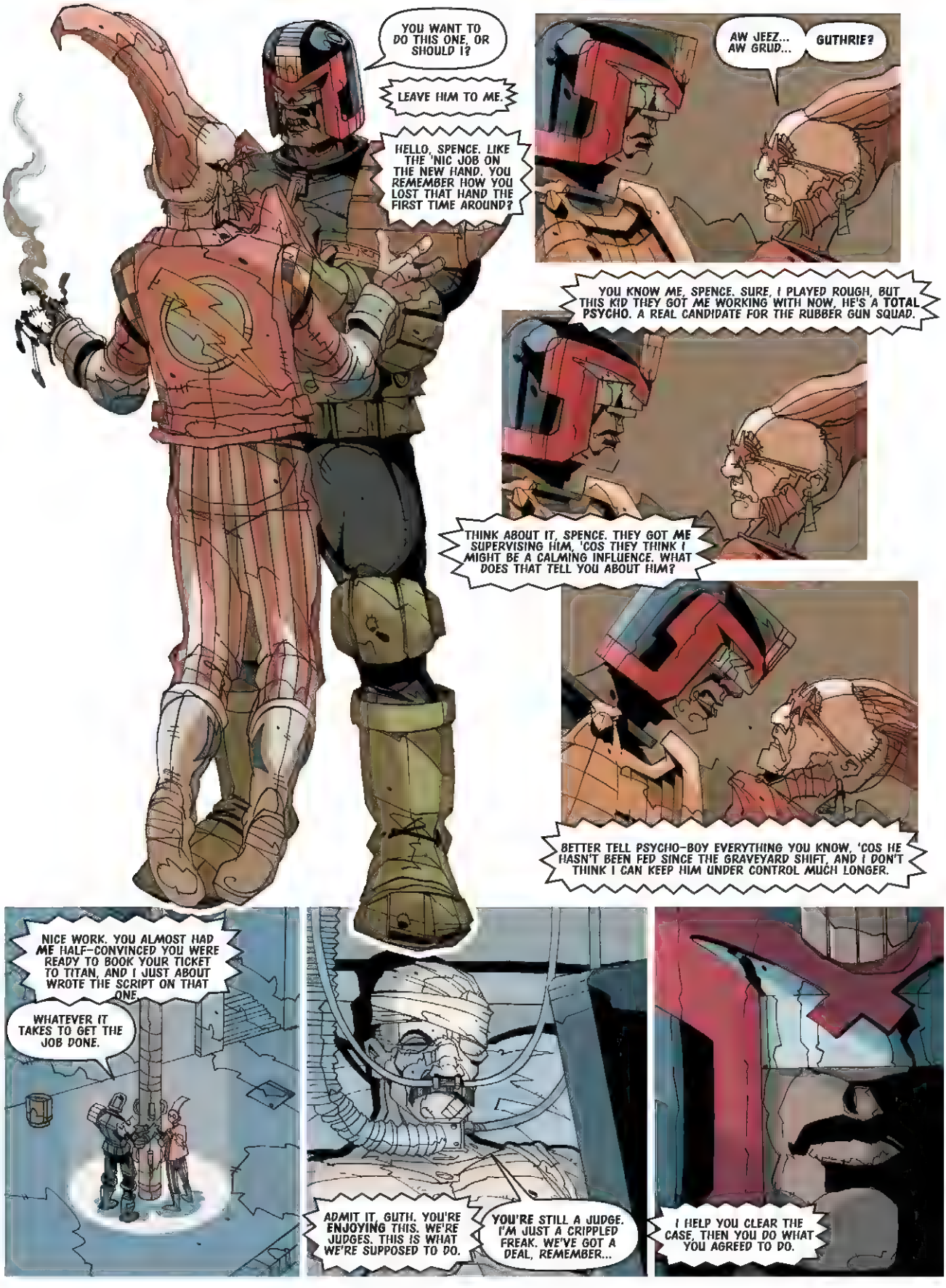

I NEED YOUR HELP, GUTHRIE. YOU'RE STILL THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB.


RECOGNISE THIS?
BLAST, OR ONE OF ITS DERIVATIVES -- "SHOVE", "SHUNT", "HEAT", OR WHATEVER ELSE THEY'RE CALLING IT ON THE STREETS THIS WEEK.
THIS ONE'S CALLED BURN. IT STARTED APPEARING IN THE MEG-NORTH SECTORS LAST WEEK.
WHOEVER'S COOKING IT UP IS WORKING TO A NEW RECIPE. FORTY-EIGHT FATALITIES SO FAR, INCLUDING A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD JUVE WHO BOILED TO DEATH IN HER OWN SWEAT.
I'VE TRACKED IT BACK TO ORIGINATING SOMEWHERE IN THE PIT. AFTER THAT, THE TRAIL GOES COLD.
LIKE I SAID, I NEED YOUR HELP, GUTH.
NO, YOU NEED A JUDGE'S HELP, WHATEVER THE HELL I AM. I AIN'T MUCH OF THAT ANYMORE.
GUTH, ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, I...
SAVE IT. GUILTY CONSCIENCES ARE FOR PERPS, NOT JUDGES. I DID WHAT I HAD TO. AT LEAST ONE OF US IS STILL ON THE STREETS WHERE THEY BELONG.
I...I HEARD ABOUT YOUR REQUEST FOR VOLUNTARY EUTHANASIA.
THEN YOU'LL KNOW THEY TURNED IT DOWN. APPARENTLY, I'M TOO GOOD A MAN TO LOSE.
GOOD FOR WHAT, THEY DIDN'T SAY.
GRUD. IT'S NOT EVEN LIKE THE LONG WALK IS AN OPTION FOR ME NOW...
YOU KNOW ME, I'M A SLAB JOCK. JUDGES LIKE ME, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO END IT OUT ON THE STREETS, NOT RIDING A DESK IN ADMIN DIVISION OR NURSE-MAIDING KIDS AT THE ACADEMY...
...OR LYING ROTTING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, JUST A PIECE OF MEAT FOR THE MEDS TO STITCH BACK TOGETHER AND TRY OUT THEIR LATEST SURGICAL THEORIES ON.

YOU KNOW THE STORIES ABOUT HOW OLD CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER DIED?
I KNOW THE OFFICIAL VERSION. I HEARD THE OTHER VERSION TOO, ABOUT WHAT DREDD DID FOR HER.
I ASKED DREDD ABOUT IT ONCE. HE GAVE ME THE OLD STONEY-FACE ROUTINE, BUT HE DIDN'T DENY IT EITHER.
DREDD DID THE RIGHT THING FOR HER, GIANT.
I CAN'T DO THAT, GUTH. YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I OWE YOU TOO MUCH—
YEAH, YOU DO OWE ME. SO I'LL WORK THIS CASE WITH YOU, AND WHEN IT'S DONE, YOU'LL HELP ME DO WHAT I NEED TO DO.
THEN WE'LL BE QUITS. DEAL?
ONE CONDITION: WE WORK TOGETHER, AND I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT YOU'RE STILL WORTH SOMETHING AS A JUDGE.
AFTERWARDS, IF YOU STILL FEEL THE SAME WAY...
...I SWEAR TO GRUD, IF IT COMES TO IT, I'LL COME IN HERE AND PUT A LAWGIVER ROUND INTO YOU MYSELF!

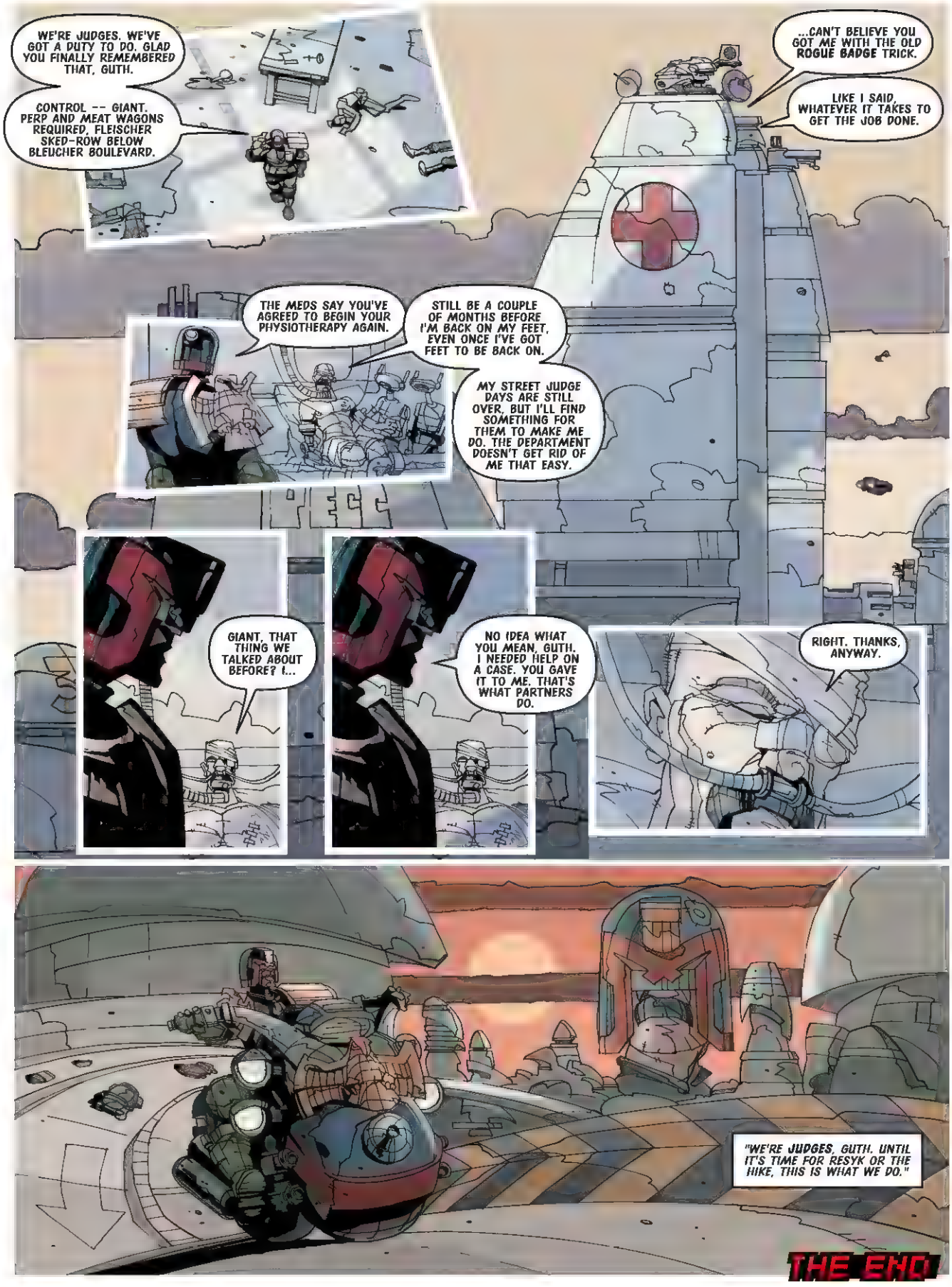

PROBLEMS?
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.
PERSONALLY, I'M THINKING STUMM GAS.
READ MY MIND, GUTH.
STANDARD DRILL. WORK THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM, LOOKING FOR STRAGGLERS AT THE EDGES OF THE GAS.
THAT STILL GUNFIRE I HEAR?
WHAPP
CREEP WITH FILTER IMPLANTS OR ARTIFICIAL LUNGS. ALWAYS SOME JOKER TRYING TO BE SMART.

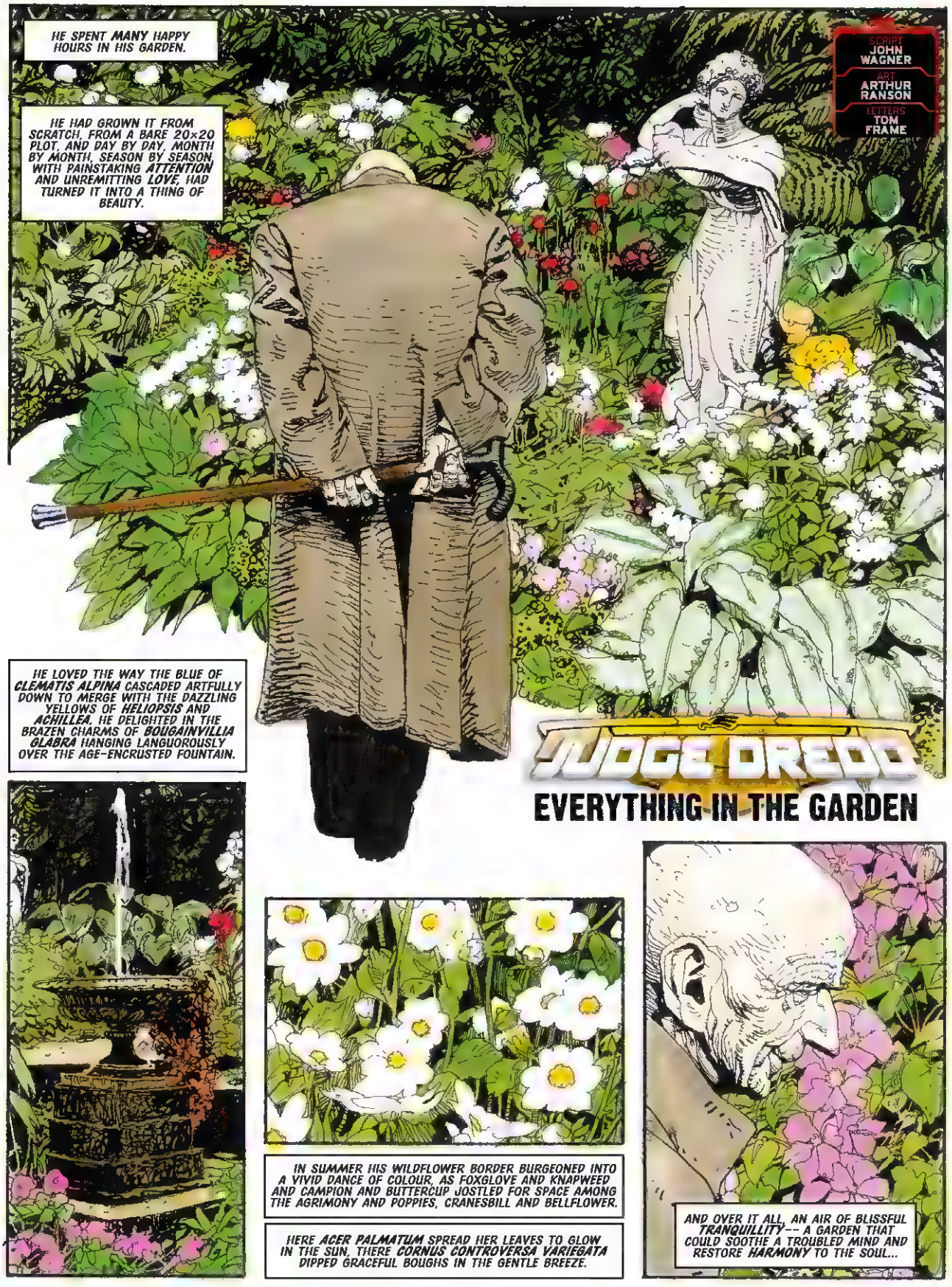
ANY OF THESE CREEPS LOOK FAMILIAR?
HOLD ON. I'LL CHECK THE VISOR-CAM FEED.
YOUR TWO O'CLOCK. LITTLE CREEP WITH THE BAD DRESS SENSE. WATCH HIS LEFT HAND.
SOMEONE SHOT IT OFF A FEW YEARS AGO. SOMETIMES HE WEARS A BIONIC REPLACEMENT TRICKED OUT WITH A BUILT-IN MINI-BLASTER.
BDAM


YOU WANT TO DO THIS ONE, OR SHOULD I?
LEAVE HIM TO ME.
HELLO, SPENCE. LIKE THE 'NIC JOB ON THE NEW HAND. YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU LOST THAT HAND THE FIRST TIME AROUND?
AW JEEZ... AW GRUD...
GUTHRIE?
YOU KNOW ME, SPENCE. SURE, I PLAYED ROUGH, BUT THIS KID THEY GOT ME WORKING WITH NOW, HE'S A TOTAL PSYCHO. A REAL CANDIDATE FOR THE RUBBER GUN SQUAD.
THINK ABOUT IT, SPENCE. THEY GOT ME SUPERVISING HIM, 'COS THEY THINK I MIGHT BE A CALMING INFLUENCE. WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU ABOUT HIM?
BETTER TELL PSYCHO-BOY EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, 'COS HE HASN'T BEEN FED SINCE THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT, AND I DON'T THINK I CAN KEEP HIM UNDER CONTROL MUCH LONGER.
NICE WORK. YOU ALMOST HAD ME HALF-CONVINCED YOU WERE READY TO BOOK YOUR TICKET TO TITAN, AND I JUST ABOUT WROTE THE SCRIPT ON THAT ONE.
WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET THE JOB DONE.
ADMIT IT, GUTH. YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS. WE'RE JUDGES. THIS IS WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO.
YOU'RE STILL A JUDGE. I'M JUST A CRIPPLED FREAK. WE'VE GOT A DEAL, REMEMBER...
I HELP YOU CLEAR THE CASE, THEN YOU DO WHAT YOU AGREED TO DO.

nok nok-nok nok
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
RELAX. IT'S JUST SPENCE. DUMB LITTLE CREEP MUSTA FINALLY REMEMBERED THE RIGHT CODE KNOCK.
WHATYA WANT, SPENCE? YOU WAS ONLY HERE YESTERDAY. AIN'T NO WAY YA COULDA SOLD THAT MUCH --
BAFF
SO MUCH FOR MY IDEA OF SNEAKING IN AND TAKING 'EM BY SURPRISE, OR KEEPING 'EM UNDER SURVEILLANCE AND WAITING FOR BACK-UP...
YEAH, SURE. COULD HAVE WORKED, TOO...
...IF WE WERE WALLY SQUAD OR PSU, OR SOME KIND OF LAME OUTFIT LIKE THAT.
WE'RE SLAB JOCKS. ALL WE KNOW IS THE DUMB OLD STREET-DIV WAY OF DOING THINGS.
SMASSH
CREEP WITH THE CASH.
CHECK.
AAKKK

WANT ME TO CALL FOR CLEAN-UP?
GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES. SOMETHING HERE I STILL NEED TO DO.
TOOK ME A WHILE TO FIND YOU. WONDER HOW MANY OTHER DUMB CREEPS DIED IN THAT TIME FROM THE POISON YOU'RE PEDDLING HERE.
NO...PLEASE!
PLAY-ACTING TIME'S OVER, GIANT. WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR.
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ACTING, GUTH?
SMAK
GIANT...
I SAW A JUVE BOILED ALIVE IN HER OWN SWEAT. ANOTHER ONE PEELED ALL THE SKIN OFF THEIR FACE AND ARMS TO TRY AND STOP THE PAIN.
YOU ASK ME, TWENTY TO LIFE IN AN ISO-CUBE IS GETTING OFF TOO EASY.
I WANT TO GIVE THIS LOWLIFE A TASTE OF WHAT HE'S BEEN PUSHING. I WANT TO SEE HIM BURN UP RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
STREET MYTH SAYS AN OVERDOSE OF THIS STUFF CAUSES SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.
OPEN WIDE, CREEP. LET'S FIND OUT IF THAT'S TRUE.
DON'T DO THIS, GIANT. FORGET THE SJS, I SWEAR TO GRUD I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN MYSELF.
WE'RE JUDGES. THIS ISN'T HOW WE DO THINGS. WE'VE GOT A DUTY TO DO. LIKE IT OR NOT, THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.
RIGHT.


WE'RE JUDGES. WE'VE GOT A DUTY TO DO. GLAD YOU FINALLY REMEMBERED THAT, GUTH.
CONTROL -- GIANT. PERP AND MEAT WAGONS REQUIRED, FLEISCHER SKED-ROW BELOW BLEUCHER BOULEVARD.
...CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GOT ME WITH THE OLD ROGUE BADGE TRICK.
LIKE I SAID, WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET THE JOB DONE.
THE MEDS SAY YOU'VE AGREED TO BEGIN YOUR PHYSIOTHERAPY AGAIN.
STILL BE A COUPLE OF MONTHS BEFORE I'M BACK ON MY FEET, EVEN ONCE I'VE GOT FEET TO BE BACK ON.
MY STREET JUDGE DAYS ARE STILL OVER, BUT I'LL FIND SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE ME DO. THE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T GET RID OF ME THAT EASY.
GIANT, THAT THING WE TALKED ABOUT BEFORE? I...
NO IDEA WHAT YOU MEAN, GUTH. I NEEDED HELP ON A CASE. YOU GAVE IT TO ME. THAT'S WHAT PARTNERS DO.
RIGHT. THANKS, ANYWAY.
"WE'RE JUDGES, GUTH. UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR RESYK OR THE HIKE, THIS IS WHAT WE DO."
THE END



HE SPENT **MANY** HAPPY HOURS IN HIS GARDEN.

HE HAD GROWN IT FROM SCRATCH, FROM A BARE 20×20 PLOT, AND DAY BY DAY, MONTH BY MONTH, SEASON BY SEASON, WITH PAINSTAKING **ATTENTION** AND UNREMITTING **LOVE**, HAD TURNED IT INTO A THING OF BEAUTY.

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART ARTHUR RANSON
LETTERS TOM FRAME

HE LOVED THE WAY THE BLUE OF **CLEMATIS ALPINA** CASCADED ARTFULLY DOWN TO MERGE WITH THE DAZZLING YELLOWS OF **HELIOPSIS** AND **ACHILLEA**. HE DELIGHTED IN THE BRAZEN CHARMS OF **BOUGAINVILLIA GLABRA** HANGING LANGUOROUSLY OVER THE AGE-ENCRUSTED FOUNTAIN.

JUDGE DREDD

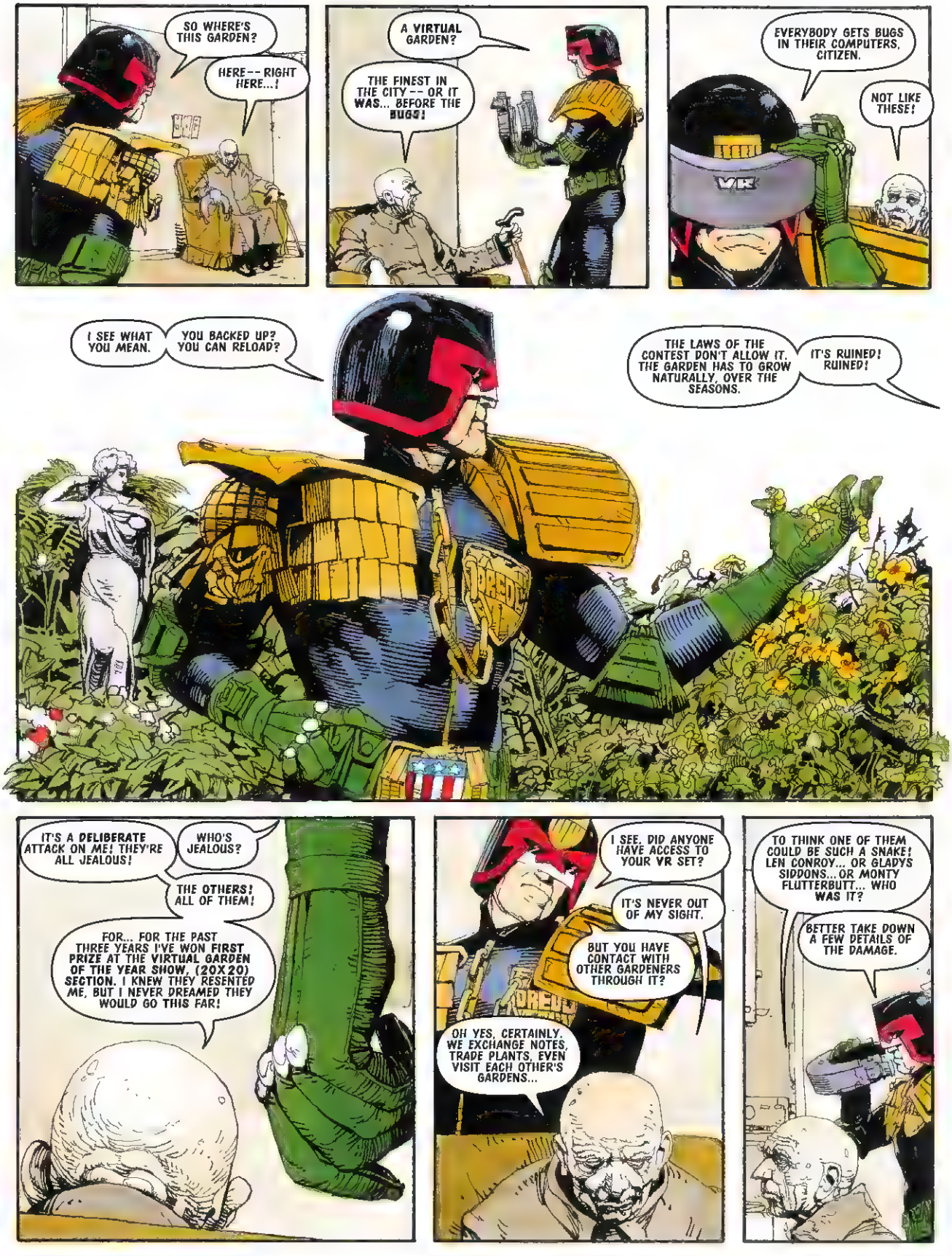
EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN

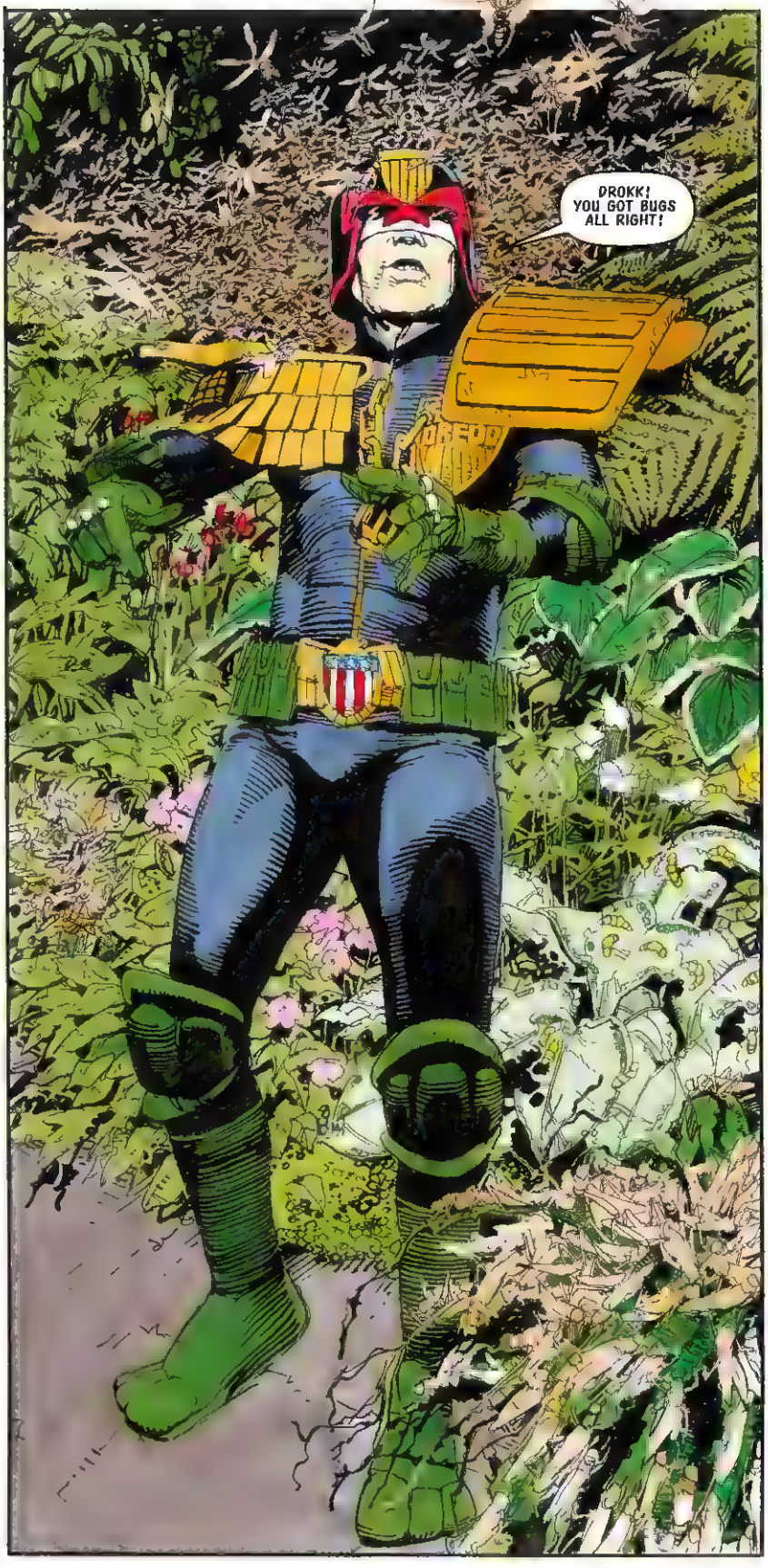
IN SUMMER HIS WILDFLOWER BORDER BURGEONED INTO A VIVID DANCE OF COLOUR, AS FOXGLOVE AND KNAPWEED AND CAMPION AND BUTTERCUP JOSTLED FOR SPACE AMONG THE AGRIMONY AND POPPIES, CRANESBILL AND BELLFLOWER.

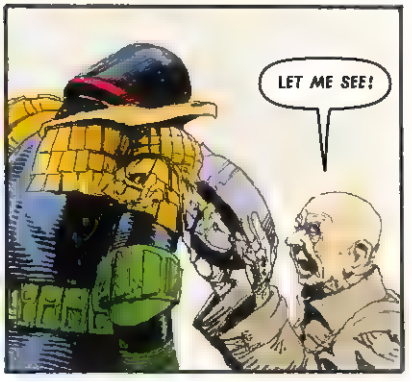
HERE **ACER PALMATUM** SPREAD HER LEAVES TO GLOW IN THE SUN, THERE **CORNUS CONTROVERSA VARIEGATA** DIPPED GRACEFUL BOUGHS IN THE GENTLE BREEZE.

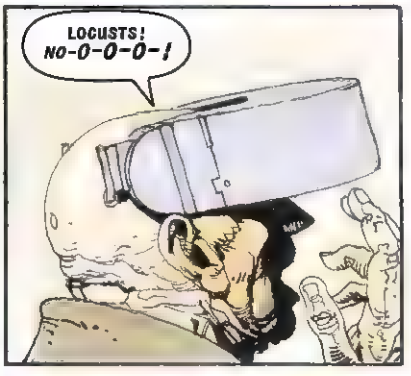
AND OVER IT ALL, AN AIR OF BLISSFUL **TRANQUILLITY**-- A GARDEN THAT COULD SOOTHE A TROUBLED MIND AND RESTORE **HARMONY** TO THE SOUL...

FIRST
FIRST PRIZE
1ST
OH DEAR LORD...
N-NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!
MY NASTURTIUMS!
MY HOSTAS -- MY LUPINS!
IT-IT CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE, DIRTY, NASTY THINGS!
OH! OH MY POOR HEART! I FEEL QUITE FAINT! QUITE FAINT-!
ANY UNIT, VICINITY BILL GATES. RESIDENT REPORTS VANDALISM TO GARDEN. SEE CITIZEN PERCIVAL CROAKER, APARTMENT 3331.
DREDD! I'LL TAKE IT!


SO WHERE'S THIS GARDEN?
HERE-- RIGHT HERE...!
A VIRTUAL GARDEN?
THE FINEST IN THE CITY -- OR IT WAS... BEFORE THE BUGS!
EVERYBODY GETS BUGS IN THEIR COMPUTERS, CITIZEN.
NOT LIKE THESE!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU BACKED UP? YOU CAN RELOAD?
THE LAWS OF THE CONTEST DON'T ALLOW IT. THE GARDEN HAS TO GROW NATURALLY, OVER THE SEASONS.
IT'S RUINED! RUINED!
IT'S A DELIBERATE ATTACK ON ME! THEY'RE ALL JEALOUS!
WHO'S JEALOUS?
THE OTHERS! ALL OF THEM!
FOR... FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS I'VE WON FIRST PRIZE AT THE VIRTUAL GARDEN OF THE YEAR SHOW, (20X20) SECTION. I KNEW THEY RESENTED ME, BUT I NEVER DREAMED THEY WOULD GO THIS FAR!
I SEE. DID ANYONE HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR VR SET?
IT'S NEVER OUT OF MY SIGHT.
BUT YOU HAVE CONTACT WITH OTHER GARDENERS THROUGH IT?
OH YES, CERTAINLY. WE EXCHANGE NOTES, TRADE PLANTS, EVEN VISIT EACH OTHER'S GARDENS...
TO THINK ONE OF THEM COULD BE SUCH A SNAKE! LEN CONROY... OR GLADYS SIDDONS... OR MONTY FLUTTERBUTT... WHO WAS IT?
BETTER TAKE DOWN A FEW DETAILS OF THE DAMAGE.


DROKK! YOU GOT BUGS ALL RIGHT!

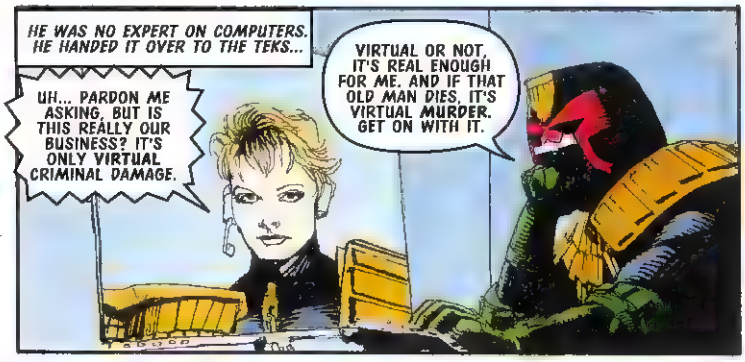

LET ME SEE!

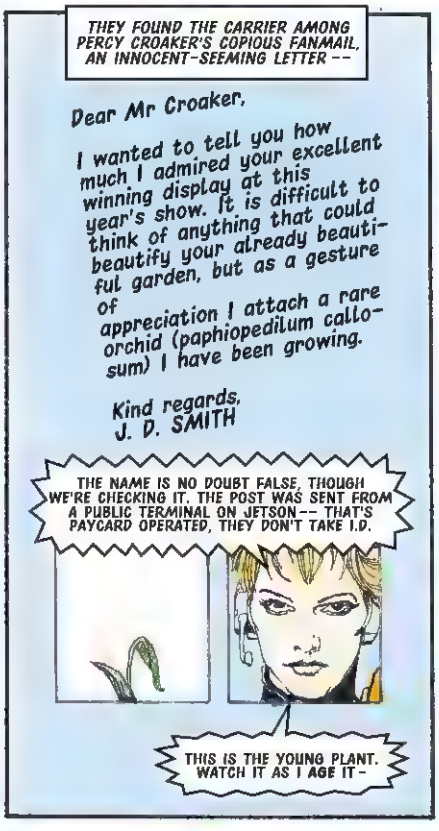

LOCUSTS! NO-O-O-O-!

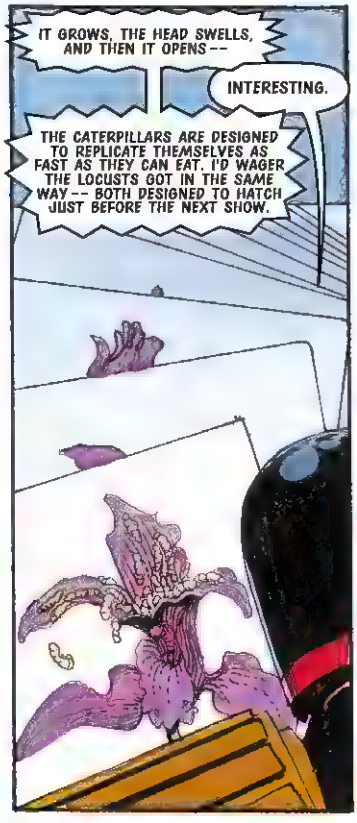
UNNNHHHH!

HEART ATTACK!
CONTROL, CONTACT THE BLOCK MEDS! URGENT ASSISTANCE REQUIRED!
THUMP

HE'S 112. AT HIS AGE, IT'S TOUCH AND GO.

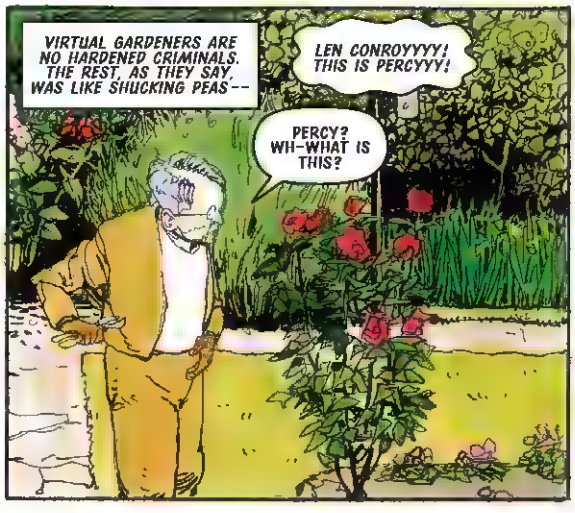

HE WAS NO EXPERT ON COMPUTERS. HE HANDED IT OVER TO THE TEKS...
UH... PARDON ME ASKING, BUT IS THIS REALLY OUR BUSINESS? IT'S ONLY VIRTUAL CRIMINAL DAMAGE.
VIRTUAL OR NOT, IT'S REAL ENOUGH FOR ME. AND IF THAT OLD MAN DIES, IT'S VIRTUAL MURDER. GET ON WITH IT.

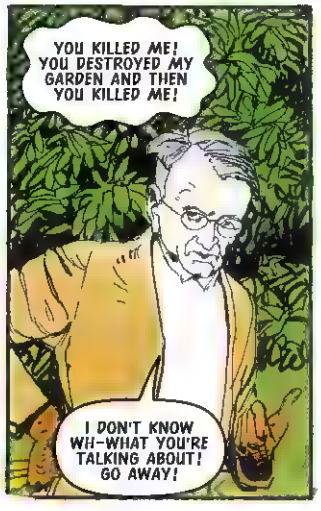

THEY FOUND THE CARRIER AMONG PERCY CROAKER'S COPIOUS FANMAIL, AN INNOCENT-SEEMING LETTER --
Dear Mr Croaker,
I wanted to tell you how much I admired your excellent winning display at this year's show. It is difficult to think of anything that could beautify your already beautiful garden, but as a gesture of appreciation I attach a rare orchid (paphiopedilum callosum) I have been growing.
Kind regards,
J. D. SMITH
THE NAME IS NO DOUBT FALSE, THOUGH WE'RE CHECKING IT. THE POST WAS SENT FROM A PUBLIC TERMINAL ON JETSON-- THAT'S PAYCARD OPERATED, THEY DON'T TAKE I.D.
THIS IS THE YOUNG PLANT. WATCH IT AS I AGE IT-


IT GROWS, THE HEAD SWELLS, AND THEN IT OPENS--
INTERESTING.
THE CATERPILLARS ARE DESIGNED TO REPLICATE THEMSELVES AS FAST AS THEY CAN EAT. I'D WAGER THE LOCUSTS GOT IN THE SAME WAY-- BOTH DESIGNED TO HATCH JUST BEFORE THE NEXT SHOW.

HE COULD PULL THEM ALL IN FOR QUESTIONING, THE LEADING CONTENDERS FOR THE 20×20 CROWN. THEY WERE THE MOST LIKELY SUSPECTS. SOONER OR LATER HE'D FIND THE ONE.
BUT THE CALL ON MANPOWER WOULD BE HEAVY. THERE WAS A QUICKER WAY...
YOU CAN DUPLICATE PERCY CROAKER'S VOICE, JAMES?
I CAN PICK IT UP OFF ONE OF THE GARDEN SHOW VID-SLUGS. THEY INTERVIEW ALL THE WINNERS.

GET A LIST OF ALL THE FAVOURITES. YOU'RE GOING TO HACK INTO THEIR VR SETS...


VIRTUAL GARDENERS ARE NO HARDENED CRIMINALS. THE REST, AS THEY SAY, WAS LIKE SHUCKING PEAS--
LEN CONROYYYY! THIS IS PERCYYY!
PERCY? WH-WHAT IS THIS?

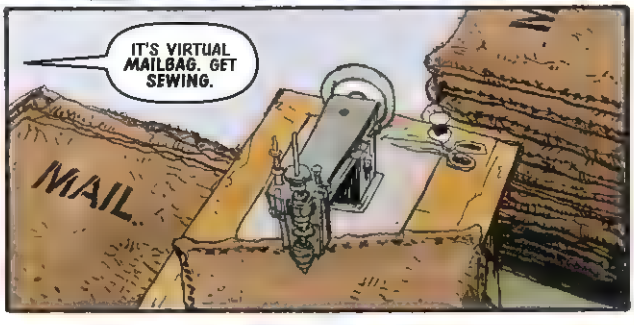

YOU KILLED ME! YOU DESTROYED MY GARDEN AND THEN YOU KILLED ME!
I DON'T KNOW WH-WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! GO AWAY!

YOU KILLED ME! YOU DESTROYED MY GARDEN AND THEN YOU KILLED ME!
YOU DIED? OH, SWEET HEAVEN, I--I NEVER WANTED THAT TO HAPPEN--!

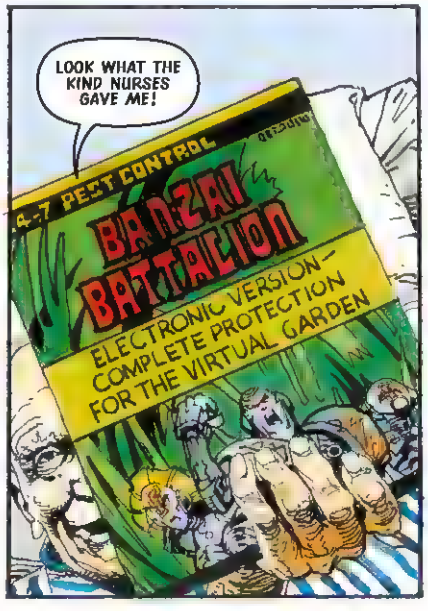
DREDD, WE'VE GOT HER! GO TO 910 LAWSON DYKE BLOCK. PICK UP PIPI GREENGAGE.

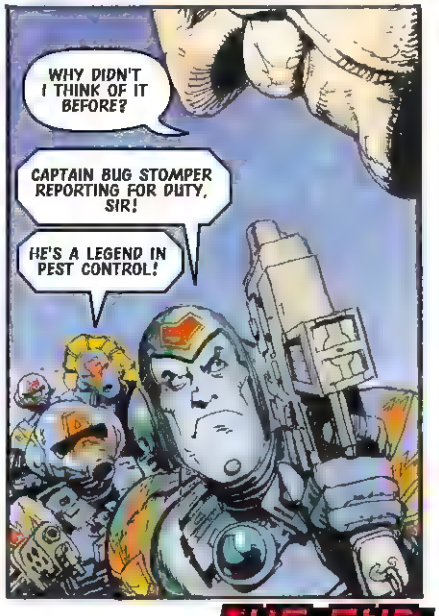
AS IT TURNED OUT, THE YEAR'S COVETED PRIZE FOR THE BEST SMALL PLOT WENT TO MONTY FLUTTERBUTT--
VIRTUAL GARDEN OF THE YEAR
...AND JUST A THOUGHT FOR THOSE STALWARTS WHO COULD NOT BE WITH US TODAY-- PERCY CROAKER AND PIPI GREENGAGE.

SOMETHIN' FOR YOU, GREENGAGE!
A HEADSET? FOR ME? OH, THANK YOU! MY OWN LITTLE GARDEN AGAIN! I'M SO HAPPY!
WELL DON'T BE. THIS IS AN ISO BLOCK, NOT A WELFARE UNIT.


IT'S VIRTUAL MAILBAG. GET SEWING.
MAIL

GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE ON THE MEND, CITIZEN CROAKER.
YES, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE NOTHING CAN EVER ATTACK MY PLANTS AGAIN!


LOOK WHAT THE KIND NURSES GAVE ME!
PEST CONTROL
BAD-ZAP BATTALION
ELECTRONIC VERSION-- COMPLETE PROTECTION FOR THE VIRTUAL GARDEN

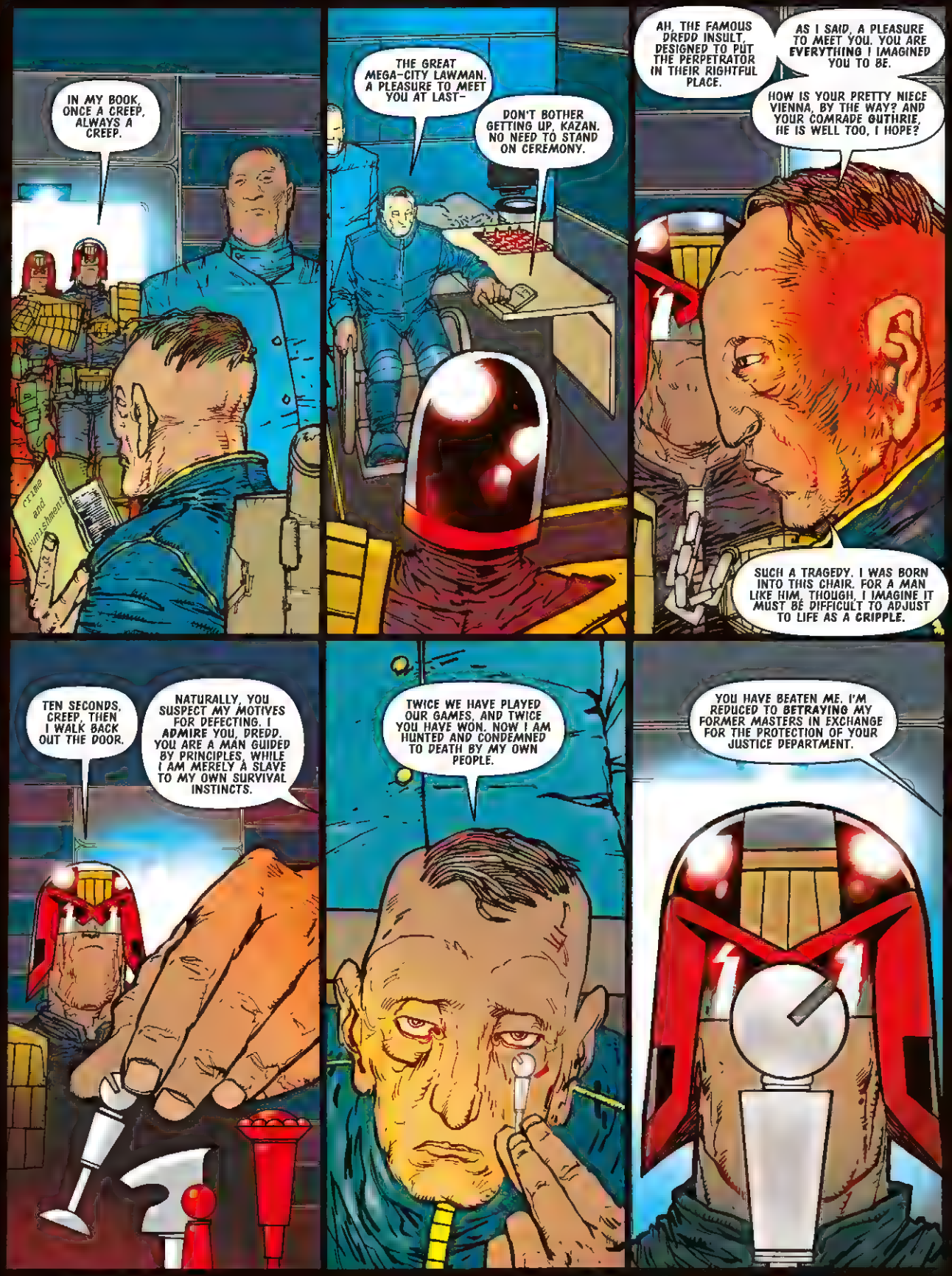

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
CAPTAIN BUG STOMPER REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!
HE'S A LEGEND IN PEST CONTROL!

THE END

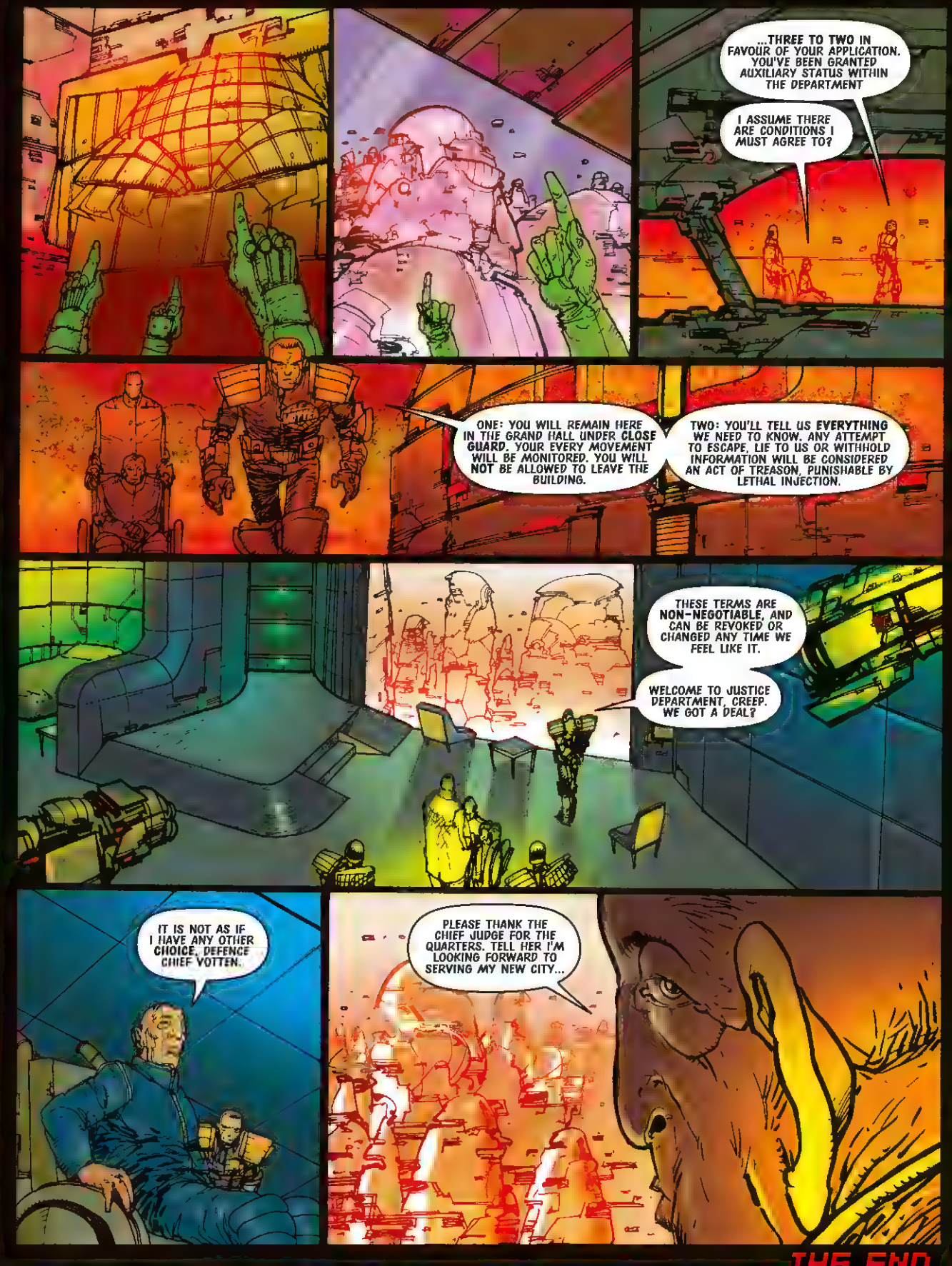
JUDGE DREDD
CHANGE OF LOYALTIES
THE MEGA-CITY ONE CONSULATE, NORTH-WEST OZ TERRITORIES-
VISA APPLICATION REJECTED. NEXT!
REJECT
PASS
• NEXT •
VESA REJECTED MOVE ALONG
I'M TELLING YOU NOW, I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO LOOK AT ANY VISA APPLICATION UNTIL I SEE DECONTAM CERTIFICATES FOR THE PAIR OF YOU-
REJECT
I THINK THIS TIME YOU WILL BE WILLING TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION.
MY NAME IS ANATOLI KAZAN. I WISH TO SPEAK TO THE SENIOR JUDGE-CONSUL.
...HANDED HIMSELF IN THREE DAYS AGO, AT ONE OF OUR OZ CITY CONSULATES.
SIGNAL OUR PEOPLE IN OZ. TELL THEM TO HOLD HIM UNDER MAX SECURITY UNTIL I GET THERE.
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART HENRY FLINT
LETTERS TOM FRAME

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, DREDD. HE'S ALREADY HERE. WE'RE KEEPING HIM IN A HOLDING UNIT ON SUB-LEVEL SIXTEEN...
...PENDING OUR DECISION ON HIS REQUEST FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM.
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. HE'S AN ENEMY OF THE CITY, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF MEGA-CITY JUDGES AND CITIZENS.
THE SITUATION'S CHANGED. THERE'S POTENTIALLY MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN THE STRICT LETTER OF THE LAW.
I'VE CALLED A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF FIVE TO VOTE ON THE ISSUE.
WE'RE IN THE REAL WORLD, NOT THE ACADEMY OF LAW, DREDD. IT'S MY DUTY TO DEFEND THIS CITY, AND RIGHT NOW THAT LITTLE CRIPPLED FREAK IN SUB-16 IS ONE OF THE BEST WEAPONS I'VE GOT.
IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, HE'S GIVEN US MORE DATA ON THE WORKINGS OF THE SOV SEKRETARIAT THAN WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GATHER IN THE LAST THREE YEARS. AND THAT'S JUST THE START OF WHAT HE KNOWS.
HE'S A GOLDMINE OF INFO ON SOV STRATEGIC THINKING.
HE'S A CREEP WHO LIKES PLAYING GAMES, VOTTEN. THIS IS JUST ANOTHER GAME, ONE WE DON'T KNOW THE RULES TO.
WITH RESPECT, CHIEF JUDGE, I FEEL DREDD IS ALLOWING PERSONAL ISSUES TO CLOUD HIS JUDGEMENT.
WE'RE ALL AWARE OF THE CRIMES KAZAN HAS COMMITTED, ESPECIALLY THE PLOT INVOLVING DREDD'S NIECE. BUT, AS YOU SAID, THERE ARE THE WIDER BENEFITS TO BE CONSIDERED...
THE COUNCIL MEETS IN TWO HOURS. THE MATTER WILL BE SETTLED THEN.
YOU'RE ALL DISMISSED EXCEPT DREDD.

KAZAN HAS REQUESTED A MEETING WITH YOU. I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER GRANTING HIS REQUEST.
THAT AN ORDER?
CALL IT A FAVOUR FOR AN OLD FRIEND.
I TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT. YOU'VE NEVER LET THIS CITY DOWN YET AND I DOUBT YOU'RE GOING TO START NOW, 'PERSONAL ISSUES' OR NOT.
MY VOTE ON THE COUNCIL WILL BE DECIDED BY WHATEVER YOU SAY IN THE REPORT.
FINE BY ME. I'LL SAVE SOME TIME AND GIVE YOU IT NOW.
DON'T TRUST HIM. CREEPS LIKE HIM HATE US TOO MUCH TO EVER CHANGE SIDES. THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HIS GAMES.
EXECUTE HIM NOW, BEFORE HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO START PLAYING IT AGAINST US.
JUST TALK TO HIM, JOE, THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING, AND THEN GIVE ME YOUR REPORT...
...WE'VE SUBJECTED HIM TO EVERY LIE-DETECTOR TEST WE'VE GOT. HE'S PASSED THEM ALL.
WE'VE PUT HIM INTO A ROOM WITH FIVE OF PSI-DIV'S BEST TELEPATHS. THEY ALL SAY HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
HE'S A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED SUPER-GENIUS. GRUD KNOWS WHAT KIND OF MIND TRICKS HE'S CAPABLE OF PULLING.


IN MY BOOK, ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP.
crime and punishment
THE GREAT MEGA-CITY LAWMAN. A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AT LAST-
DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP, KAZAN. NO NEED TO STAND ON CEREMONY.
AH, THE FAMOUS DREDD INSULT, DESIGNED TO PUT THE PERPETRATOR IN THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE.
AS I SAID, A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. YOU ARE EVERYTHING I IMAGINED YOU TO BE.
HOW IS YOUR PRETTY NIECE VIENNA, BY THE WAY? AND YOUR COMRADE GUTHRIE, HE IS WELL TOO, I HOPE?
SUCH A TRAGEDY. I WAS BORN INTO THIS CHAIR. FOR A MAN LIKE HIM, THOUGH, I IMAGINE IT MUST BE DIFFICULT TO ADJUST TO LIFE AS A CRIPPLE.
TEN SECONDS, CREEP, THEN I WALK BACK OUT THE DOOR.
NATURALLY, YOU SUSPECT MY MOTIVES FOR DEFECTING. I ADMIRE YOU, DREDD. YOU ARE A MAN GUIDED BY PRINCIPLES, WHILE I AM MERELY A SLAVE TO MY OWN SURVIVAL INSTINCTS.
TWICE WE HAVE PLAYED OUR GAMES, AND TWICE YOU HAVE WON. NOW I AM HUNTED AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY MY OWN PEOPLE.
YOU HAVE BEATEN ME. I'M REDUCED TO BETRAYING MY FORMER MASTERS IN EXCHANGE FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

YOU MIGHT HAVE FOOLED VOTTEN AND THE OTHERS, BUT YOU DON'T FOOL ME.
WHATEVER NEW GAME YOU'RE PLAYING, I'LL TELL YOU NOW IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.
AS YOU WISH. I KNOW THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE OF CHANGING YOUR MIND. I JUST WISHED TO MEET YOU AND EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION.
TIME'S UP, KAZAN. I DOUBT WE'LL BE MEETING AGAIN.
OH, I THINK WE WILL.
GO MAKE YOUR REPORT TO CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY. I IMAGINE SHE'S EAGERLY AWAITING YOUR VERDICT.
TELL HER I ASK ONLY ONE SMALL FAVOUR:
IF I AM TO REMAIN A PRISONER HERE, I WOULD LIKE A ROOM WITH A VIEW.
SET THE PIECES UP AGAIN, YURI. THERE'S TIME TO START A NEW GAME BEFORE WE LEARN OUR FATE...
DREDD'S REPORT, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'S... BRIEF.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP.
DREDD


...THREE TO TWO IN FAVOUR OF YOUR APPLICATION. YOU'VE BEEN GRANTED AUXILIARY STATUS WITHIN THE DEPARTMENT
I ASSUME THERE ARE CONDITIONS I MUST AGREE TO?
ONE: YOU WILL REMAIN HERE IN THE GRAND HALL UNDER CLOSE GUARD. YOUR EVERY MOVEMENT WILL BE MONITORED. YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE BUILDING.
TWO: YOU'LL TELL US EVERYTHING WE NEED TO KNOW. ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, LIE TO US OR WITHHOLD INFORMATION WILL BE CONSIDERED AN ACT OF TREASON, PUNISHABLE BY LETHAL INJECTION.
THESE TERMS ARE NON-NEGOTIABLE, AND CAN BE REVOKED OR CHANGED ANY TIME WE FEEL LIKE IT.
WELCOME TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, CREEP. WE GOT A DEAL?
IT IS NOT AS IF I HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE, DEFENCE CHIEF VOTTEN.
PLEASE THANK THE CHIEF JUDGE FOR THE QUARTERS. TELL HER I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SERVING MY NEW CITY...
THE END

SCRIPT
ROBBIE MORRISON
ART
RICHARD ELSON
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

I HAVE FIVE HOURS TO KILL SIX PEOPLE, AND I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE IN MY LIFE.

WHEN IT FINALLY STARTS, I DON'T FREEZE IN TERROR OR FIRE IN BLIND PANIC, HITTING EVERYTHING BUT MY TARGETS.

FOR SOME REASON, I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT STANDING.

W-WHO...

WHO THE D-DROKK ARE YOU, MAN...?

JUDGE DREDD

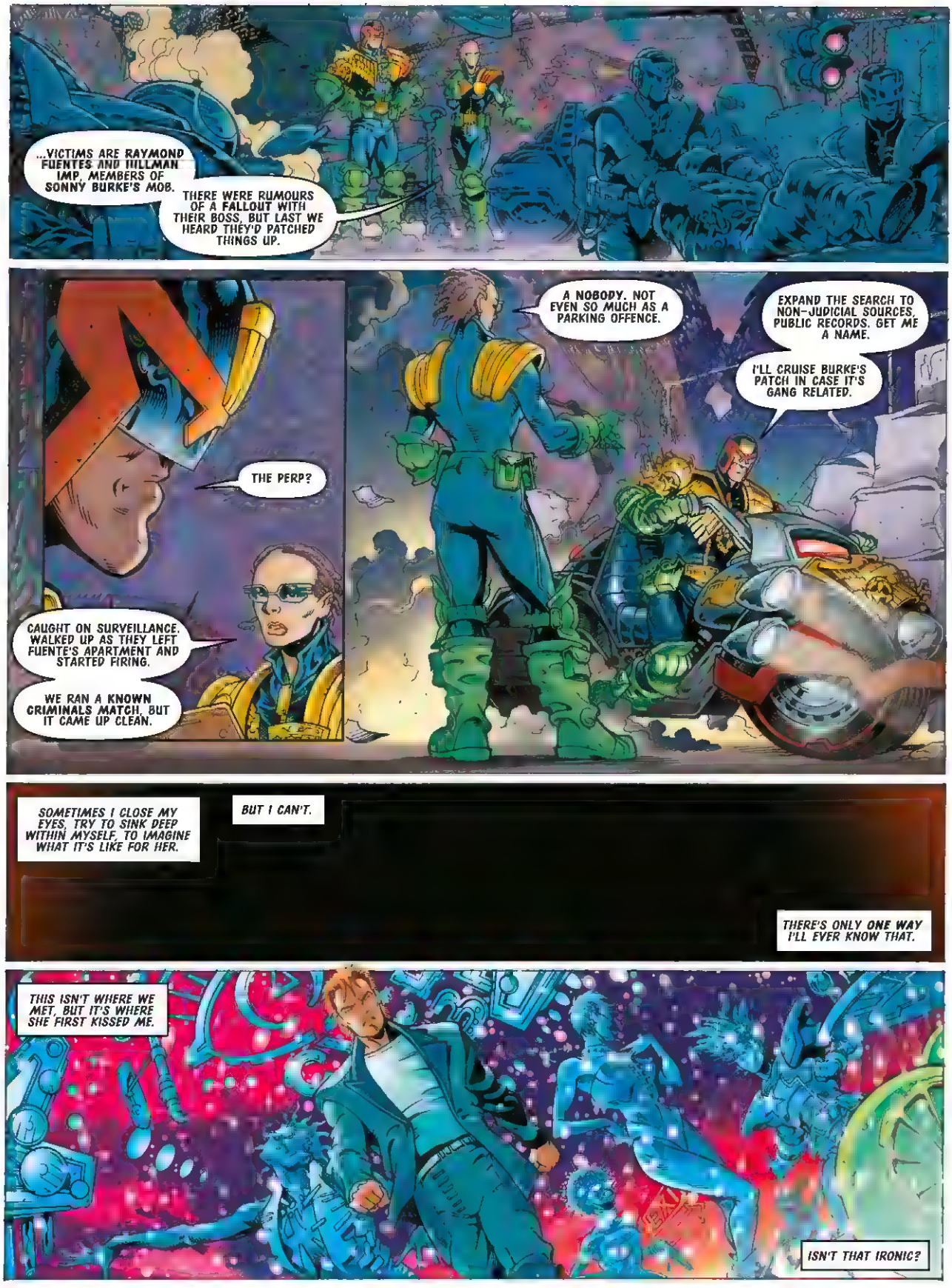
NOBODY.

NOBODY.

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID WHEN THEY STOOD OVER OUR BODIES.

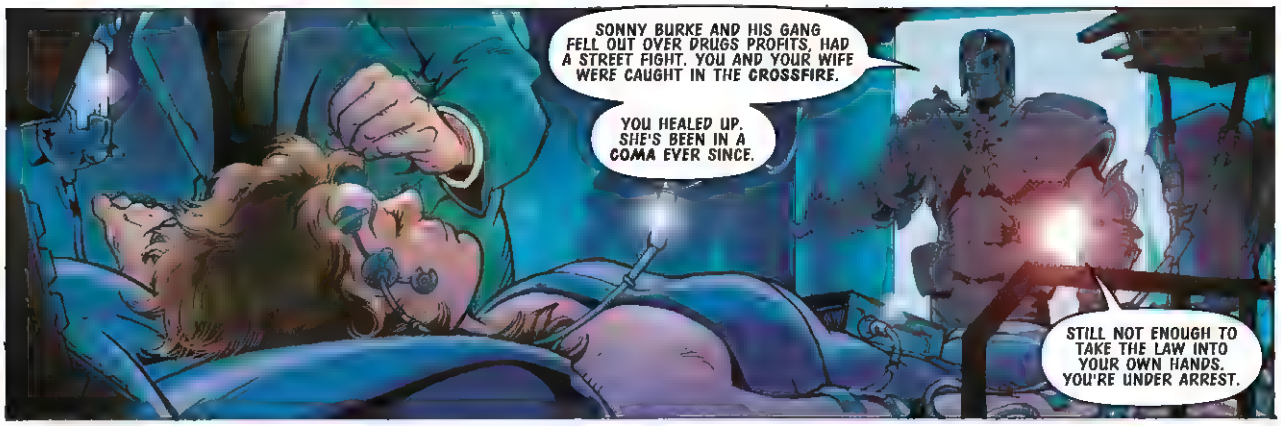
"WHO'D WE HIT? WHO'D WE HIT?"

"DROKK KNOWS! NOBODY..."


...VICTIMS ARE RAYMOND FUENTES AND TILLMAN IMP, MEMBERS OF SONNY BURKE'S MOB.
THERE WERE RUMOURS OF A FALLOUT WITH THEIR BOSS, BUT LAST WE HEARD THEY'D PATCHED THINGS UP.
A NOBODY. NOT EVEN SO MUCH AS A PARKING OFFENCE.
EXPAND THE SEARCH TO NON-JUDICIAL SOURCES, PUBLIC RECORDS. GET ME A NAME.
I'LL CRUISE BURKE'S PATCH IN CASE IT'S GANG RELATED.
THE PERP?
CAUGHT ON SURVEILLANCE. WALKED UP AS THEY LEFT FUENTE'S APARTMENT AND STARTED FIRING.
WE RAN A KNOWN CRIMINALS MATCH, BUT IT CAME UP CLEAN.
SOMETIMES I CLOSE MY EYES, TRY TO SINK DEEP WITHIN MYSELF, TO IMAGINE WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR HER.
BUT I CAN'T.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I'LL EVER KNOW THAT.
THIS ISN'T WHERE WE MET, BUT IT'S WHERE SHE FIRST KISSED ME.
ISN'T THAT IRONIC?

I FOLLOW ONE OF THEM FROM THE BAR ALL THE WAY TO BURKE'S PRIVATE TABLE. HE'S BIG. I ALMOST DISAPPEAR BEHIND HIM.
NOT THAT ANYONE WOULD THINK I WAS A THREAT IF THEY DID NOTICE ME.
BDAM
BURKE'S EYES MEET MINE AS HE DRAWS HIS GUN, BUT THERE'S NO RECOGNITION, NO ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE PAIN HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR.
HE'S FIRING, I'M FIRING AND THE MUSIC'S POUNDING AND EVERYONE'S SCREAMING.
EXCEPT ME.
THE SCREAMS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TORN FROM ME.

DREDD -- CONTROL.
SHOOTING AT THE COCO PALACE NIGHTCLUB. FIVE WOUNDED, THREE FATALITIES -- SONNY BURKE AND TWO OF HIS CREW.
SAME KILLER AS BEFORE.
HE'S FLED THE SCENE, BUT WE FINALLY GOT AN I.D.
MAIL THE DETAILS TO MY BIKE COMPUTER.
ONE TO GO.
THE HARDEST ONE OF ALL.
VISITING HOURS ARE OVER, BUT NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING AS I MOVE PAST THEM, GHOST-LIKE.
I'M JUST ANOTHER EMOTIONAL CASUALTY, THE KIND THEY CAN'T HELP.


SONNY BURKE AND HIS GANG FELL OUT OVER DRUGS PROFITS, HAD A STREET FIGHT. YOU AND YOUR WIFE WERE CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.
YOU HEALED UP. SHE'S BEEN IN A COMA EVER SINCE.
STILL NOT ENOUGH TO TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

THE BULLETS DESTROYED HER LUNGS. IT TOOK THE DOCTORS THREE HOURS TO RESTORE HER BREATHING. BY THEN, HER BRAIN WAS... "IRRETRIEVABLY STARVED OF OXYGEN".
SHE WENT INTO A DEEP COMA. IT'S THE MACHINES THAT KEEP HER ALIVE.

YOU WON'T NEED THE GUN...

HER PARENTS ARE WEALTHY. THEY'RE PAYING FOR LIFE SUPPORT. I UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT...
THEY TOOK IT TO THE COURTS WHEN I DISAGREED. IT COULD TAKE YEARS TO GET A DECISION. YEARS OF HER WASTING AWAY...

I CAN'T ALLOW THAT.
SHE LOVED LIFE.
AND THIS ISN'T LIFE...

...PLUGGED INTO A MACHINE.
THIS ISN'T HER.
WHAT'S THE BIGGER CRIME? LETTING HER GO OR KEEPING HER LIKE THIS?
THE END

MEGA-CITY ONE. THE END OF THE TRAIL ON A MURDER HUNT –
FERGAL MOLK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF SEVEN PEOPLE!
JUDGE DREDD
GLOBAL PSYCHO
GORDON RENNIE
IAN GIBSON
TOM FRAME
DROKK! MAKE THAT EIGHT!
CONTROL -- ONE FOR RESYK, PALSTON APARTMENTS!
BLAM
CORRECTION, CONTROL -- TWO FOR RESYK.
DREDD, SOMETHING HERE YOU SHOULD SEE...
GLOBAL PSYCHO
PASSWORD RECOGNISED
WELCOME FELLOW TRAVELLER
R.I.P.
BULLETIN 384:
HOW TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER IN MEGA-CITY ONE
BROWZE
TOUR
JOIN!
GET A TEK UNIT IN HERE NOW.

Mega-City One. For the true connoisseur of international travel and murder, it has neither the finesse of the Euro-cities, the rude charms of the South-Am mega-states nor the exotic surprises of the cities of the Far East.

No, here bodycount seems to be all that matters, and regular readers will know how little store a genuine artiste de guignol sets in such things.

It does, however, have one thing to recommend it...

...the most rigorous and efficient Judge force on the planet, a challenge to even the most accomplished practitioner of the art of murder.

It's the additional danger factor that makes getting away with murder in Mega-City such a pleasure!

"I HAD TOUCHED DOWN THAT AFTERNOON, STILL FLUSHED FROM A BRIEF MURDER SPREE AMONGST THE STREET CHILDREN OF BRASILIA. I BLUFFED MY WAY THROUGH CUSTOMS IN THE USUAL FASHION (SEE GP BULLETIN 261 FOR ADVICE ON HOW TO DO THE SAME).

"IN THE LAST FEW HOURS, I HAD KILLED FIVE PEOPLE, EACH IN A DIFFERENT LOCATION, EACH IN DIFFERENT WAY."

GRUD, IS THIS STUFF FOR **REAL?**

GLOBAL PSYCHO -- A PRIVATE INFO NETWORK FOR THE FREAK FRATERNITY.

WE'VE HEARD RUMOURS ABOUT IT. NEVER HAD ANYTHING CONCRETE UNTIL NOW.

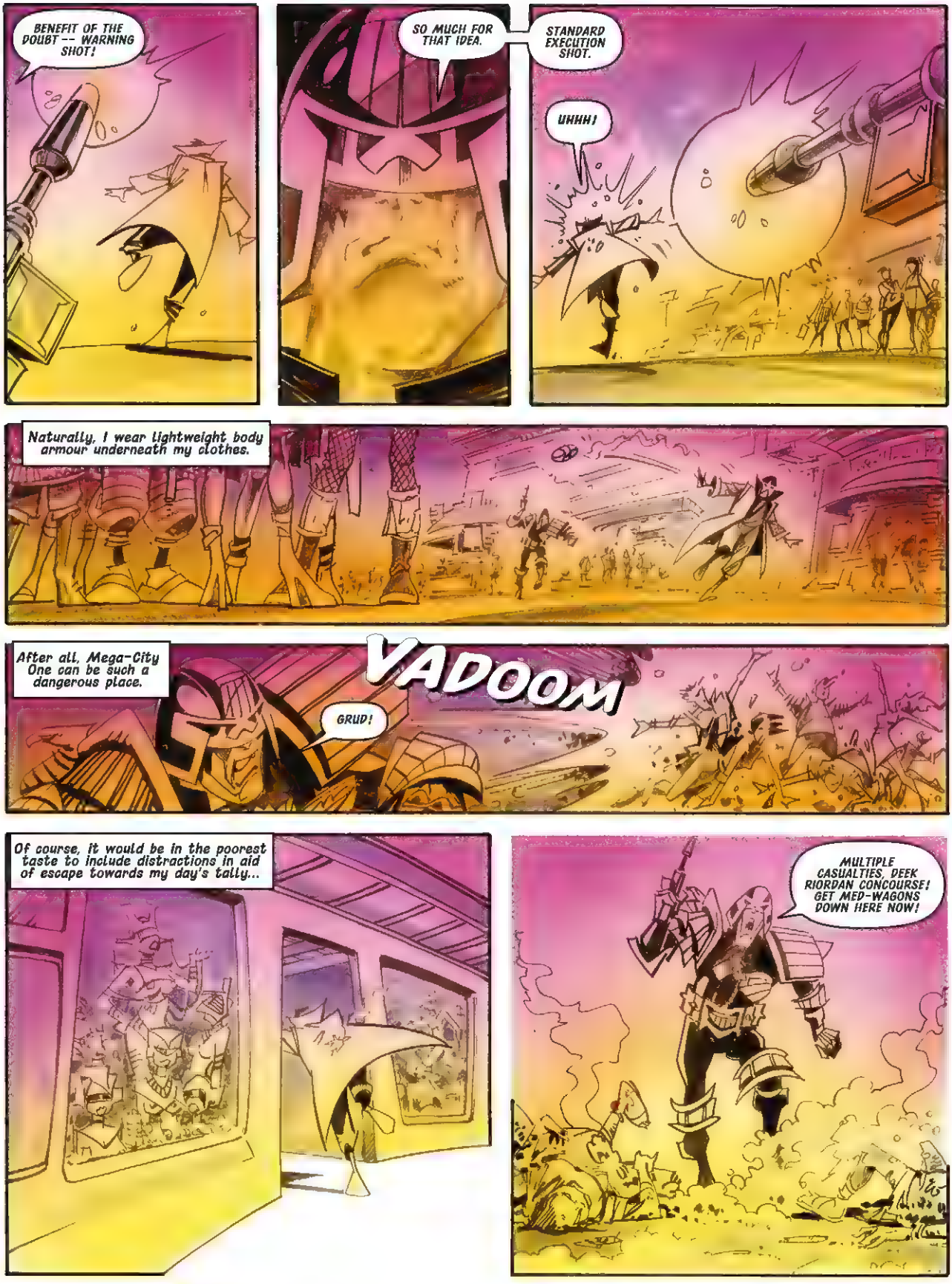
KEEP READING.

CONTROL, WHERE'RE THOSE TEKS I REQUESTED?

"ON ONE I USED A SLOW-ACTING, UNDETECTABLE TOXIN OF MY OWN INVENTION. SHE WOULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DIE UNTIL I WAS OUT OF THE CITY.

"THE OTHERS WERE SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE SLASH'N'GO JOBS (SEE BULLETIN 352, "BUTCHERY ON A BUDGET: IDEAS FOR THE CASH-STRAPPED KILLER")..."

It had been my intention to return to the stratbat port to await my flight home, and possibly to gather research for a future column -- "Death At the Departure Gate: Killing Time For the Bored International Traveller".*
*Personal record: eight murders during a brief stop-over at Brit-City's Lady Elton John Memorial Spaceport.
If you can get more than two hundred metres away from the scene of the crime, your chances of escape increase by over 75%.*
Unfortunately, I was no longer in South-Am, where few people are troubled by the sight of a body lying in a pool of its own blood...
JUDGE! HELP! THERE'S SOMEONE BEEN KILLED IN THERE!
*See GP 103, "Statistical Slaughter", for full details.
The natural human response is to stop and look to the source of the commotion. A killer's natural response is to keep on moving.
The corpse was more than 100 metres behind me, the corner of the street just a few metres ahead. If I could make it there, I judged, I would be safe...
GET TO WORK. I WANT EVERYTHING YOU GET OUT OF THIS COMPUTER, AND I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THAT LINK'S COMING FROM...
TEK
TEK
UH, DREDD? YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE TOO?
Unfortunately, I judged wrongly.
YOU WITH THE COAT! STOP RIGHT THERE!


BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT -- WARNING SHOT!
SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA.
STANDARD EXECUTION SHOT.
UHHH!
Naturally, I wear lightweight body armour underneath my clothes.
After all, Mega-City One can be such a dangerous place.
VADOOM
GRUD!
Of course, it would be in the poorest taste to include distractions in aid of escape towards my day's tally...
MULTIPLE CASUALTIES, DEEK RIORDAN CONCOURSE! GET MED-WAGONS DOWN HERE NOW!

CLEAR THE AREA, CITIZENS!
CONTROL -- PERP'S GONE TO GROUND IN DEEK'S FREAK-OUT FET-FASH EMPORIUM!
WILCO. NO REAR EXITS FROM THE PLACE. YOU'VE GOT HIM CORNERED.
IN THERE! HE'S GOT A KNIFE! HE—
GET OUTSIDE! MED-UNITS ARE ON THEIR WAY!
SHOULD'VE STOPPED WHEN I GAVE YOU THE CHANCE, CREEP!
BDAM
BDAM BDAM BDAM
DROKK...

"AFTER THAT, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER OF FOLLOWING MY OWN SUGGESTIONS (SEE GP 43, "MANHUNTS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM") AND THEN CATCH MY FLIGHT HOME. ALL IN ALL, A MOST SUCCESSFUL OUTING."
I REMEMBER IT. ONLY TWO WEEKS AGO. WE SWEPT THE AREA, NO SIGN OF THE WOMAN I LET GET PAST ME.
TEK
SORRY, DREDD, THERE'S VIRTUALLY NO CHANCE WE CAN TRACE THE SITE BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL SOURCE.
WHOEVER SET IT UP KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE DOING. IT'S BEING ROUTED THROUGH OFF-WORLD SERVERS, HALF OF THEM PROBABLY PIRATE CARRIERS.
WE KNOW ENOUGH -- THE DATE OF THEIR ARRIVAL FROM BRASILIA, THE TIME FRAME FOR THEIR FLIGHT BACK OUT OF THE CITY. WE'LL FIND MORE CLUES IN THE OTHER FILES, BUT START CROSS-CHECKING THE PASSENGER LISTS.
STILL, NO HARM IN TRYING SOMETHING ELSE.
FREAKS LIKE THIS, THEY CAN'T RESIST A CHALLENGE. LET'S SEE IF THIS ONE IS ANY DIFFERENT...
tap tap tap tap tap tap
SEND
klik
MY, MY. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
COME BACK ANY TIME, PUNK.
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU.
-D.

JUDGE DREDD
CLASS OF '79
CHRISTMAS EVE --
GET YOUR CHRISTMAS HIGHS! ZZIZ, FIZZ, I GOT IT HERE! BE COOL FOR YULE!
HEAT, MAN!
ANY UNIT, VICINITY LECTOR! TWO SURFERS FLEEING SOUTH ON TWEENBLOCK PEDWAY!
DREDD! I GOT 'EM ON VISUAL!
COUPLE OF ZZIZ MERCHANTS! STOP AND DETAIN!
BDAM BDAM BDAM
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART GREG STAPLES
COLOURS PETER DOHERTY
LETTERS TOM FRAME

BDAM BDAM
KERRUNCH
UNNNHH!
YOU'RE A WALKING DRUGSTORE, MORTY. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE MAKE IT EIGHT YEARS THIS TIME?
MED WAGON REQUIRED, CONTROL, LECTOR PASS
ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON.
OGGY MYSON-- GOT A WIFE AND TWO JUVES. MERRY CHRISTMAS, HUH?
HE HAD THE CHOICE.

SO HOW YOU DOIN', JOE? LONG TIME NO SEE.
YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD, BART.
OLD CLASS OF '79. STILL SOME OF US GOING STRONG.
ANOTHER CHRISTMAS, EH? NOT THAT IT MEANS ANYTHING. STILL REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE, THOUGH, BACK THEN. NO JOY FOR US CLONES, EH?
CHRISTMAS, PAH! NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, BOY!
YOU'VE STILL GOT OLD HARDESTY'S VOICE OFF PERFECT.
YOU HAD RICO. I SUPPOSE THAT WAS SOME COMFORT. I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, IT COULD BE LONELY FOR AN ONLY CLONE.
GUESS THAT'S WHAT MAKES US THE MEN WE ARE. NOT A LOT OF LOVE IN OUR HEARTS, JOE.
I'M SUFFERIN' HERE!
SHUDDUP!
GO GETTEM, YOU JUDGES!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
EVER WONDER WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, IF WE HADN'T BEEN DEALT THE HAND WE HAD? WE COULD HAVE BEEN UP THERE, LIVING IT UP, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD...
YEAH.
GUESS WE STRUCK LUCKY.
ANY UNIT, VICINITY SPECTOR! DOMESTIC DISPUTE! THERE ARE GUNS INVOLVED!
YOU HANDLE THINGS HERE?
CHECK.
LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, BART.
STAY IN A CROUCH, BUDDY.

JUST ANOTHER CHRISTMAS. SEASON OF GOODWILL...
HARRISON
OVERALL, CRIME WOULD DROP. BUT DOMESTIC INCIDENTS COULD BE EXPECTED TO GO THROUGH THE ROOF. IT WAS AT CHRISTMAS THE CRACKS SHOWED.
SUICIDES WOULD REACH AN ANNUAL PEAK.
LOOK AT ME!
FZZAAAKKKK
PRETTY.
WE GOT LARRY A SWEDISH SEXMEK FOR CHRISTMAS. IT BROKE OUT OF ITS BOX! IT WON'T LET HIM GO!
I LOF YOU! I LOF YOU!
MOMMMMMMM!
I THINK THE SETTINGS ARE A BIT HIGH.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND HE MANAGED TO SPARE AN HOUR TO VISIT HIS NIECE. THE DAY MEANT LITTLE TO HIM, BUT HE KNEW THAT IT MATTERED TO HER...
FOR YOU, UNCLE JOE.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.
I... REGRET I'M UNABLE TO RECIPROCATE.
I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING. JUST HAVING YOU HERE IS ENOUGH.
RICO WAS THERE, AND DOLMAN --
I HAD TO DO A WEEK'S COURSE -- ALIEN APPRECIATION. VIENNA WAS, UH, GOOD ENOUGH TO LET ME STAY.
HOW ARE THINGS ON COLUMBUS?
OH, NOT BAD
THEY WERE NONE OF THEM GIVEN TO SMALL TALK. AND THE ATMOSPHERE WAS STRAINED TO BEGIN WITH, CONSIDERING RECENT EVENTS.
RAN INTO AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE ACADEMY YESTERDAY, CLASS OF '79. BART KIMBLE.
KIMBLE... I KNOW HIM. GOOD MAN. SOLID.
HE WAS MORE THAN USUALLY GLAD TO GET AWAY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE JOE.

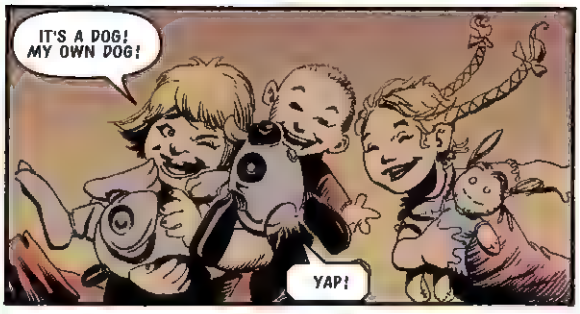
CHRISTMAS SALES BEGAN IN NOVEMBER AND CONTINUED RIGHT THROUGH THE BIG DAY. BUSINESS WAS BRISK
DIPPING FINGERS IN THE ODDMART -- THREE YEARS EACH.
WE GOT JUST THE CUBE FOR YOU LADIES.
KEEPING YOU BUSY, WITZ?
THAT TIME OF YEAR.
WHILE YOU'RE HERE, YOU MIND SIGNING OFF ON THAT STIFF FROM YESTERDAY.
MYSON... THAT WAS THE ZZIZ VENDOR.
CHECK. JUST A FORMALITY. CREEP'S ALREADY GONE TO RESYK. SERVING THE COMMUNITY LIKE HE NEVER DID IN LIFE.
BEEN TRYING TO CATCH KIMBLE BUT I KEEP MISSING HIM.
THIS ALL THE PROPERTY HE HAD ON HIM?
WHAT IT SAYS.
SOMETHING WRONG?
JUST A LITTLE DISCREPANCY. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PARTNER -- THINK HIS NAME WAS MORTY?
MORTY MORTENSEN. ISO-BLOCK. GOT HIM ON THE HOSPITAL WING, TREATING THAT WOUND...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A FEW QUESTIONS.
I GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU! THERE'S NOTHIN' MORE YOU CAN DO TO ME!
YOU THINK SO, MORTY?
ANYBODY SEE ME HERE?
N-NO, MAN! I DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'!
WH-WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO? G-GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! NURSE! HELP! NURSE!
THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU, MORTY. HERE A MAN CAN SCREAM... AND SCREAM... AND NO ONE WILL HEAR HIM.
A MAN COULD DIE, MORTY, AND NO ONE WOULD COME TO HELP HIM. AND NO ONE WOULD EVER TALK.
TELL ME HOW YOU OPERATED, MORTY.
YOU AND OGGY, YOU CARRIED THE DRUGS, OGGY WORKED LOOKOUT AND HELD THE CASH, RIGHT?
R-RIGHT...
BUSINESS -- CHRISTMAS EVE, MUST HAVE BEEN BRISK?
W-WE WASN'T COMPLAININ'.
WHAT HAD YOU TAKEN -- FIVE HUNDRED? MORE?
YOU'RE KIDDIN'! ZIZZ WAS GOIN' LIKE HOTCAKES! HADDA BE FOUR OR FIVE GRAND, MAN!
AND OGGY WAS HOLDING?
RIGHT.
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? I WANT MY MONEY BACK, SEE!

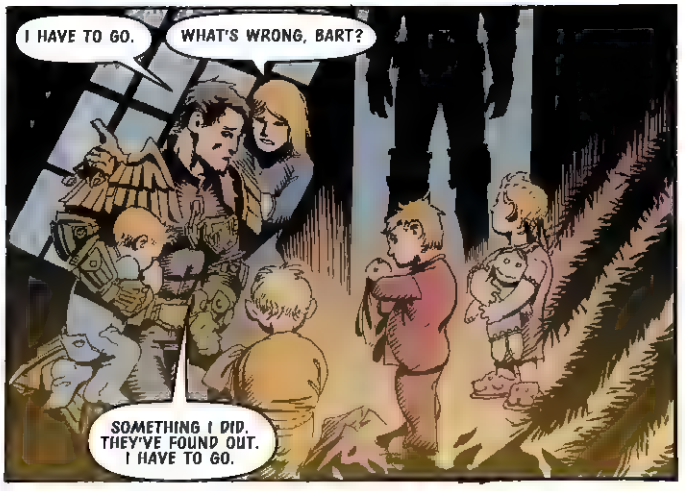
HE DIDN'T WANT TO THINK KIMBLE WAS ON THE TAKE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE -- FORENSICS, BODY HANDLERS. BUT BART WOULD HAVE BEEN ALONE AT THE SCENE.
SIX CLAIMS FOR MONEY MISSING FROM THE BODY OF A DECEASED PERSON OVER A THREE-YEAR PERIOD. ALL RULED IN KIMBLE'S FAVOUR.
HIGH, BUT NOT UNHEARD OF. CITIZENS WOULD MAKE ANY KIND OF ACCUSATION.
KIMBLE
EVER WONDER WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, IF WE HADN'T BEEN DEALT THE HAND WE HAD? WE COULD HAVE BEEN UP THERE, LIVING IT UP, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD...
MERRY CHRISTMAS...
SNOWFLAKE
♫ WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR! ♫
MERRY CHRISTMAS. WE LOVE YOU, BART.
A FAINT WHIFF OF PERFUME.

A KEY, TUCKED INTO ONE OF KIMBLE'S SPARE BOOTS --
CONTROL, YOU GOT A PRESENT LOCATION ON JUDGE BART KIMBLE?
HE'S SIGNED OFF. PERSONAL TIME. BACK ON AT MIDNIGHT. WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE?
NEGATIVE. GIVE ME AN ADDRESS, KEY SECURITY CODE 0037778WCG49.
NUMBER ONE RICE DAVIES -- THAT'S THE MANSION HOUSE. LISTED TO A CORNELIA DOWNING, 40, FORMER WIFE OF ALTON DOWNING, THE EMBEZZLER, CURRENTLY FIVE YEARS INTO A TWELVE STRETCH UPCITY.
HE HATED EVERY MOMENT THAT WAS TO COME --
KLIK

A HOVERSCOOTER! YAAAY!


IT'S A DOG! MY OWN DOG!
YAP!

THANK YOU, UNCLE BART!
WE LOVE YOU, UNCLE BART!
HO HO, STEADY ON THERE.

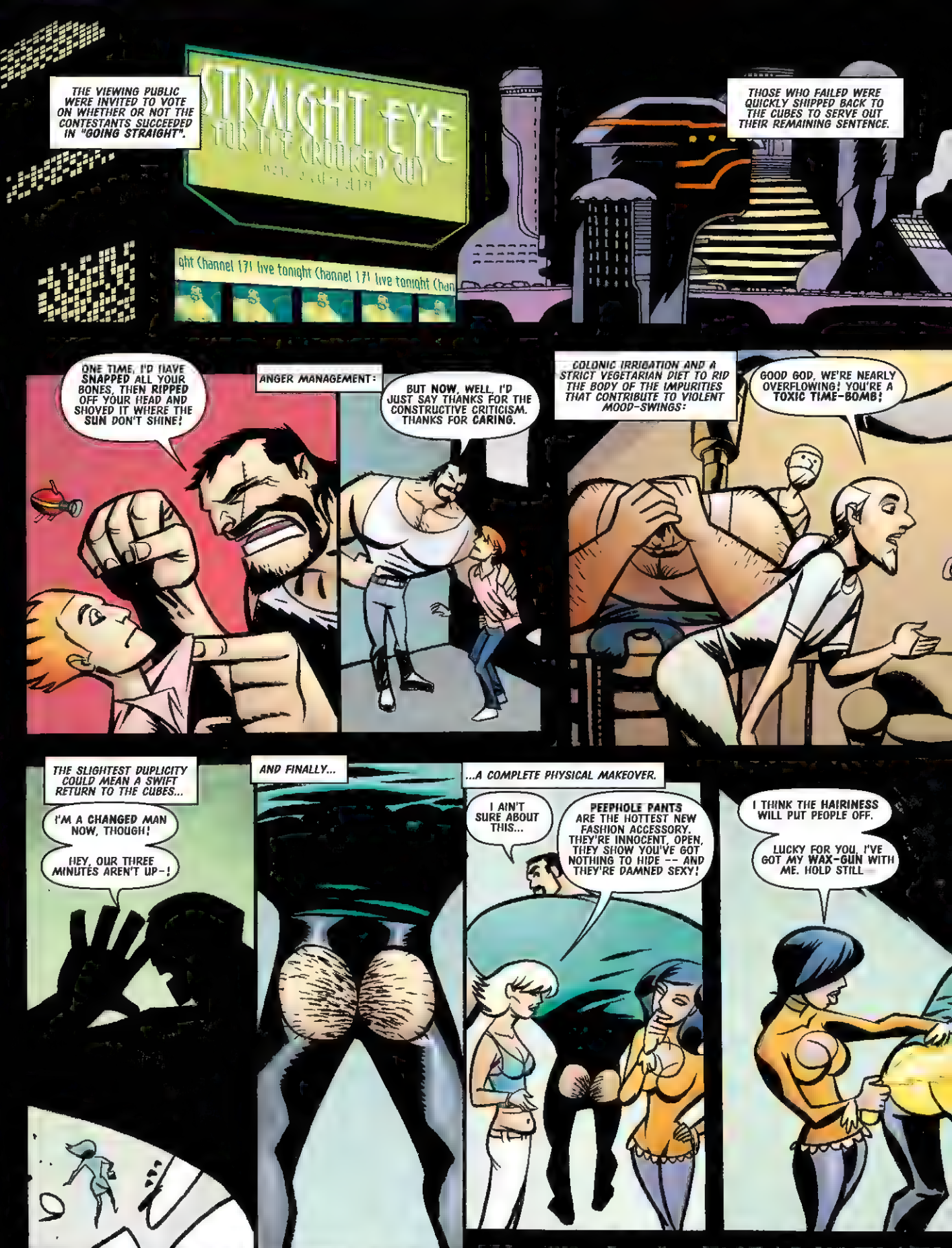

I HAVE TO GO.
WHAT'S WRONG, BART?
SOMETHING I DID. THEY'VE FOUND OUT. I HAVE TO GO.

BART—
STREET ORPHANS. ABANDONED.
CORNELIA RAN OUT OF MONEY, AFTER THE TRIAL. I... WANTED TO DO SOMETHING.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT -- THINKS THE MONEY COMES FROM THE BENEVOLENT FUND. THAT'S THE HONEST TRUTH, JOE.
snik
DON'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM. MONEY WAS ONLY GOING TO DISAPPEAR UP ACCOUNTS' ASS ANYWAY.
YOU CAN GIVE THEM THAT MUCH, CAN'T YOU? REMEMBER WHAT CHRISTMAS WAS LIKE, JOE.

ANOTHER ONE GONE...
To Uncle Joe
Merry Christmas
love Ulgnax
CLASS OF '79
CLASS OF '79. SO FEW OF THEM LEFT NOW.
SOMETIMES THIS WAS THE HARDEST JOB IN THE WORLD.
DREDD -- RESUMING PATROL.
ROGER. GO TO MAXIMINIMART, CLEVELAND BOULEVARD. CITIZENS FIGHTING IN DRY GOODS!

MEGA-CITY ONE, SECTOR 17. ISOLATION CUBES:
DIDN'T FIGURE YOU FOR THIS KIND OF CIRCUS, SHANK.
ANYTHING TO GO STRAIGHT, DREDD. THAT'S ALL I WANT NOW.
BETTER HOPE YOU MAKE IT. YOU DON'T, YOU'LL GET A VISIT FROM ME.
OPEN THE GATES!
HERE COMES OUR LATEST PARTICIPANT, BLINKING LIKE A NEWBORN BABE AT THE SIGHT OF FREEDOM...
MEET SHANK SMOLLENSKY, FORMER MAFIA ENFORCER, BORDERLINE PSYCHOTIC, CONVICTED TRIPLE MURDERER AND OUR NEW WANNABE GOOD GUY IN—
STRAIGHT EYE FOR THE CROOKED GUY!
THE PRIMETIME CRIMETIME SHOW THAT HELPS HARDENED CRIMINALS TURN THEIR BACKS ON MURDER AND MAYHEM, AND LEARN TO LOVE THE LAW!
JUDGE DREDD
STRAIGHT EYE FOR THE CROOKED GUY
SCRIPT ROBBIE MORRISON
ART MIKE AVON OEMING
COLOURS LEN O'GRADY
LETTERS TOM FRAME

IT'S NOT GONNA BE EASY THOUGH, IS IT, SHANK? YOU'VE BEEN A REAL BADASS IN YOUR TIME!
THAT'S WHY WE'VE BROUGHT IN OUR TOP REHABILITATION EXPERTS -- THE STRAIGHT TEAM!
SEBASTIAN SWEET, BEHAVIOURAL PSYCHOLOGIST.
THIS'LL NEED SOME DEEP PROBING...
DONATELLA BRUNO, FASHION/LIFESTYLE GODDESS.
NO WONDER THE PRISON POPULATION TURNS TO DRUGS WITH CLOTHES LIKE THAT!
ZEUS SEUSS, ALTERNATIVE THERAPIST.
COLONIC IRRIGATION WILL DRAW OUT YOUR HOSTILITY...
ZOE STRADDLER, DATING EXPERT.
WHAT'S YOUR SEXUAL ORIENTATION? HOMO, HETERO OR METRO?
WELL, IT'S JUST BEEN ME IN A CUBE FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
AH, A PENALSEXUAL!
STRAIGHT EYE FOR THE CROOKED GUY WAS THE LATEST REALITY SHOW TO CAPTURE THE BIG MEG'S IMAGINATION.
IT OFFERED TO REHABILITATE CONVICTED PERPS AND MAKE THEM LAW-ABIDING MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.
THE SELECTED PERPS WERE RELEASED EARLY TO PARTICIPATE IN THE SHOW, WHICH DONATED A SUBSTANTIAL PART OF ITS PROFILE TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.


THE VIEWING PUBLIC WERE INVITED TO VOTE ON WHETHER OR NOT THE CONTESTANTS SUCCEEDED IN "GOING STRAIGHT".
STRAIGHT EYE
FOR THE CROOKED GUY
ght Channel 17! live tonight Channel 17! live tonight Chan
THOSE WHO FAILED WERE QUICKLY SHIPPED BACK TO THE CUBES TO SERVE OUT THEIR REMAINING SENTENCE.
ONE TIME, I'D HAVE SNAPPED ALL YOUR BONES, THEN RIPPED OFF YOUR HEAD AND SHOVED IT WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!
ANGER MANAGEMENT:
BUT NOW, WELL, I'D JUST SAY THANKS FOR THE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM. THANKS FOR CARING.
COLONIC IRRIGATION AND A STRICT VEGETARIAN DIET TO RID THE BODY OF THE IMPURITIES THAT CONTRIBUTE TO VIOLENT MOOD-SWINGS:
GOOD GOD, WE'RE NEARLY OVERFLOWING! YOU'RE A TOXIC TIME-BOMB!
THE SLIGHTEST DUPLICITY COULD MEAN A SWIFT RETURN TO THE CUBES...
I'M A CHANGED MAN NOW, THOUGH!
HEY, OUR THREE MINUTES AREN'T UP--!
AND FINALLY...
...A COMPLETE PHYSICAL MAKEOVER.
I AIN'T SURE ABOUT THIS...
PEEPHOLE PANTS ARE THE HOTTEST NEW FASHION ACCESSORY. THEY'RE INNOCENT, OPEN, THEY SHOW YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE -- AND THEY'RE DAMNED SEXY!
I THINK THE HAIRINESS WILL PUT PEOPLE OFF.
LUCKY FOR YOU, I'VE GOT MY WAX-GUN WITH ME. HOLD STILL

ENSCONCED IN A LUXURY APARTMENT WITH THE STRAIGHT TEAM, THE CONTESTANTS UNDERWENT A RIGOROUS BATTERY OF TESTS AND TREATMENTS...
YEAH? WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A BRAIN-DEAD DROKKER! A BIG DUMB UGLY MUTIE! WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY TO THAT?
SOCIAL INTERACTION AND INTERPERSONAL SKILLS, LEADING TO A SPEED-DATING EVENING:
HOW DID YOUR LAST RELATIONSHIP END?
I, UH... I SORT OF, UH... WELL, KILLED HER!
WASN'T MY FAULT! SHE WAS BANGING BARNEY STRUCKER, THIS OTHER HITMAN, SO I, UH, KIND OF KILLED HIM AS WELL!
SHRRIPP
YEE-OWW!
OH, DON'T BE SUCH A BABY! WHAT'LL THE VIEWERS THINK?
WHAT'LL THEY THINK WHEN I WAX YOUR GRUDDAMNED HEAD?

GUESS THIS MEANS WE DON'T HAVE TO VOTE...?
DREDD -- CONTROL. SHANK SMOLLENSKY JUST WENT BERSERK -- LIVE ON TV!
TOP FLOOR, DEENA WALKER BLOCK.
ON MY WAY!
SHANK!
TELEVISION CRITICS HAD LONG SAID THE STRAIGHT TEAM COULD TEST THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT -- LET ALONE A CONVICTED TRIPLE MURDERER!
HEY, JOE!
LEMME SHOW YOU HOW REHABILITATED I AM!
ONCE A PERP, ALWAYS A PERP!
BDAM

AAAAHHH
GGNNHH I T-TRIED, DREDD, BUT THEY...
T-THEY WAXED MY ASS...
THEY WHAT?
THANK GRUD YOU CAME, JUDGE DREDD! HE WAS A LOST CAUSE!
HE WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT ALL RIGHT- - STRAIGHT BACK TO CRIME!
SOUNDS TO ME MORE LIKE YOU DROVE HIM TO IT.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! INCITEMENT! THREE YEARS APIECE!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU CREEPS ENJOY A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MAKEOVER!

THE BERLIN CONURB, JULY 2080:
"OUR LIPS MAY NEVER EVER KISS BUT YOU"LL STILL BRING ME TOTAL BLISS"
JA! SING IT, HENK!
JUDGE DREDD
YOUR BEATING HEART
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART PATRICK GODDARD
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME
"YOUR BEATING HEART WON'T HEAR ME CREEP, INTO YOUR ROOM WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP, I'LL MAKE YOU MINE, FOR ETERNITY YOUR BEATING HEART WILL BEAT FOR ME"
THIS FOR YOUR BEATING HEART, SCHWEINHUND!
BDAM!
HE... HE'S DEAD!

THE DESOLATION OF KRAKOV, APRIL 2126:
THIS WATER – – IT IS GOOD?
YES, MY FRIEND! DRINK DEEP! IT IS THE BEST IN THE DESOLATION!
HUHH—?
IT SEEMS THE WATER, AFTER ALL, WAS VERY BAD FOR YOU.
G-GOTT IN HIMMEL!

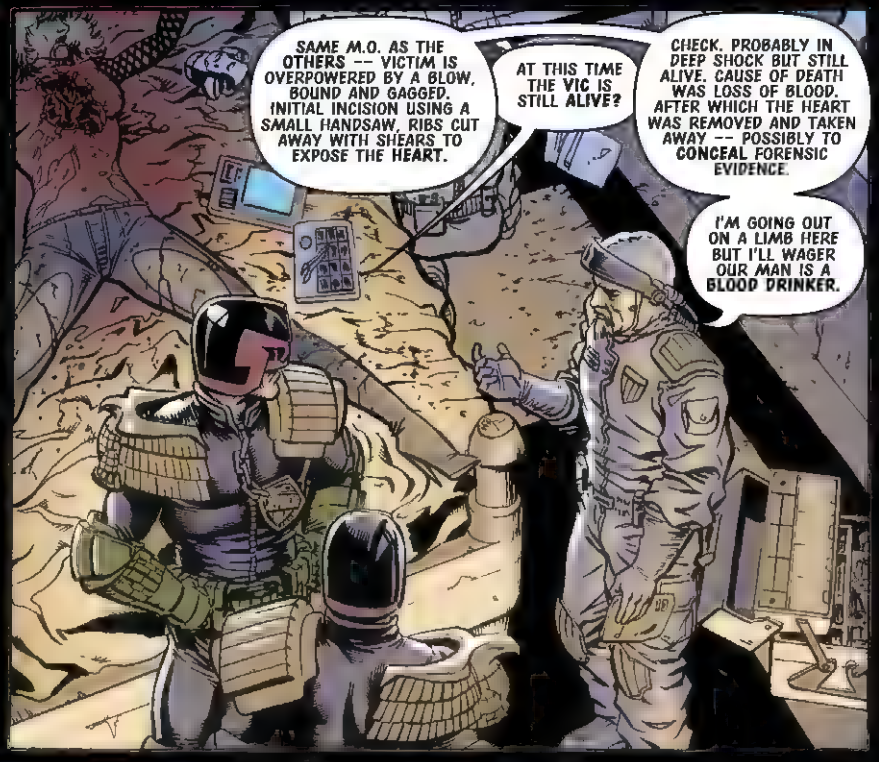
HIGHWAY 1, OUTSIDE BRIT-CIT, MAY 2127:
GOING FAR?
ALL THE WAY.
MY LUCKY DAY.
YOU WOULD LIKE A CONFECTION?
THANKS.
YOU'VE GOT AN ACCENT. GERMAN?
JA, BERLIN.
THONK
I LIKE TO RENT A CRUISER WHEREVER I AM GOING--MIX A LITTLE PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS.
THEY ARE VERY WELL-APPOINTED, THESE KITCHENS, JA?
I CAN HEAR IT, YOUR LITTLE HEART, POUNDING LIKE A DRUM.
IT IS GOOD THAT YOU ARE AFRAID. VERY GOOD!

MEGA-CITY ONE, FEBRUARY 2128:
YOU WORKING?
DEPENDS WHAT YOU'RE AFTER.
STRAIGHT, NOTHING FANCY.
HUNDRED CREDS, NO REFUNDS.
OKAY. GOT SOMEPLACE WE CAN GO?
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE -- YOU'RE HUMAN, AREN'T YOU?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW. HARD TO TELL THESE DAYS.
I'VE GOT TO KNOW. LET ME HEAR IT -- LET ME LISTEN TO YOUR HEART.
THERE... THERE IT IS. GOOD. GOOD.
CONVINCED?
TAKIN' SEVENTEEN, YOGI.
DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T, SUGAR.
TRAVELLING MAN?
NO. NO, LOCAL.
SO WHAT'S WITH THE BAG?
SWAK
THONK

UHHHH...
YOU'RE AWAKE.
HUM-DE-UM—
DON'T WORRY, THIS WILL SOON BE OVER.
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, I LIKE A LITTLE MUSIC WHILE I WORK.
I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL.
YOUR BEATING HEART
WON'T HEAR ME CREEP INTO YOUR ROOM WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP
ZZZZZZZZZ
I'LL MAKE YOU MINE FOR ETERNITY
YOUR BEATING HEART WILL BEAT FOR ME

VICTIM IS MYRIAD SINKS, 26. LIVES ALONE IN WERNER VON BRAUN. STRING OF CONVICTIONS, MAINLY IMPORTUNING AND BREACH OF PEACE -- STREET NAME IS "SUGAR LUMPS".
NIGHTMAN HOWLAN YOGMAN SAYS SINKS PICKED UP THE KEY AT OR ABOUT 21.30.
HE SEE WHO SHE WAS WITH?
NEGATIVE. A LOT OF GIRLS USE THE FLOPHOUSE FOR BUSINESS. THEY HAVE AN ARRANGEMENT -- THEY JUST TAKE A KEY, SO THE SLOTHBALL DOESN'T HAVE TO DRAG HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE VID.

AT ABOUT 21.30 YOGMAN HEARD SINKS CALL OUT THAT SHE WAS TAKING 17. AT 23.45, WHEN SHE STILL HADN'T RETURNED THE KEY, HE GOT WORRIED --THESE ARE USUALLY SHORT RENTS, SELDOM MORE THAN AN HOUR.
HE FOUND THIS.

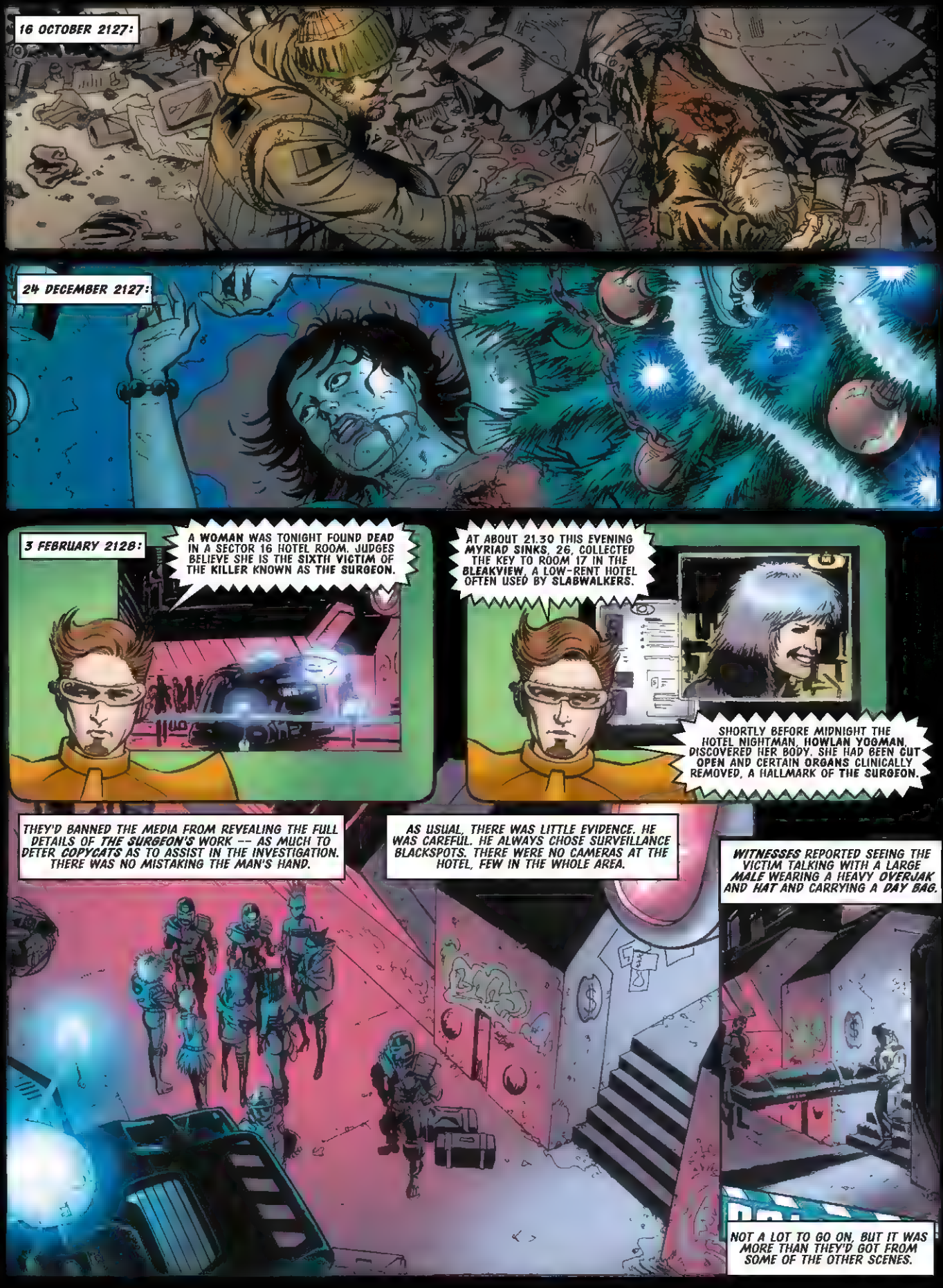

SAME M.O. AS THE OTHERS -- VICTIM IS OVERPOWERED BY A BLOW, BOUND AND GAGGED. INITIAL INCISION USING A SMALL HANDSAW, RIBS CUT AWAY WITH SHEARS TO EXPOSE THE HEART.
AT THIS TIME THE VIC IS STILL ALIVE?
CHECK. PROBABLY IN DEEP SHOCK BUT STILL ALIVE. CAUSE OF DEATH WAS LOSS OF BLOOD. AFTER WHICH THE HEART WAS REMOVED AND TAKEN AWAY -- POSSIBLY TO CONCEAL FORENSIC EVIDENCE.
I'M GOING OUT ON A LIMB HERE BUT I'LL WAGER OUR MAN IS A BLOOD DRINKER.

I COULD HEAR THIS MUSIC--
YOU WERE IN 18, RIGHT?
YEAH. SAME SONG, OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
MAYBE TO COVER THE NOISE.

I COULDN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS, BUT I COULD HUM IT FOR YOU.
MMM MMM-MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM MMM
HMM... MEANS NOTHING TO ME...
SURE YOU GOT IT RIGHT?
HEY, I KNOW IT! IT'S COMIN' TO ME -- IT'S COMIN' TO ME...

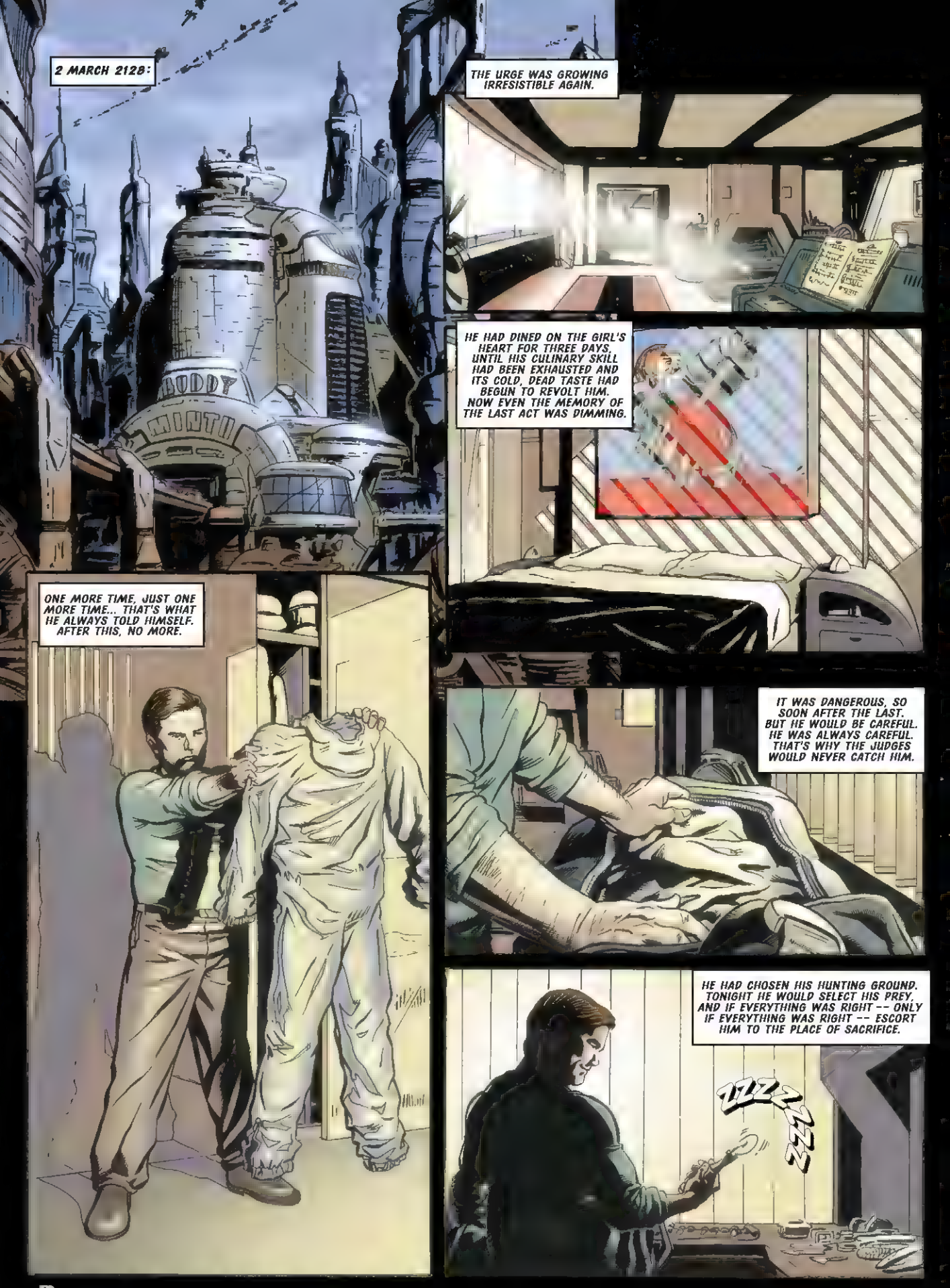
GOT IT! "YOUR BEATING HEART"!

MEGA-CITY ONE, 7 APRIL 2126:
DARLING, I'M HOME!
I HAD TO FLY DOWN WITH JULIO. GRUD, WHAT A BORE. COULDN'T WAIT TO GET BACK. HOW I PREFER THE STRONG...
...SILENT TYPE...
12 MARCH 2127:
2 AUGUST 2127:
WE THOUGHT HE WAS... OLD ENOUGH TO... BE LEFT ON HIS OWN.
WE WERE ONLY GONE ONE NIGHT...!


16 OCTOBER 2127:
24 DECEMBER 2127:
3 FEBRUARY 2128:
A WOMAN WAS TONIGHT FOUND DEAD IN A SECTOR 16 HOTEL ROOM. JUDGES BELIEVE SHE IS THE SIXTH VICTIM OF THE KILLER KNOWN AS THE SURGEON.
AT ABOUT 21.30 THIS EVENING MYRIAD SINKS, 26, COLLECTED THE KEY TO ROOM 17 IN THE BLEAKVIEW, A LOW-RENT HOTEL OFTEN USED BY SLABWALKERS.
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT THE HOTEL NIGHTMAN, HOWLAN YOGMAN, DISCOVERED HER BODY. SHE HAD BEEN CUT OPEN AND CERTAIN ORGANS CLINICALLY REMOVED, A HALLMARK OF THE SURGEON.
THEY'D BANNED THE MEDIA FROM REVEALING THE FULL DETAILS OF THE SURGEON'S WORK — AS MUCH TO DETER COPYCATS AS TO ASSIST IN THE INVESTIGATION. THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE MAN'S HAND.
AS USUAL, THERE WAS LITTLE EVIDENCE. HE WAS CAREFUL. HE ALWAYS CHOSE SURVEILLANCE BLACKSPOTS. THERE WERE NO CAMERAS AT THE HOTEL, FEW IN THE WHOLE AREA.
WITNESSES REPORTED SEEING THE VICTIM TALKING WITH A LARGE MALE WEARING A HEAVY OVERJAK AND HAT AND CARRYING A DAY BAG.
NOT A LOT TO GO ON, BUT IT WAS MORE THAN THEY'D GOT FROM SOME OF THE OTHER SCENES.

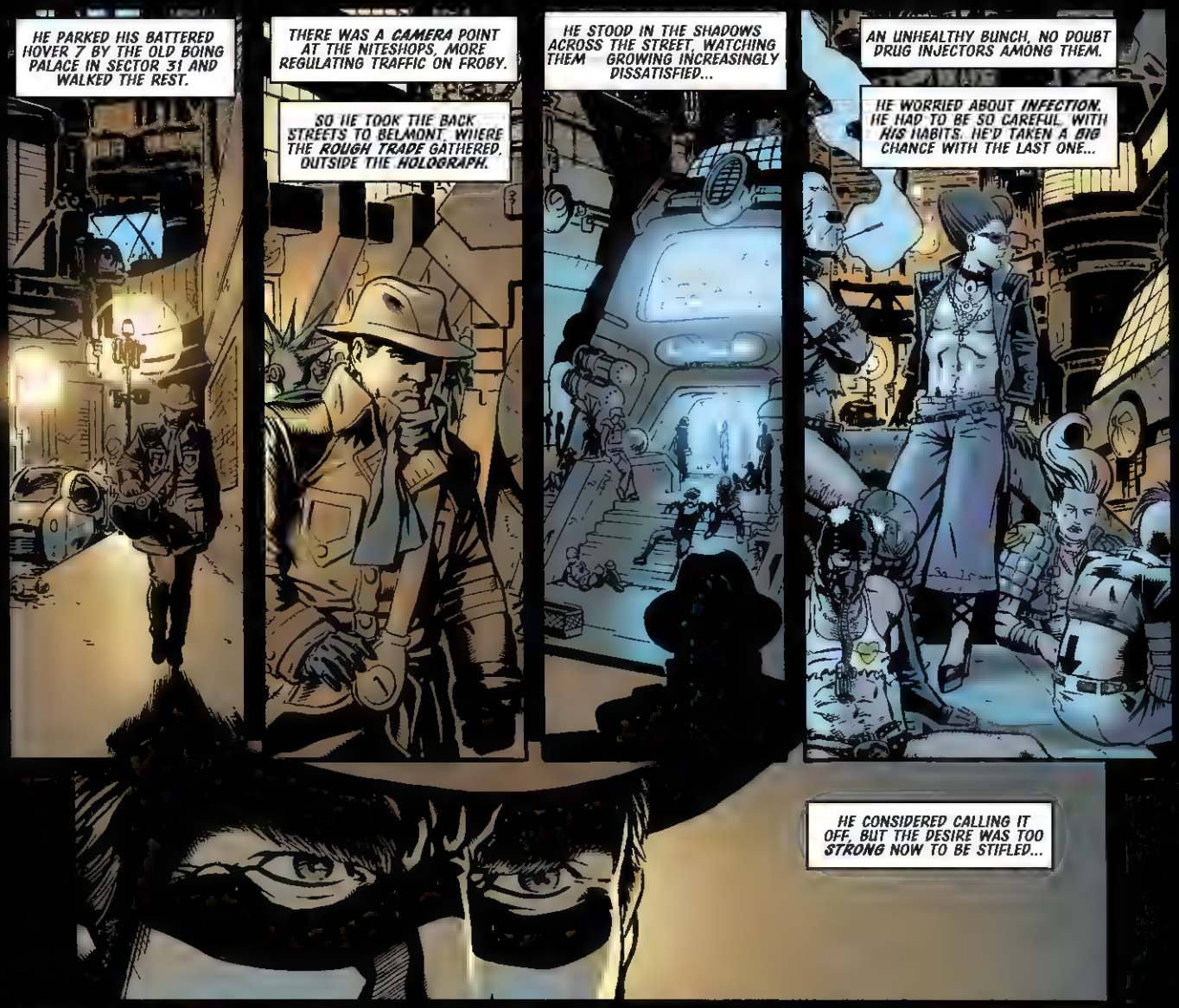
PLENTY OF FORENSICS FROM THIS ROOM, BUT I'LL WAGER NONE FROM THE SURGEON.
EARLIER KILLINGS HAD TURNED UP NO TRACES -- NO HAIRS, NO FIBRES, NO FLAKES OF SKIN. THEY REASONED THE KILLER WORE A PROTECTIVE SUIT, PROBABLY CARRIED IN THE DAY BAG WITH HIS MURDER IMPLEMENTS.
THE VIC WAS BOUND AND GAGGED -- SHE BORE THE MARKS OF THE LIGATURES. THE MUSIC, I ASSUME, WAS USED TO COVER THE SOUND OF THE SAW.
"YOUR BEATING HEART"...
SOME CONNECTION, MAYBE? OR JUST A SICK SENSE OF HUMOUR?
NEIGHBOURS OF THE SECOND VICTIM HAD HEARD MUSIC TOO, BUT COULD NOT IDENTIFY IT. HE'D CHECKED THE SONG -- A FREAK HIT FOR AN OBSCURE GERMAN CABARET ARTIST ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...
I'D GUESS PART OF THE RITUAL. IN EVERY CASE BUT ONE THE VICTIM WAS STILL ALIVE WHEN HE OPENED THE CHEST CAVITY. THE BEATING HEART... IT HOLDS A FASCINATION FOR HIM.
THAT'S PARTLY WHY I THINK HE MAY BE A BLOOD DRINKER.
WHY IS THE HEART ALWAYS REMOVED? IT INCREASES THE RISK FOR HIM MANY TIMES TO CARRY IT AWAY. YET NOT ONE HAS EVER BEEN FOUND.
DOES HE CONSUME IT? QUITE POSSIBLY. TAKE IT AS A MEMENTO? ALSO POSSIBLE.
OR MUST HE TAKE IT BECAUSE THE ACT -- HIS PERVERSION -- REQUIRES HIM TO DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE BEATING HEART?
HE IS A CAREFUL MAN, BUT ONCE THE HEART IS EXPOSED THE SIGHT OF IT OVERCOMES HIM. HE FALLS ON IT, TEARS AT IT.

AFTER THAT THERE WILL BE TRACES HE CANNOT AFFORD TO LEAVE BEHIND.
IT'S A THEORY.
VAMPIRISM... HE'D READ OF THE CONDITION.
SOME BELIEVED ITS CAUSE WAS PORPHYRIA, OR ANAEMIA, OR OTHER DEFICIENCIES IN THE BODY CHEMISTRY. ALL MYTH AND SUPERSTITION...
YET THIS WAS REAL. AND THIS PARTICULAR MONSTER HAD ALREADY MURDERED SIX CITIZENS.
HE PORED OVER THE CASE NOTES, LOOKING FOR SOME CLUE, ANYTHING THEY MIGHT HAVE MISSED. HE KEPT COMING BACK TO JONAS CLAY.
43, NO FIXED ABODE. FOURTH VICTIM. FOUND AMONG TRASH IN SECTOR 99. HANDS TIED WITH BRAIDED CORD.
OTHER VICTIMS HAD BEEN KILLED IN HOTEL ROOMS AND APARTMENTS AND LEFT IN SITU. NOT CLAY. MURDERED AND THEN DUMPED.
NO OTHER BINDINGS HAD EVER BEEN FOUND. WHY THIS TIME? WHY WAS THIS KILLING DIFFERENT?
10/16/27
MAYBE IT WAS DELIBERATE. HE WAS GOOD AT VARYING HIS ROUTINE. THERE WAS NO OBVIOUS PATTERN EITHER AMONG THE VICTIMS -- MALE, FEMALE, YOUNG, OLD, BLACK, WHITE, THE SURGEON WAS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES KILLER.
4/7/26
8/2/27
3/12/27
12/24/27
2/3/28
10/16/27
ALL THAT MATTERED WAS THE ACT...THE BEATING HEART.
THERE HAD BEEN NEARLY A YEAR BETWEEN THE FIRST KILLING AND THE SECOND. HE'D SHOWN GREAT RESTRAINT.
NOW HE WAS GETTING CONFIDENT. HIS SICKNESS WAS TAKING CONTROL. THE INTERVALS WERE GETTING SHORTER -- BARELY SIX WEEKS.
THEY COULD EXPECT THE NEXT ONE SOON...


2 MARCH 2128:
BUDDY
MINTU
THE URGE WAS GROWING IRRESISTIBLE AGAIN.
HE HAD DINED ON THE GIRL'S HEART FOR THREE DAYS, UNTIL HIS CULINARY SKILL HAD BEEN EXHAUSTED AND ITS COLD, DEAD TASTE HAD BEGUN TO REVOLT HIM. NOW EVEN THE MEMORY OF THE LAST ACT WAS DIMMING.
ONE MORE TIME, JUST ONE MORE TIME... THAT'S WHAT HE ALWAYS TOLD HIMSELF. AFTER THIS, NO MORE.
IT WAS DANGEROUS, SO SOON AFTER THE LAST. BUT HE WOULD BE CAREFUL. HE WAS ALWAYS CAREFUL. THAT'S WHY THE JUDGES WOULD NEVER CATCH HIM.
HE HAD CHOSEN HIS HUNTING GROUND. TONIGHT HE WOULD SELECT HIS PREY. AND IF EVERYTHING WAS RIGHT -- ONLY IF EVERYTHING WAS RIGHT -- ESCORT HIM TO THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE.
ZZZZZZZ

ARLA MUNEZ, 37, ELDON LEE BLOCK, SECTOR 67.
MUNEZ WAS LAST SEEN SHOPPING AT THE McKOOLIE NITEMART ON 12TH. CAMERAS HAVE HER LEAVING THERE AT 22.44 LAST NIGHT. BODY WAS DISCOVERED AT ABOUT 13.00 BY A PASSING CITIZEN, CONCEALED UNDER THAT WASTE.
TIME OF DEATH IS ESTIMATED AT BETWEEN 23.00 AND MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT. DRAG MARKS FROM THE KERB INDICATE SHE WAS BROUGHT HERE IN A VEHICLE AND DUMPED.
DECEASED WAS STILL BOUND BY THE HANDS WHEN FOUND, LIKE THE FOURTH VICTIM. THE CHEST CAVITY WAS OPENED -- THEY THINK USING A LAS-CUTTER -- BUT THE HEART IS STILL LARGELY INTACT.
INTACT?
GOT A BREAK HERE. SEE THAT -- BITE MARKS. THERE'S A VERY GOOD CHANCE WE CAN ISOLATE THE KILLER'S DNA.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR THEORY WAS RIGHT.
SO THE KILLER PICKED UP HIS VICTIM AND CARRIED OUT HIS SICK PERVERSION. BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG -- HE GOT INTERRUPTED MAYBE. HAD TO DUMP THE BODY FAST, DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REMOVE THE EVIDENCE.
HE'S MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE.
LET'S HOPE HIS LAST...

TEKS HAVE ISOLATED DNA ON THE SURGEON'S LATEST VICTIM. YOU HAVE AN I.D.--
MILLET LINTON BROPHY, 47, APARTMENT 755, BUDDY MINTO APARTMENTS.
CRASH
BROPHY! THIS IS THE LAW!
NO ONE HOME, CONTROL. GET ONTO PSU -- CHECK ALL AVAILABLE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE. FIND HIM.
THINK WE GOT THE RIGHT MAN?
LISTEN TO THIS...
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART


HE PARKED HIS BATTERED HOVER 7 BY THE OLD BOING PALACE IN SECTOR 31 AND WALKED THE REST.
THERE WAS A CAMERA POINT AT THE NITESHOPS, MORE REGULATING TRAFFIC ON FROBY.
SO HE TOOK THE BACK STREETS TO BELMONT, WHERE THE ROUGH TRADE GATHERED, OUTSIDE THE HOLOGRAPH.
HE STOOD IN THE SHADOWS ACROSS THE STREET, WATCHING THEM GROWING INCREASINGLY DISSATISFIED...
AN UNHEALTHY BUNCH, NO DOUBT DRUG INJECTORS AMONG THEM.
HE WORRIED ABOUT INFECTION. HE HAD TO BE SO CAREFUL WITH HIS HABITS. HE'D TAKEN A BIG CHANCE WITH THE LAST ONE...
HE CONSIDERED CALLING IT OFF, BUT THE DESIRE WAS TOO STRONG NOW TO BE STIFLED...

AND THEN SHE FELL INTO HIS LAP --
MADRE GRUD!
THAT'S A LOT TO CARRY. DO YOU HAVE FAR TO GO?
NO -- SI! JUS' TO THE CORNER.
LET ME HELP YOU.

PSU PUT HURST ON THE HUNT, ONE OF THEIR BEST TRACERS--
BROPHY LEFT HIS APARTMENT AT ABOUT 19.50. WE'VE GOT HIM IN THE LEVEL 12 POD PARK AT 19.54, GETTING INTO A BLACK HOVER 7.
PSU
HE'S CARRYING A DAY BAG, WRAPPED UP SO YOU CAN'T PICK HIS FEATURES. DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR THE CITIZENS.
HE CAN'T BE ON THE HUNT AGAIN! IT'S TOO SOON!
POP'S POP!
I'M ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT I SEE.
HE LEAVES THE POD PARK AT 19.56. WE PICK HIM UP AGAIN ON A-T MONITOR 11907 OVER WATTS CENTRE, THEN AGAIN ON 13655 AND 13661, HEADING WEST INTO 31. THIS IS AT 20.21.
HE DOESN'T PASS ANY MONITOR ON THE INNER RING SO WE CAN TAKE IT HE'S SET DOWN SOMEWHERE IN THE NEW HAMPTON AREA. I'VE PUT HIS PLATE OUT TO ALL UNITS.
YES? AND?
AND NOTHING. HE DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.
A LOT OF NEW HAMPTON'S SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION. THEY STOPPED REPLACING SURVEILLANCE CAMS TWO YEARS AGO. THAT'S PROBABLY WHY HE PICKED IT. HE'S SMART.
WHAT HAVE WE GOT THERE THAT WOULD INTEREST HIM? THERE'S THE MEAT MARKET ON BELMONT. WEST STREET ZOOM IS MAIN HUB, GOT LOST KIDS COMING IN ALL THE TIME...t
AND THE DOWN-AND-OUTS HANG OUT BY THE OVERSKEDS. BUT THIS CREEP DOESN'T STICK ANY PARTICULAR TYPE. KEEP TRYING, HURST!
CONTROL, I WANT ALL AVAILABLE UNITS, NEW HAMPTON AREA! SUSPECT IS AT LARGE!
CHECK OUT HOTELS AND ROOMING HOUSES. ANY PLACE HE MIGHT LOOK FOR A VICTIM. SPEAK TO PEOPLE. SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN HIM.
SEAL OFF THE AREA--UNITS TO ALL ZOOM AND HOVER STOPS. NOBODY GETS OUT.
FIND THE SURGEON!

THE DEADBEAT DR.
AIEEE! THE NOISE! ALL THE TIME THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! SOMETIMES I THINK IT DRIVE ME CRAZY!
YOU LIVE ALONE?
SI. WAS MY LITTLE BOY TOO, BUT I SEN' HIM TO HIS GRANMA. I GOTTA WORK, BUT HEY, IS NO PLACE FOR A JUVEY.
THANKS, MISTER. YOU DON' HAVE TO HELP ME NO MORE.
OH, IT'S MY PLEASURE. RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR. PART OF THE SERVICE.
REALLY, MISTER...
SAY, MY GOOD WIFE IS SOMETHING OF A BIGWIG AT THE LOCAL HOUSING DEPARTMENT. MAYBE I COULD DO SOMETHING TO...HELP YOU.
YOU MEAN IT?
I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR LITTLE BOY BACK AGAIN.
MAYBE... MAYBE YOU BETTER COME UP THEN.
PHEW! THIS GETS THE OLD HEART PUMPING, EH?
NICE.
YOU WAN' A SYNTI-CAF OR SOMETHIN?
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I PREFER A MUCH... RICHER BREW.

HEY, WH-WHAT YOU LOCKIN' THE DOOR FOR?
GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU GET OUTA HERE! I'LL SCREAM!
AND WHO WOULD HEAR YOU? COME COME. I ONLY WANT TO HELP YOU GET A NEW APARTMENT. WE DON'T WANT TO BE INTERRUPTED, DO WE?
YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH HOUSING! YOU GET OUTA HERE, DAMN YOU!
THAT'S GOOD. THAT'S GOOD. FIGHT LIKE A LITTLE WILDCAT. I LIKE THAT.
SWAKK
THIS IS HEELY. GOT YOUR SUSPECT VEHICLE HERE, ON SOUTH NELD. NO ONE ABOARD.
ROGER. STAY WITH IT. SUSPECT MAY RETURN.
HE WAS HERE. COUPLE OF THEM SAW HIM, STANDING ACROSS THE STREET, WATCHING THEM. FIGURED HIM FOR A JOHN.
SEE WHERE HE WENT?
NEGATIVE.

YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART
WON'T HEAR ME CREEP INTO YOUR ROOM WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP
I WANT TO TELL YOU THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL. IN FACT, I QUITE ADMIRE YOU. LIFE HASN'T BEEN KIND TO YOU BUT YOU'RE STILL IN THERE PLUGGING, DOING YOUR BEST.
ZZZZ
ZZZ
THUDDA THUDDA
THE BOYS AND ME ARE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE BREAK NOW! BACK IN TEN WITH SOME MORE HOT SOUNDS!
YOU HEAR THAT?
WHAT?
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART WON'T HEAR ME CREEP INTO YOUR ROOM WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP
SOUNDED LIKE... "YOUR BEATING HEART"!
HELMET -- AMPLIFY!

SHUT THAT THING OFF!
—UNTIL THAT DAY
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART IT BEATS NO MORE
NOT LONG NOW, MY DEAR.
I HEAR IT TOO!
THAT WAY!

UP THERE!
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART WON'T HEAR ME CREEP
INTO YOUR ROOM WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP I'LL MAKE YOU MINE
FOR ETERNITY YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART WILL BEAT FOR ME
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART WILL BEAT FOR ME
WON'T BUDGE!
STAND BACK!
SKRASH
DROKK...

CONTROL, WE HAVE THE SURGEON! MED WAGON REQUIRED NOW!
STAND AWAY FROM HER, BROPHY!

I...DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM. IN OTHER WAYS I'VE BEEN A GOOD CITIZEN...
CUFF HIM!
JUDGES TONIGHT ARRESTED A MAN BELIEVED TO BE THE NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLER KNOWN AS THE SURGEON!
THE ARREST HAPPENED IN AN APARTMENT ON BELMONT IN SECTOR 31'S SHORTLIFE DISTRICT. A WOMAN'S BODY WAS REPORTEDLY FOUND AT THE SCENE.
MODEL CITIZEN, HUH?
I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!
IT'S SOMETHING THAT JUST STARTED COMING OVER ME...SINCE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I GUESS. BLOOD. IT STARTED TO FASCINATE ME. THE SIGHT OF IT... THE TASTE...
I CUT MY FINGER AND SUCKED AND IT WAS LIKE...LIKE AN ELECTRIC CHARGE RUNNING THROUGH ME -- MY OWN BLOOD. THAT'S WHEN I REALISED SOMETHING WAS UP.
BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I WANTED MORE. IT GOT SO I WAS CUTTING MYSELF JUST TO... JUST TO TASTE IT AGAIN. YOU CAN SEE THE SCARS--
THE DESIRE KEPT GROWING. MY OWN BLOOD WOULDN'T DO ANY MORE.
THERE WAS A SHOOTING ONE DAY. THEY LEFT THE SCENE TAPED OFF FOR THE CLEANERS. I FOUND MYSELF DOWN ON THE GROUND LICKING IT -- LICKING IT!
YOUR CRAVING FOR BLOOD DIDN'T STOP THERE. APRIL 7, 2126 -- YOU ENTERED THE APARTMENT OF STIG NAPELY, BOUND HIM AND GAGGED HIM AND CUT OUT HIS HEART. THINGS HAD GONE DOWNHILL FAST.

DID YOU DRINK HIS BLOOD THERE IN THE APARTMENT?
YES. IT WAS THE SIGHT OF IT, PUMPING, PUMPING... I-I LOST CONTROL.
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE HEART?
I... I ATE IT.
AFTER A DAY OR TWO IT GAVE ME NO GREAT PLEASURE, YOU UNDERSTAND. FRESH BLOOD, THAT'S WHAT I CRAVE. BUT I HAD TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE.
MARCH 12, 2127. NEARLY A YEAR'S GAP AND THE CRAVING TAKES HOLD AGAIN.
I TRIED TO STOP. REALLY I DID. I KNEW IT COULD ONLY LEAD TO DISASTER. BUT IN THE END I COULDN'T RESIST...
HOW DID YOU GET INTO CHASTITY LOUTH'S APARTMENT.
I POSED AS A CHARITY COLLECTOR.
SHE WAS A BAD CHOICE. OLD. SHE DIED TOO SOON...
NEIGHBOURS HEARD MUSIC PLAYING. YOU PLAYED "YOUR BEATING HEART" FOR ALL OF THEM?
YES.
THAT PART OF YOUR RITUAL?
IT'S AN OLD FAVOURITE OF MY MOTHER'S. SHE PLAYS IT ALL THE TIME. IT... SEEMED APPROPRIATE.
AUGUST 2, 2127-- RADLEY PIKELL, 14.
I PICKED HIM UP OUTSIDE THE ARCADE. I SAID I'D SHOW HIM MY MUTIE CARDS.
HE WAS A GOOD BOY. HE LASTED A LONG TIME. YOUNG AND FRESH.
OCTOBER 16, 2127. THE INTERVALS ARE GETTING SHORTER. JONAS CLAY, 43, NO FIXED ABODE. FOUND AMONG TRASH IN SECTOR 99.
THAT WASN'T ME.
I WAS SURPRISED YOU THOUGHT IT WAS. I WAS QUITE ANNOYED. I ALMOST WROTE TO YOU. THEN I REALISED THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO DO.
DON'T LIE TO ME, BROPHY! IT'S GOT ALL YOUR HALLMARKS!
LIE DETECTOR BACKS HIM UP.

I DID THE WOMAN ON CHRISTMAS EVE -- I BELIEVE HER NAME WAS SOLANO -- AND THE SLABWALKER LAST MONTH. AND TONIGHT'S, OF COURSE. AND THAT'S IT.
THAT'S IT?
ARLA MUNEZ LEFT A NITEMART IN SECTOR 67 AT 22.44 LAST NIGHT. SOMETIME BETWEEN 23.00 AND MIDNIGHT SHE WAS MURDERED. HER CHEST HAD BEEN CUT OPEN, THERE WERE BITE MARKS ON HER HEART. SOUND FAMILIAR?
YOU THINK THAT I -- NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT!
HOW DO YOU THINK WE FOUND YOU, BROPHY? YOUR DNA WAS ON THE BODY!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. Y-YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME. I DON'T KNOW WHY, I'VE ADMITTED EVERYTHING...
DNA DOESN'T LIE, BROPHY.
BUT I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT. BETWEEN 23.00 AND MIDNIGHT, YOU SAY? I WAS AT THE BLOCK GLEE CLUB UNTIL AFTER ONE IN THE MORNING. THEY WERE FILMING, FOR OUR SPRING CONCERT -- YOU CAN CHECK.
CHECK.
THE SESSION LASTED FROM 21.30 TILL 01.10 NEXT MORNING. YOU CAN SEE BROPHY CLEARLY THERE. APART FROM A COUPLE OF SHORT BREAKS HE'S ON CAMERA CONTINUOUSLY -- NOT ENOUGH TIME TO COMMIT THE MUNEZ KILLING.
BUT WE GOT HIS DNA!

SOMETIME BETWEEN 23.00 AND MIDNIGHT ARLA MUNEZ WAS MURDERED. HER CHEST HAD BEEN CUT OPEN. THERE WERE BITE MARKS ON HER HEART. YOUR DNA WAS ON THE BODY, BROPHY!
BUT I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT. I WAS AT A BLOCK GLEE CLUB SESSION UNTIL AFTER ONE IN THE MORNING. YOU CAN CHECK.
APART FROM A COUPLE OF TEN MINUTE BREAKS HE'S ON CAMERA CONTINUOUSLY DURING THE TIME OF THE MUNEZ MURDER.
BUT WE GOT HIS DNA!
MAYBE THERE WERE TWO SURGEONS. THEY WORKED AS A TEAM. FOR SOME REASON NUMBER TWO DOES THE DOUBLE CROSS, PLANTS BROPHY'S DNA ON THE CORPSE.
TOO RISKY. BOUND TO LEAD US TO HIM. ANYWAY, BROPHY CLAIMS HE ACTED ALONE AND THE LIE DETECTOR BACKS HIM UP.
ROBOT -- HE'S GOT A DOUBLE. IT ATTENDED THE GLEE CLUB WHILE THE REAL BROPHY WENT OUT ON THE PROWL.
DIDN'T FIND IT IN HIS APARTMENT, OR HIS VEHICLE. THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING THOUGH.
ALL RIGHT, SPEAK TO THE GLEE CLUB, SEE IF ANYONE NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL.
KEEP WORKING ON HIM. I'M GOING TO HAVE A WORD WITH THE MOTHER.

DO YOU HAVE ANYONE WHO CAN BE WITH YOU, MRS BROPHY?
I NEVER MARRIED. I'M QUITE STRONG, DON'T WORRY.
IN THAT CASE I MUST TELL YOU THAT YOUR SON MILLET WAS ARRESTED TONIGHT FOR MURDER.
NO !
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR DOUBT. WE FOUND HIM WITH THE BODY. HE HAS CONFESSED TO SEVERAL OTHER KILLINGS.
MILLET IS THE SURGEON, MRS BROPHY.
OH NO... OH NO...
MRS BROPHY, DOES MILLET KNOW HE'S A CLONE?
IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION THAT MAKES SENSE.
A CLONE-- WH-WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
I BELIEVE WE HAVE ANOTHER KILLER OPERATING -- A KILLER WHOSE DNA IS IDENTICAL TO MILLET'S.
YOU WOULD HELP YOUR SON IF YOU CAME CLEAN.
NO... NO, MILLET DOESN'T KNOW. I NEVER SAW THE NEED TO TELL HIM...
IT WAS IN MY WILD YOUTH. I SPENT SOME TIME IN BERLIN CONURB. I WAS A DANCER...
I FELL IN LOVE, WITH A YOUNG SINGER AT A NIGHTCLUB WHERE I WORKED. HIS VOICE...HIS VOICE MADE MY SPINE TINGLE. HIS SONGS SEEMED TO REACH INTO MY SOUL...

AND THIS IS MY LATEST --
♫ YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART ♫
THIS FOR YOUR BEATING HEART, SCHWEINHUND!
HE... HE'S DEAD!
SHOT DOWN BEFORE MY EYES.I WAS DISTRAUGHT. I HAD NEVER TOLD HENK OF MY LOVE, YET STILL IT WAS LIKE A BEREAVEMENT.
I TOOK SOLACE IN ONE THING -- JUST THAT MONTH KINDERMARKER HAD LAUNCHED HENK'S OWN CLONE KIT. AFTER THE KILLING THEY WERE WITHDRAWN, BUT I HAD ALREADY PURCHASED ONE.
THESE WERE IMPLANTATION KITS -- CUSTOM-MADE HENK VILLEMS EGGS?
YES. IF I COULDN'T HAVE HENK THE MAN, AT LEAST I COULD HAVE HENK THE CHILD.
DROKK!
CONTROL, FORWARD BROPHY'S DNA TO BERLIN MAKE THAT ALL CO-OPERATING JUDICIAL FORCES! MATCH AGAINST ANY IN THEIR FILES! FOR IMMEDIATE RESPONSE!

THE REPLY FROM BERLIN CAME IN FIRST --
NO RECORDS REMAIN FROM KINDERMAKKER. NOR HAVE WE THE MURDERS AS YOU DESCRIBE.
THIS VOS A RANGE OF CLONE KITS THEY ARE TRYING IN THE '80s -- ALL FROM THE GERMAN HIT PARADE. SOME ARE SELLING VERY VELL -- I CAN GIVE YOU FORTY-TWO DIDI VOSBERGS.
THE HENK VILLEMS VOS NOT A GOOD SELLER, UND VOS WITHDRAWN AFTER HIS SHOOTING. BUT VE HAVE FOUND VUN MATCH FOR THE DNA.
GURT VEINER, 47, LIVES ON ULMANSTRASSE. HE IS A DEALER IN ANTIQUE TIMEPIECES. TRAVELS A GREAT DEAL. HIS WIFE SAYS HE IS IN MEGA-CITY VUN AT THIS MOMENT. HE IS LEAVING LAST FRIDAY.
WE'VE GOT OUR SECOND SURGEON!
WHATEVER SICKNESS BROPHY'S GOT, VEINER'S GOT IT TOO!
IF IT IS ANY HELP, HE IS STAYING AT THE MONTEZ OKAY.
THIS IS DREDD. YOU HAVE A GUEST STAYING BY NAME OF GURT VEINER, FROM THE BERLIN CONURB?
UH, YES SIR, WE DO, SIR.
UNFORTUNATELY, MR VEINER IS NOT IN THE HOTEL. HE LEFT ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO, IF I REMEMBER.
AT THREE IN THE MORNING?
IT SEEMED UNUSUAL TO ME TOO. I DID WARN HIM OF THE DANGERS.
PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT, WALDERS.
GET ME HURST.
HE'S OFF DUTY, SIR. DO YOU WANT ME TO WAKE HIM?
DAMN RIGHT! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU RUNNING THERE, SUMMER CAMP?

I HOPE THIS IS GOOD.
THOUGHT CRIME NEVER SLEPT FOR YOU, HURST?
DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T HAVE TO. SLEEP MACHINES DON'T AGREE WITH ME.
THIS'LL OPEN YOUR EYES.
GURT VEINER, 47, RESIDENT OF BERLIN CONURB. RECOGNISE HIM?
IT'S BROPHY.
NO, IT'S VEINER. JUST HAPPENS TO HAVE THE SAME DNA. HE LEFT THE MONTEZ OKAY AT 02.30 APPROXIMATE, DESTINATION UNKNOWN. FIND HIM.
WHERE YOU GOING?
WHICHEVER WAY YOU ARE, MY FRIEND. I AM OUT JUST FOR THE DRIVE. GET IN, I WILL TAKE YOU.
THAT'S A BITTA LUCK, HUH? YOU GOTTA BE OUTA YOUR FREAKIN' MIND IN THIS CITY.
WHAT IS LIFE WORTH IF WE CANNOT HELP EACH OTHER? YOU WOULD LIKE A CONFECTION?
NO THANKS, MAN. NEVER TOUCH 'EM.

THEY ARE GOOD, THESE SLAB CRUISERS. SEE, I DO NOT EVEN HAVE TO DRIVE.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME INTO THE LIVING QUARTERS FOR A DRINK TO CELEBRATE OUR NEW FRIENDSHIP.
NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF. LET'S NOT GET TOO CHUMMY, HUH, PAL.
YOU ARE PROVING VERY DIFFICULT!
AAAHHH!
VERY DIFFICULT! VERY, VERY DIFFICULT!
SPAK SPAK
THERE, YOU HAVE MADE ME HURT YOU. YOU ARE BLEEDING. IT IS ALL OVER MY GLOVE.
MMM. GOOD.
BUT NOT ENOUGH.
I LIKE IT STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART...

DREDD HAS DISCOVERED THAT SERIAL KILLER MILLET BROPHY-- AKA THE SURGEON-- IS A CLONE OF 21ST-CENTURY GERMAN SINGER HENK VILLEMS. NOW, ANOTHER OF HIS CLONES, GURT VEINER, IS ALSO ON THE LOOSE
I AM AFRAID THIS IS NECESSARY. IT CAN GET VERY MESSY, YOU UNDERSTAND.
THE TRICK IS TO KEEP YOU ALIVE UNTIL I HAVE EXPOSED THE HEART. MY MOVEMENTS MUST BE SWIFT AND SURE.
YOU ARE YOUNG AND FIT. THAT IS GOOD. THIS TIME I HAVE A GOOD FEELING...

02.37. SUSPECT LEAVES THE MONTEZ OKAY BY THE PARTNER STREET ENTRANCE.
WE TRACE HIM TO THE POD PARK ON ELMER. 02.45 A BLACK SLABCRUISER COMES OUT. NO ONE AT THE WHEEL BUT THE CRUISER'S A RENTAL, SIGNED OUT TO GURT VEINER.
@CENTRAL RENT'A'POD
THAT'S OUR MAN. INTERESTING THAT HE DOESN'T KEEP THE VEHICLE IN THE HOTEL LOT.
KEEP TRACING, HURST. SOMETHING HAPPENED DURING THE MUNEZ KILLING. HE WAS LEFT UNSATISFIED. HE'S OUT TO RECTIFY THAT. HE'S LOOKING FOR A VICTIM.
NO PROBLEM. HE HEADS EAST ONTO THE INTERSKED. 02.57 HE COMES OFF AT JUNCTION 133. HE'S CRUISING THE BACKSTREETS.
WE LOSE HIM FOR A WHILE IN LITTLE BALTIMORE, THEN AGAIN OFF DENZEL DRIVE, BUT WE PICK HIM UP AGAIN ON EIGHTEENTH. CURRENT LOCATION ON EIGER, HEADING YOUR WAY.
WAS THAT WORTH GETTING ME OUT OF BED FOR? DUTY STAFF COULD HAVE HANDLED IT.
STAY ON HIM, HURST! DON'T LOSE HIM!
ALL UNITS, SURGEON CASE! SUSPECT GURT VEINER CURRENTLY HEADING SOUTH ON EIGER!
HE COULD BARELY CONTAIN HIMSELF. HIS HANDS WERE TREMBLING AS HE EXPOSED THE CHEST. HE COULD FEEL THE POUNDING OF THE BEATING HEART.
BUT CAREFUL. CUT WITH CARE. SOON ALL WOULD BE WELL...

THIS TIME THERE WOULD BE NO INTERRUPTIONS, NOT LIKE BEFORE—
THUNK THUNK
WHERE'S THE DRIVER? DRIVER!
Y-YES, C-COMING!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT ON YOU?
P-PAINT! IT IS PAINT! I HAVE BEEN PAINTING! JA!
WELL PAINT YOURSELF INTO A U-EY! THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH HERE!
JA, I WILL.
AFTER THAT HE HAD PANICKED.
IN ANY CASE, THE WOMAN'S HEART HAD STOPPED BEATING LONG BEFORE HE COULD GET TO HER.
TONIGHT, ALL THAT COULD BE FORGOTTEN. TOMORROW HE WOULD RETURN TO BERLIN, SATED BY THE BEATING HEART --
GOOD... WE ARE DOWN TO THE BONE...

SKASHH
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, VEINER!
NEIN!
THIS IS MY PRIVATE VEHICLE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT HERE -- UHHHH!
BDAM
SLISSHHHH
WHUNNK

IS... IS GOOD.
STILL ALIVE!
CONTROL, MED WAGON REQUIRED!

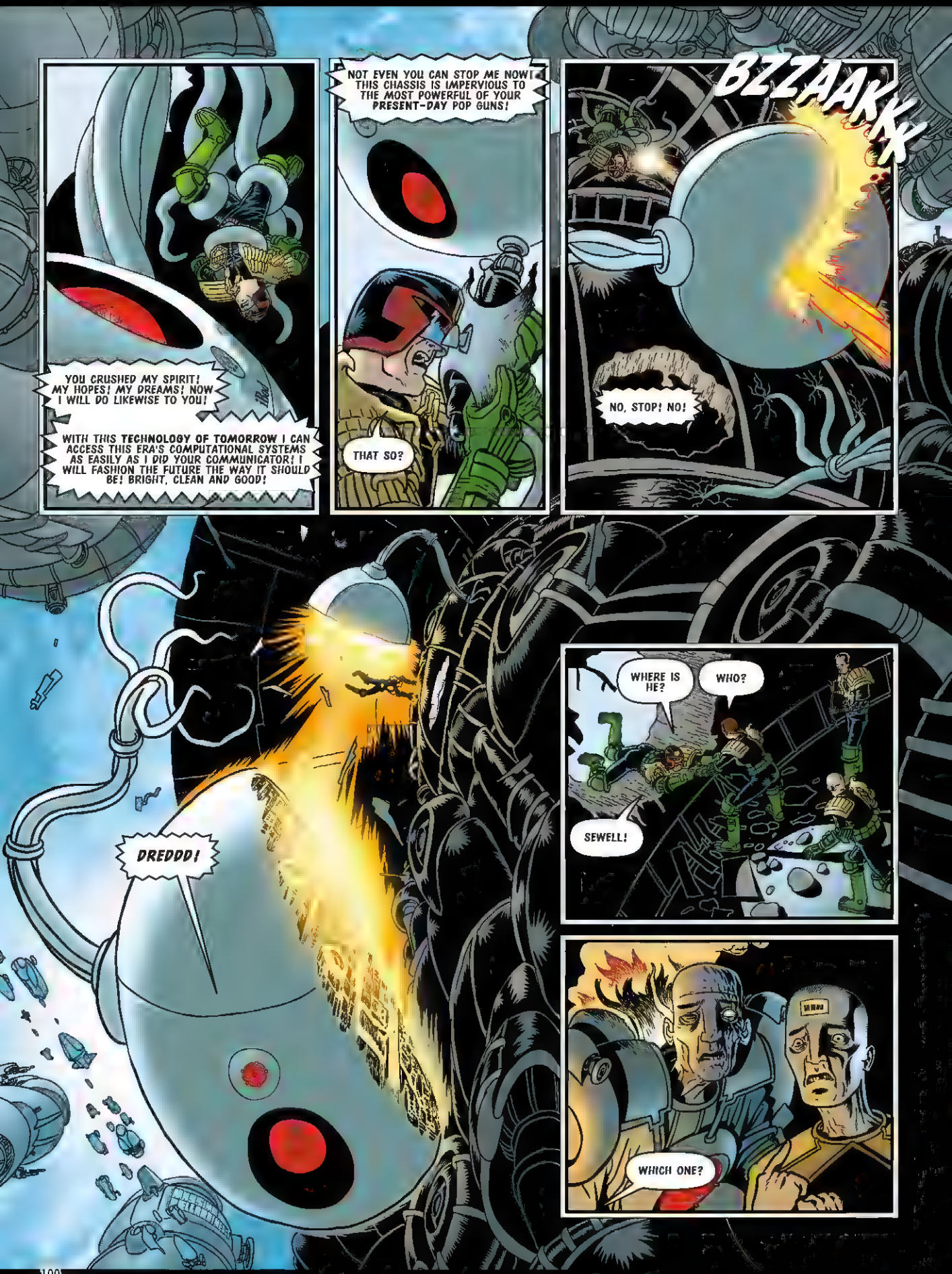
RECORDS FROM BERLIN SHOW GURT VEINER WAS IN MEGA-CITY ONE AT THE TIME OF THE JONAS CLAY KILLING.
HE WAS ALSO ON A BUSINESS TRIP TO BRIT-CIT WHEN A YOUNG HITCHHIKER WAS FOUND DEAD. SIMILARLY IN EAST-MEG TWO, THE MILANO ENCLAVE, THE ANDEAN CONURB AND TEXAS CITY -- TWICE.
SAME M.O. IN ALL CASES - VICTIMS HAD THEIR HANDS BOUND AND THEIR HEARTS CUT OUT.
SO HE USED HIS BUSINESS TRIPS TO SATISFY HIS SICK CRAVINGS AND KEPT HIS HANDS CLEAN AT HOME.
WE ALSO HAVE A REPORT FROM KRAKOV. THEY'VE HAD A NUMBER OF UNSOLVED MURDERS OUT IN THE DESOLATION. THANKS TO OUR INFORMATION THEY'VE ARRESTED A LOCAL, YURGI SAMOVICH.
CLONE NUMBER THREE. HOW MANY MORE BEFORE THIS IS OVER?
WE CAN BE THANKFUL THE HENK VILLEMS CLONE KIT WASN'T A BIG SELLER.
THE MEDS HAVE BEEN EXAMINING MILLET BROPHY. THEORY IS IT'S A BRAIN DEFECT THAT TRIGGERS AT ABOUT AGE 45.
SO HENK VILLEMS DIED BEFORE THE SYMPTOMS COULD MANIFEST THEMSELVES.
HE LEFT US QUITE A LEGACY.
YOUR BE-EA-TING HEART!

HERBERT GEORGE SEWELL -- FOLLOWING A PERIOD OF INTENSE PSYCHOMETRIC EVALUATION, IT IS THE JUDGEMENT OF THIS BOARD YOU BE APPROVED FOR PLACEMENT ON THE COLLR PROGRAMME.
I HAVE? REALLY?
I-I MEAN, THANK YOU... THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
THIS IS NOT PAROLE. YOU'LL STILL SERVE YOUR TIME, BUT ON THE OUTSIDE.
PERP
THE CONTROL OBSERVATION AND LIBERTY LIMITATION RESTRAINT IS DESIGNED TO EASE PRESSURE ON THE ISO-CUBE SYSTEM BY RELEASING TAGGED AND MONITORED LOW-GRADE OFFENDERS BACK INTO THE COMMUNITY.
THE COLLR'S NEURAL SPIKE TRANSMITS YOUR LOCATION AND BIO-DATA 24/7. ANY TAMPERING, ILLEGAL STIMS OR UNDUE AGGRESSIVE ADRENALINE SURGES, YOU'RE BRAIN'LL BE SHOCKED INTO SHUTDOWN. UNDERSTAND?
YES, SIR. I WON'T FAIL YOU...
DON'T BELIEVE A WORD HE SAYS!
DREDD?
JUDGE DREDD
TIME AND AGAIN
BUT, DREDD, HE'S SCANNED GREEN AND CLEAN ALL THE WAY
TAKE IT FROM ME, HE'S LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH...
...HAPPY TEETH TO BE PRECISE. MAKE ANY LIE READ LIKE THE TRUTH.
WE JUST ROUSTED GRANNY LYNCH'S ISO-CUBE. SHE'D SMUGGLED IN A COLONFUL AS CONTRABAND TO TRADE.
SCRIPT IAN EDGINTON
ART D'ISRAELI
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME

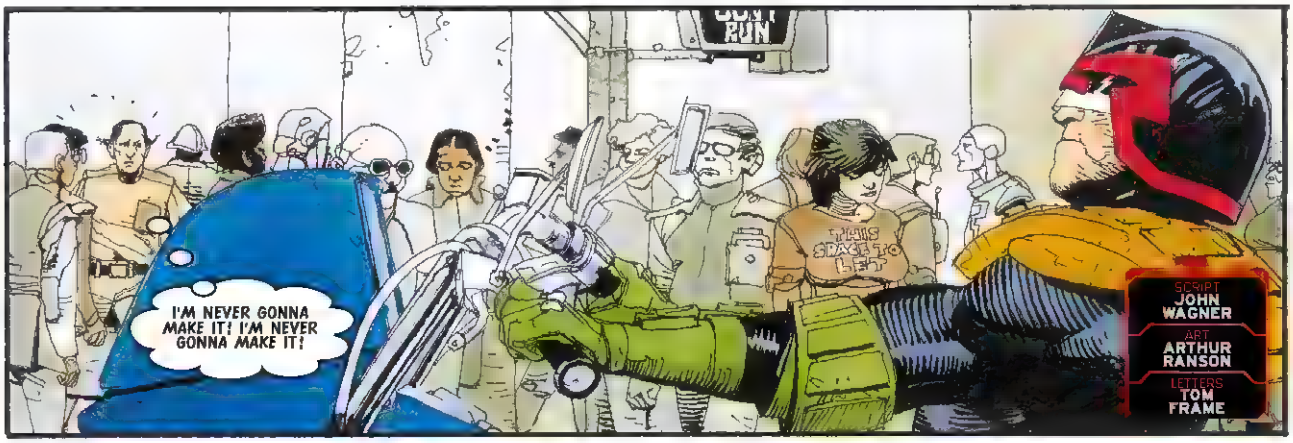
HOPE YOU WASHED IT FIRST.
VERY WELL. YOUR PLACEMENT IS HEREBY REVOKED. YOU WILL SERVE YOUR FULL TERM PLUS A FURTHER TWENTY YEARS FOR PERJURY AND DECEPTION.
NO! NO... PLEASE, THIS ISN'T FAIR! I ONLY WANTED TO GET OUT... TO REBUILD MY TIME MACHINE AND GO HOME!
TAKE HIM DOWN.
I'M NOT FROM THIS TIME... OR THIS PLACE! TURN YOUR MACHINE ON ME NOW, YOU'LL SEE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!
TOO LATE FOR THAT. TIME'S UP, CREEP.
UNHAND ME, YOU PHILISTINE! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, SEWELL...
NO, HE'S NOT...
...BUT I AM!
SEWELL?

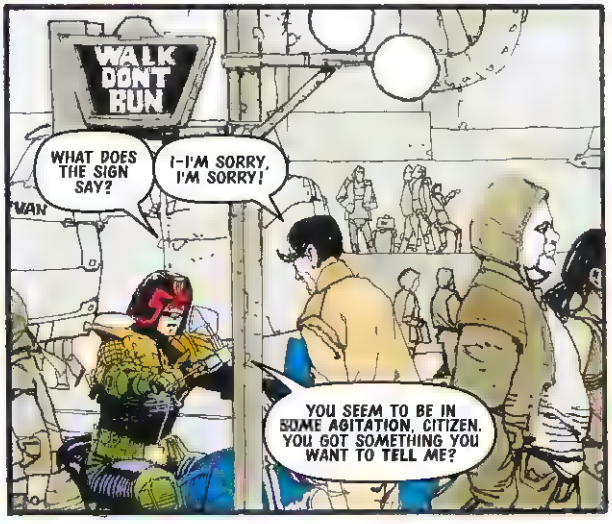
YOU TOOK THIRTY YEARS OF MY LIFE, DREDD! NOW I'M BACK TO TAKE YOURS!
BZZZZAAAKKK
YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE I WAS FROM THE PAST! WELL, SHAKE HANDS WITH FUTURITY!
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
HI-EX!
VADDOOOM
GNNN
THIS ISN'T OVER. I'LL BACK IN A TICK.
TIME OUT, EGGHEAD! RAPID FIRE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
UHHH! YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN! IT'S NOT CRICKET! IT'S NOT FAIR!
I'VE BEEN SAYING THAT ALL ALONG.

CONTROL, NEED A CLEAN-UP SQUAD, HALLS OF JUSTICE, EIGHTY-SECOND FLOOR
THIS ISN'T OVER!
SAY THAT AGAIN?
IT WASN'T US!
KERAASSHH
UHHN...
WHAT'S WRONG, DREDD? DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME? THE HAPLESS SOUL YOU HOUNDED FOR A LIFETIME!
SEWELL?
ONCE, YES! I WAS A GOOD MAN -- YOUNG, NAIVE OPTIMISTIC. I CAME FROM THE GREY GRIND OF VICTORIAN ENGLAND IN SEARCH OF A BETTER TOMORROW...
GRUD!
...INSTEAD I FOUND YOU! A DRACONIAN FIEND IN HUMAN FORM!


YOU CRUSHED MY SPIRIT! MY HOPES! MY DREAMS! NOW I WILL DO LIKEWISE TO YOU!
WITH THIS TECHNOLOGY OF TOMORROW I CAN ACCESS THIS ERA'S COMPUTATIONAL SYSTEMS AS EASILY AS I DID YOUR COMMUNICATOR! I WILL FASHION THE FUTURE THE WAY IT SHOULD BE! BRIGHT, CLEAN AND GOOD!
NOT EVEN YOU CAN STOP ME NOW! THIS CHASSIS IS IMPERVIOUS TO THE MOST POWERFUL OF YOUR PRESENT-DAY POP GUNS!
THAT SO?
BZZAAKK
NO, STOP! NO!
DREDDD!
WHERE IS HE?
WHO?
SEWELL!
WHICH ONE?

THERE, DONE!
THE FUTURE AWAITS!
WAKK
YOU GOT THAT PART RIGHT!
KEEP THEM TOGETHER. THEY DON'T TALK TO ANYONE.
SO THEY DON'T POLLUTE THE TIMELINE AND CHANGE HISTORY? YOU KNOW, DREDD, THE SEWELL YOU BROUGHT IN HASN'T TECHNICALLY DONE ANYTHING WRONG.
NOT YET.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... IF I DIDN'T GET TO BUILD MY MACHINE, HOW CAN I BE HERE?
THIS ISN'T FAIR!
OH FOR GOD'S SAKE, SHUT UP FOR FIVE MINUTES!
QUIET, ALL OF YOU! I'VE HAD AN IDEA...
SEWELL 01
SEWELL 02
SEWELL 03
SEWELL 04



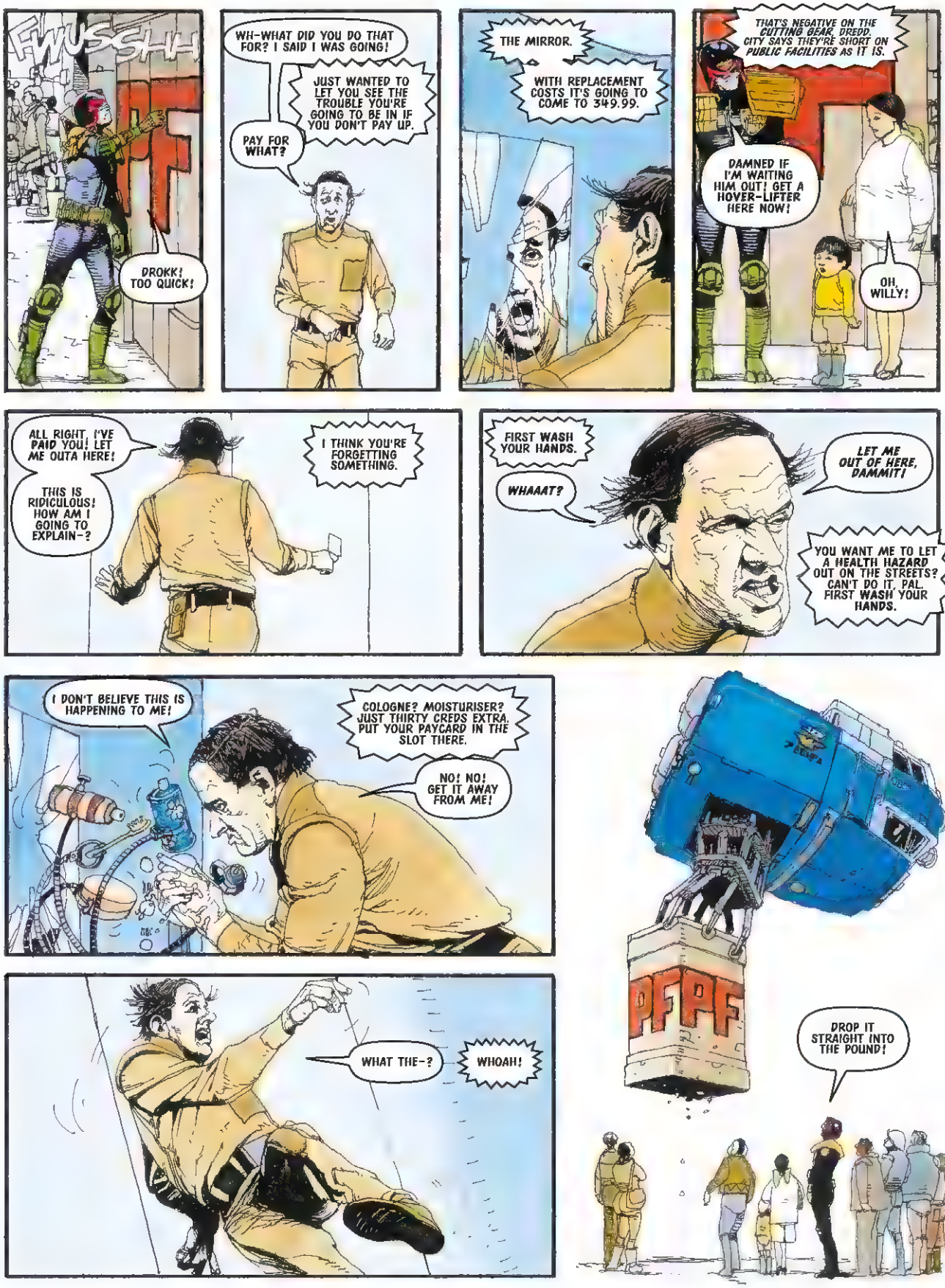


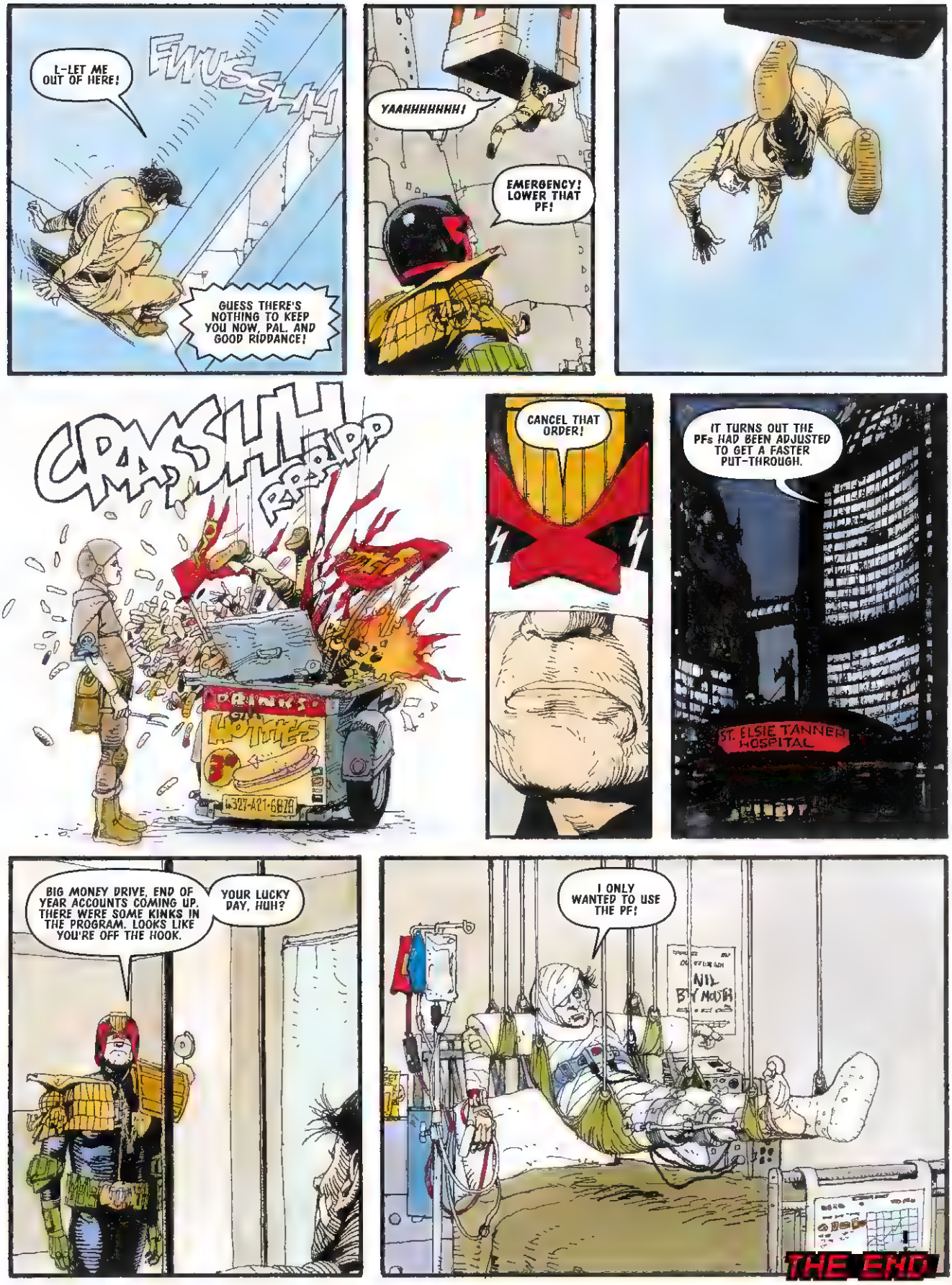
JUDGE DREDD PF

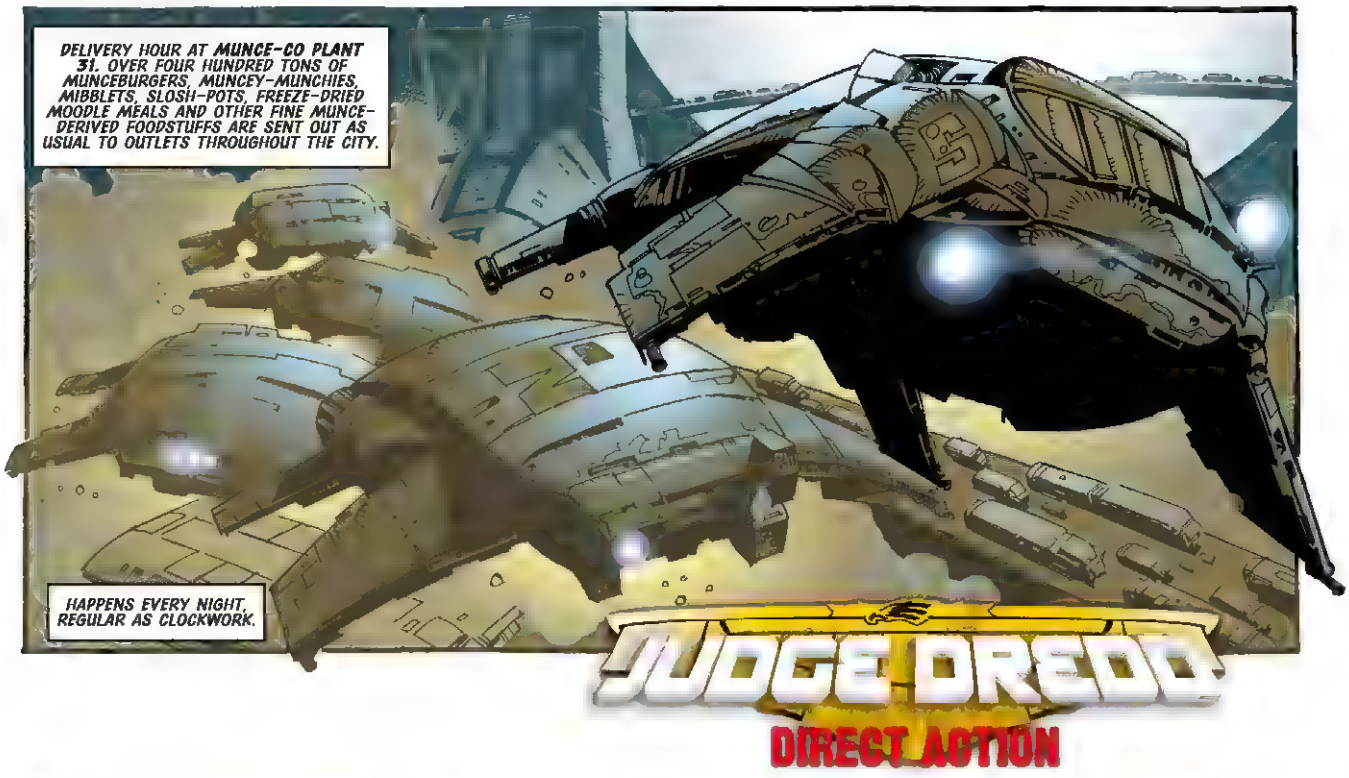
MY NEED'S GREATER, KID!
MOMMMM!
FWUSSSH
OH PRAISE BE! PRAISE BE!
AHHHHHHHH!
OH YES, BABY, YESSS!
HE'S BEEN IN THERE FOR AN AGE! MY LITTLE WILLY IS BURSTING!
IT'S ENGAGED.
HELLO.
H-HELLO-?

THIS IS YOUR PF.
OH... HELLO.
YOU WANT TO HURRY IT UP A LITTLE, PAL? I GOT A QUEUE BUILDING UP OUTSIDE.
I'M... I'M AFRAID I'VE A BIT OF A PROBLEM. MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE.
WE'VE ALL GOT PROBLEMS, PAL. TIME'S MONEY, AND YOUR TIME IS UP. C'MON, LET'S MOVE IT, HUH?
PAY
I SAID I'M NOT FINISHED YIIII!
SWOOSH
WHIRRRR
UNNHH!
HISS
OKAY, YOU'RE FINISHED NOW. SCRAM.
I DON'T HAVE TO! I'VE PAID MY MONEY!
AND I SAID YOU'RE OUT OF TIME. LOOK, I'M ON A TIGHT BUDGET HERE. SWIPE YOUR PAYCARD THROUGH AGAIN OR HOP IT.
I REFUSE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!
OH CAN'T I?
FWUSSHH
HUH-?

FWUSSHH
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M GOING TO COMPLAIN! I WON'T BE BULLIED LIKE THIS BY A MACHINE!
OH YEAH?
FWUSSHH
AHHH!
MY SOUL, HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!
PERVERT!
I'M CALLING THE LAW!
FWUSSHH
HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM ONIONS, PAL?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING!
OO-ER--
SKRASSH
UNNH!
FLASHER'S STILL IN THERE, JUDGE!
MY LITTLE BOY SAW EVERYTHING!
IT WAS DISGUSTING!
ALL RIGHT, YOU! COME ON OUT OF THERE!
THUD THUD
FWUSSHH
UHHH...
DUMB INSOLENCE! I'M GOING TO THROW THE BOOK AT YOU, CREEP!

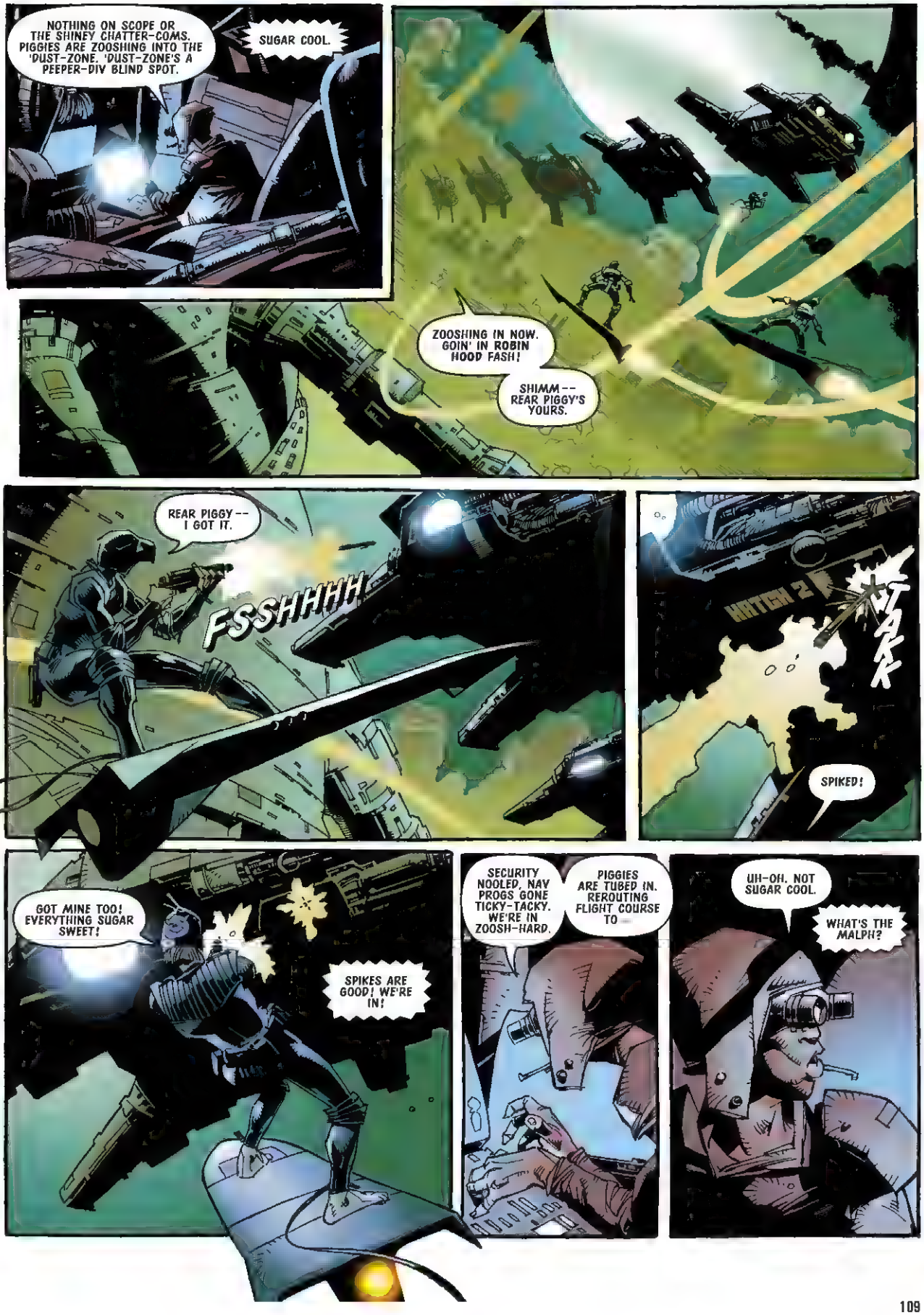

FWUSHH
DROKK! TOO QUICK!
WH-WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR? I SAID I WAS GOING!
JUST WANTED TO LET YOU SEE THE TROUBLE YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN IF YOU DON'T PAY UP.
PAY FOR WHAT?
THE MIRROR.
WITH REPLACEMENT COSTS IT'S GOING TO COME TO 349.99.
THAT'S NEGATIVE ON THE CUTTING GEAR, DREDD. CITY SAYS THEY'RE SHORT ON PUBLIC FACILITIES AS IT IS.
DAMNED IF I'M WAITING HIM OUT! GET A HOVER-LIFTER HERE NOW!
OH, WILLY!
ALL RIGHT, I'VE PAID YOU! LET ME OUTA HERE!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! HOW AM I GOING TO EXPLAIN-?
I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING.
FIRST WASH YOUR HANDS.
WHAAAT?
LET ME OUT OF HERE, DAMMIT!
YOU WANT ME TO LET A HEALTH HAZARD OUT ON THE STREETS? CAN'T DO IT, PAL. FIRST WASH YOUR HANDS.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME!
COLOGNE? MOISTURISER? JUST THIRTY CREDS EXTRA. PUT YOUR PAYCARD IN THE SLOT THERE.
NO! NO! GET IT AWAY FROM ME!
PFPF
DROP IT STRAIGHT INTO THE POUND!
WHAT THE-?
WHOAH!

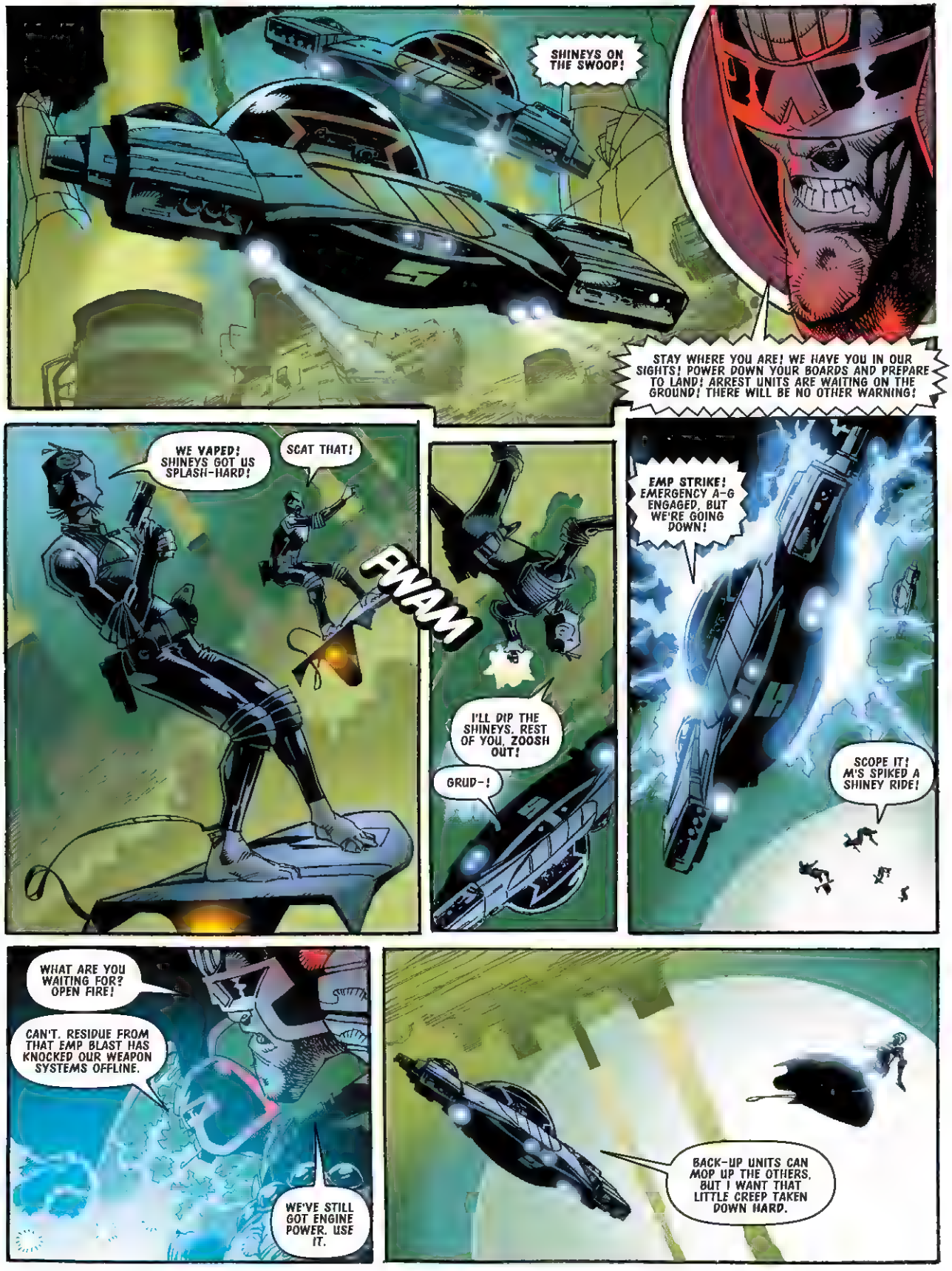

L-LET ME OUT OF HERE!
FWUSSHH
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP YOU NOW, PAL. AND GOOD RIDDANCE!
YAAHHHHHHH!
EMERGENCY! LOWER THAT PF!
CRASSHH
RRRAPP
DRINKS
HOTTIES
CANCEL THAT ORDER!
IT TURNS OUT THE PFs HAD BEEN ADJUSTED TO GET A FASTER PUT-THROUGH.
ST. ELSIE TANNER HOSPITAL
BIG MONEY DRIVE, END OF YEAR ACCOUNTS COMING UP. THERE WERE SOME KINKS IN THE PROGRAM. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE OFF THE HOOK.
YOUR LUCKY DAY, HUH?
I ONLY WANTED TO USE THE PF!
NIL BY MOUTH
THE END

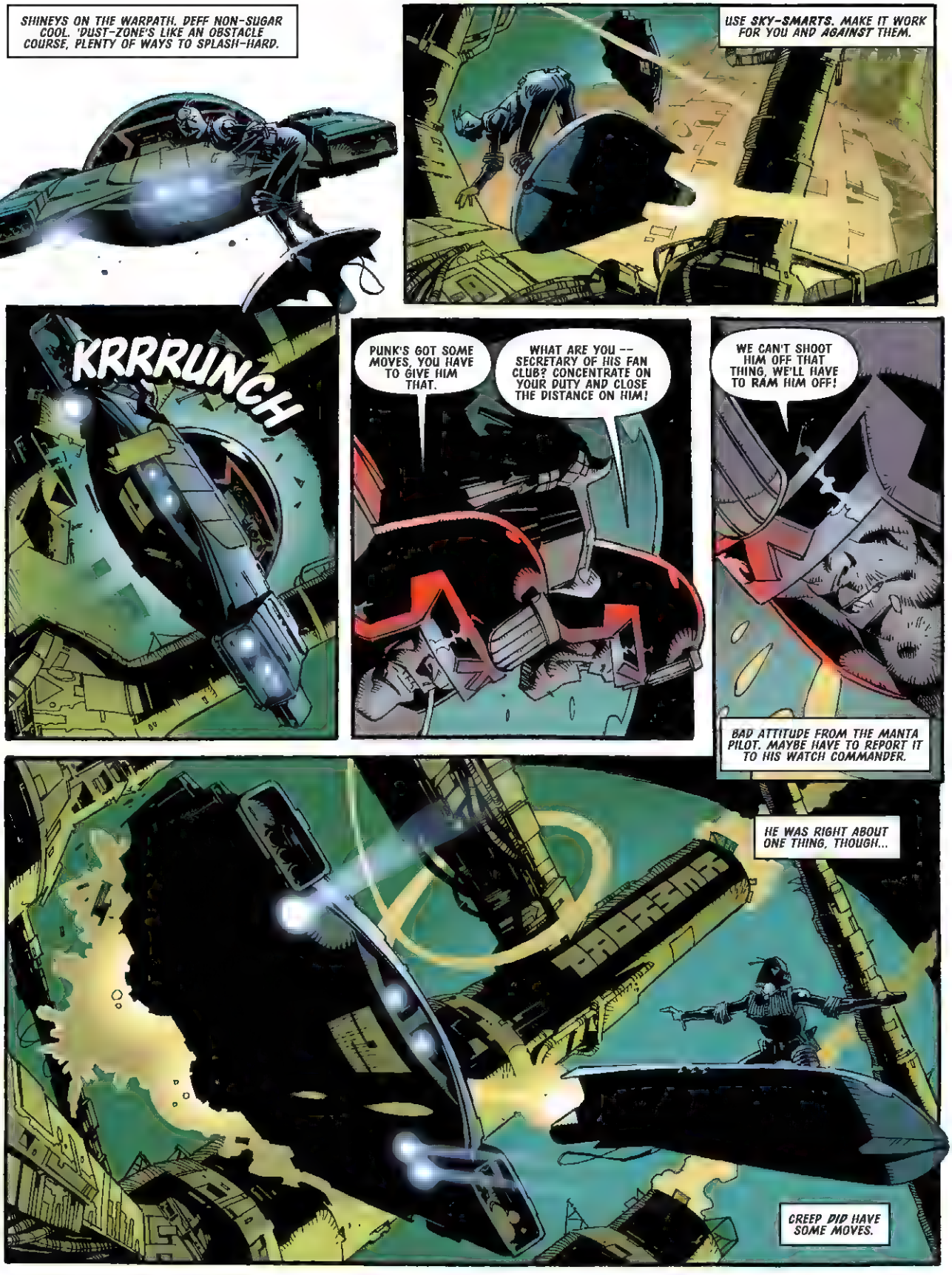

DELIVERY HOUR AT MUNCE-CO PLANT 31. OVER FOUR HUNDRED TONS OF MUNCEBURGERS, MUNCEY-MUNCHIES, MIBBLETS, SLOSH-POTS, FREEZE-DRIED MOODLE MEALS AND OTHER FINE MUNCE-DERIVED FOODSTUFFS ARE SENT OUT AS USUAL TO OUTLETS THROUGHOUT THE CITY.
HAPPENS EVERY NIGHT, REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK.
JUDGE DREDD
DIRECT ACTION

BUT NOT TONIGHT.
A YEAR ON, THERE'S STILL HALF A MILLION CITS LIVING IN THE REFUGEE CAMPS SET UP AFTER THE TOTAL WAR BOMBINGS. THE CITY DOES WHAT IT CAN TO CLOTHE AND FEED THEM, BUT IT'S NEVER ENOUGH.
SCOPED! LUKE-SEE?
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART CAM KENNEDY
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME

TONIGHT, MEGA-CORPS LIKE MUNCE-CO ARE GOING TO BE GIVING SOMETHING BACK TO THE COMMUNITY...
FIVE 'PORTERS, ALL ON AUTO. NOSE AND TAIL ARE EYES AND EARS, THE MIDDLE PIGGIES ARE DEAF AND BLIND DRONE-PIGGIES.
SHINEYS?

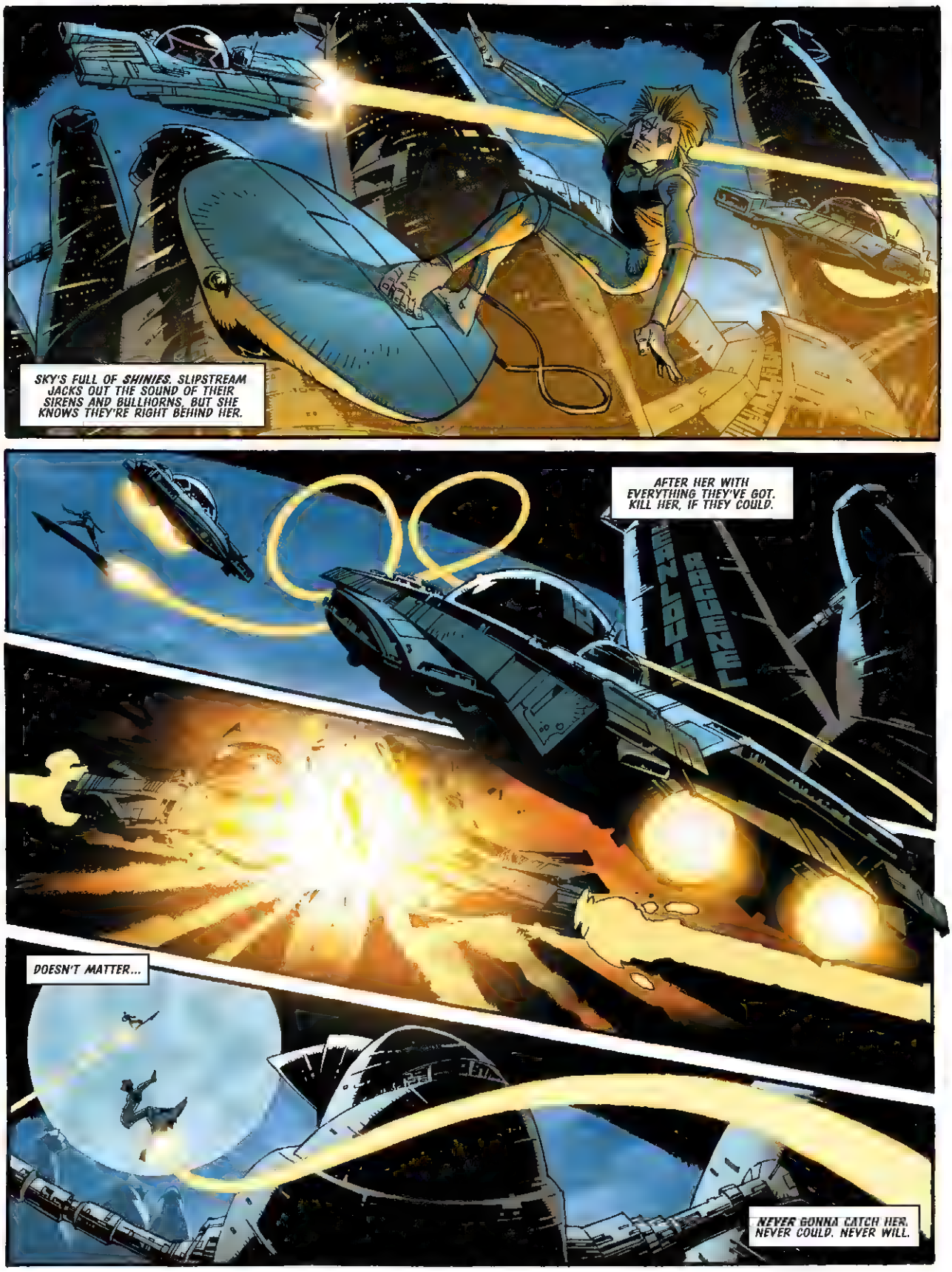

NOTHING ON SCOPE OR THE SHINEY CHATTER-COMS. PIGGIES ARE ZOOSHING INTO THE 'DUST-ZONE. 'DUST-ZONE'S A PEEPER-DIV BLIND SPOT.
SUGAR COOL.
ZOOSHING IN NOW. GOIN' IN ROBIN HOOD FASH!
SHIMM -- REAR PIGGY'S YOURS.
REAR PIGGY -- I GOT IT.
FSSHHHH
HATCH 2
TAK
SPIKED!
GOT MINE TOO! EVERYTHING SUGAR SWEET!
SPIKES ARE GOOD! WE'RE IN!
SECURITY NOOLED. NAV PROGS GONE TICKY-TACKY. WE'RE IN ZOOSH-HARD.
PIGGIES ARE TUBED IN. REROUTING FLIGHT COURSE TO --
UH-OH. NOT SUGAR COOL.
WHAT'S THE MALPH?

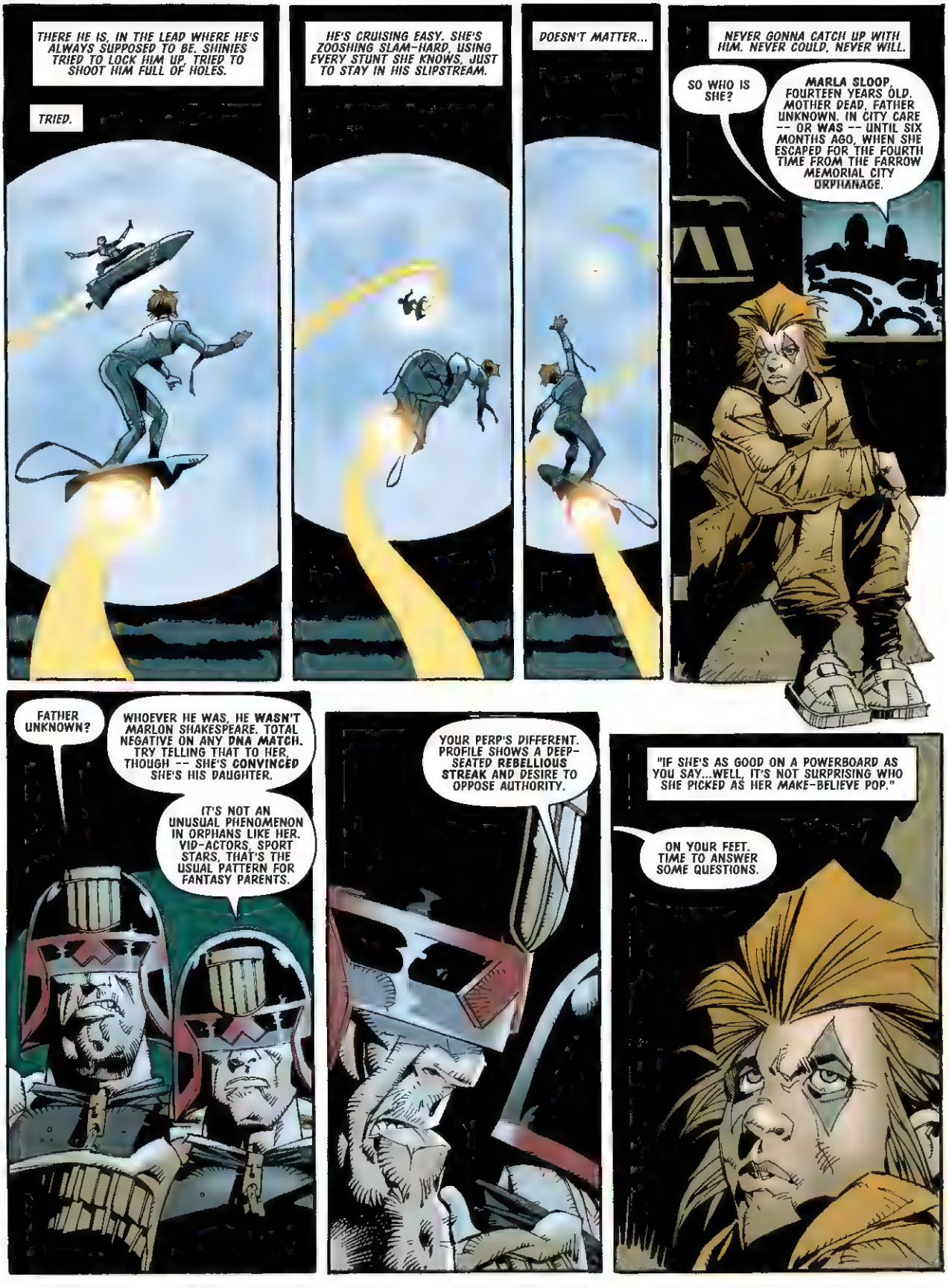

SHINEYS ON THE SWOOP!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! WE HAVE YOU IN OUR SIGHTS! POWER DOWN YOUR BOARDS AND PREPARE TO LAND! ARREST UNITS ARE WAITING ON THE GROUND! THERE WILL BE NO OTHER WARNING!
WE VAPED! SHINEYS GOT US SPLASH-HARD!
SCAT THAT!
PWAM
I'LL DIP THE SHINEYS. REST OF YOU, ZOOSH OUT!
GRUD-!
EMP STRIKE! EMERGENCY A-G ENGAGED, BUT WE'RE GOING DOWN!
SCOPE IT! M'S SPIKED A SHINEY RIDE!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? OPEN FIRE!
CAN'T. RESIDUE FROM THAT EMP BLAST HAS KNOCKED OUR WEAPON SYSTEMS OFFLINE.
WE'VE STILL GOT ENGINE POWER. USE IT.
BACK-UP UNITS CAN MOP UP THE OTHERS. BUT I WANT THAT LITTLE CREEP TAKEN DOWN HARD.

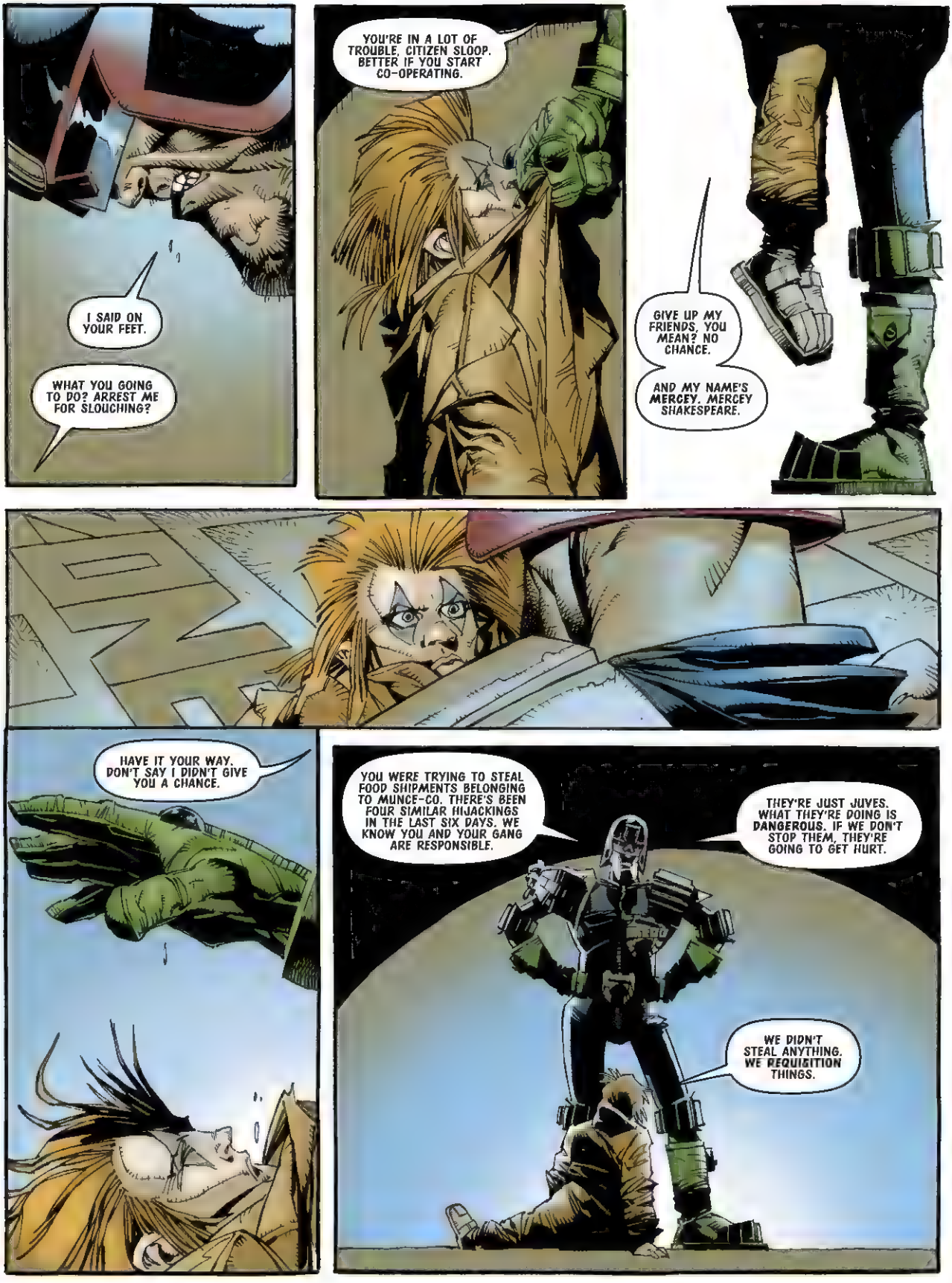

SHINEYS ON THE WARPATH. DEFF NON-SUGAR COOL. 'DUST-ZONE'S LIKE AN OBSTACLE COURSE. PLENTY OF WAYS TO SPLASH-HARD.
USE SKY-SMARTS. MAKE IT WORK FOR YOU AND AGAINST THEM.
KRRRUNCH
PUNK'S GOT SOME MOVES. YOU HAVE TO GIVE HIM THAT.
WHAT ARE YOU -- SECRETARY OF HIS FAN CLUB? CONCENTRATE ON YOUR DUTY AND CLOSE THE DISTANCE ON HIM!
WE CAN'T SHOOT HIM OFF THAT THING. WE'LL HAVE TO RAM HIM OFF!
BAD ATTITUDE FROM THE MANTA PILOT. MAYBE HAVE TO REPORT IT TO HIS WATCH COMMANDER.
HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, THOUGH...
CREEP DID HAVE SOME MOVES.

NOT MANY SKYBOARD BANDITS COULD PULL OFF A STUNT LIKE THAT. MAYBE JUST A HANDFUL.
MAYBE NOT EVEN THAT MANY.
MAYBE JUST ONE.
DREDD -- THIS IS AERIAL SEVEN-SEVEN. WE'RE ON YOUR WING AND HAVE THE PERP IN OUR SIGHTS. WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?
DREDD?
TARGET THE BOARD, NOT THE RIDER.
HE'S WEARING A SLAM SUIT. HE'LL PROBABLY SURVIVE THE FALL, SO NO NEED TO PULL THE PUNCHES.
BLAMM

L-CORP
UUUUUHHHH!
WHOMMPP
RAD SPLASH-HARD. SHINEY DON'T ZOOSH.
SAVE THE SKYJIVE GIBBERISH FOR WHEN YOU MEET UP WITH THE REST OF YOUR GANG IN THE CUBES.
HELMET OFF. I WANT TO SEE A FACE AND HEAR A NAME.
MERCEY...
MERCEY SHAKESPEARE.

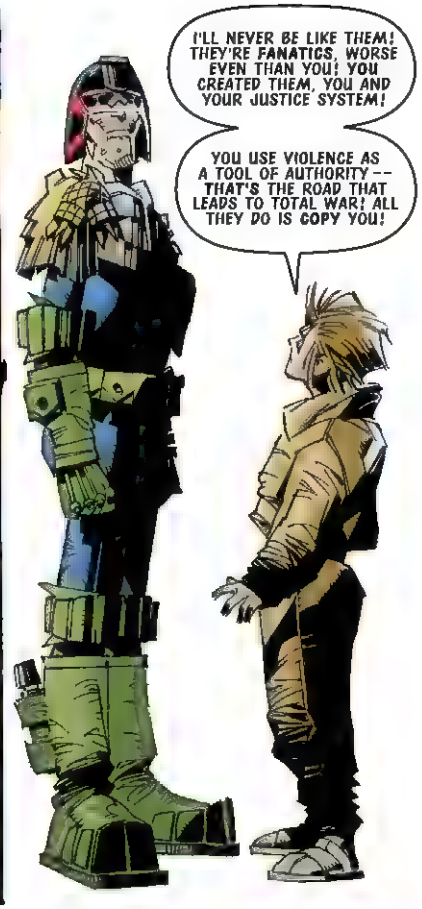

SKY'S FULL OF SHINIES. SLIPSTREAM JACKS OUT THE SOUND OF THEIR SIRENS AND BULLHORNS, BUT SHE KNOWS THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND HER.
AFTER HER WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT. KILL HER, IF THEY COULD.
JEAN LOUIS ARGUENEL
DOESN'T MATTER...
NEVER GONNA CATCH HER. NEVER COULD. NEVER WILL.


THERE HE IS, IN THE LEAD WHERE HE'S ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE. SHINIES TRIED TO LOCK HIM UP, TRIED TO SHOOT HIM FULL OF HOLES.
TRIED.
HE'S CRUISING EASY. SHE'S ZOOSHING SLAM-HARD, USING EVERY STUNT SHE KNOWS, JUST TO STAY IN HIS SLIPSTREAM.
DOESN'T MATTER...
NEVER GONNA CATCH UP WITH HIM. NEVER COULD, NEVER WILL.
SO WHO IS SHE?
MARLA SLOOP, FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. MOTHER DEAD, FATHER UNKNOWN. IN CITY CARE -- OR WAS -- UNTIL SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN SHE ESCAPED FOR THE FOURTH TIME FROM THE FARROW MEMORIAL CITY ORPHANAGE.
FATHER UNKNOWN?
WHOEVER HE WAS, HE WASN'T MARLON SHAKESPEARE. TOTAL NEGATIVE ON ANY DNA MATCH. TRY TELLING THAT TO HER, THOUGH -- SHE'S CONVINCED SHE'S HIS DAUGHTER.
IT'S NOT AN UNUSUAL PHENOMENON IN ORPHANS LIKE HER. VID-ACTORS, SPORT STARS, THAT'S THE USUAL PATTERN FOR FANTASY PARENTS.
YOUR PERP'S DIFFERENT. PROFILE SHOWS A DEEP-SEATED REBELLIOUS STREAK AND DESIRE TO OPPOSE AUTHORITY.
"IF SHE'S AS GOOD ON A POWERBOARD AS YOU SAY...WELL, IT'S NOT SURPRISING WHO SHE PICKED AS HER MAKE-BELIEVE POP."
ON YOUR FEET. TIME TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS.

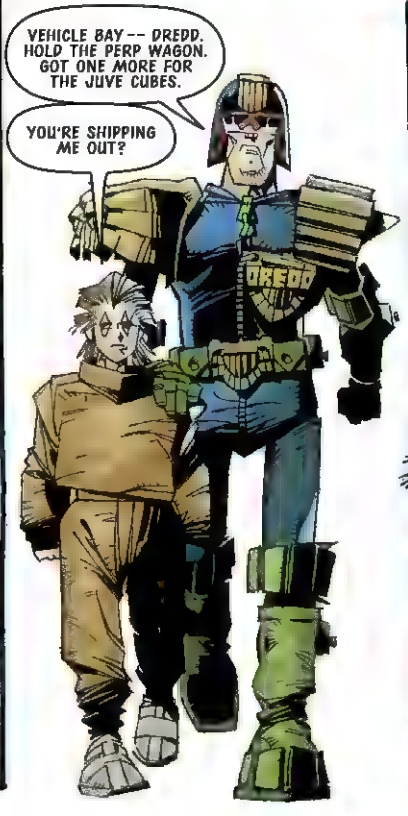

I SAID ON YOUR FEET.
WHAT YOU GOING TO DO? ARREST ME FOR SLOUCHING?
YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE, CITIZEN SLOOP. BETTER IF YOU START CO-OPERATING.
GIVE UP MY FRIENDS, YOU MEAN? NO CHANCE.
AND MY NAME'S MERCEY. MERCEY SHAKESPEARE.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T GIVE YOU A CHANCE.
YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL FOOD SHIPMENTS BELONGING TO MUNCE-CO. THERE'S BEEN FOUR SIMILAR HIJACKINGS IN THE LAST SIX DAYS. WE KNOW YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE RESPONSIBLE.
THEY'RE JUST JUVES. WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS DANGEROUS. IF WE DON'T STOP THEM, THEY'RE GOING TO GET HURT.
WE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING. WE REQUISITION THINGS.

MEGA-CORPS LIKE MUNCE-CO BOAST ABOUT THEIR DONATIONS TO THE VICTIMS OF THE TOTAL WAR BOMBINGS, BUT THE TRUTH IS THESE DONATIONS ADD UP TO LESS THAN 2% OF THEIR DAILY NET PROFIT.
REAL HUMANITARIAN, AREN'T YOU? THAT WHY YOU SHOT DOWN AN H-WAGON?
I SPIKED IT, I DIDN'T SHOOT IT DOWN. THE EMP DISABLED EVERYTHING BUT ITS EMERGENCY ANTI-GRAVS, JUST LIKE IT WAS MEANT TO.
MEANWHILE, 29% OF CHILDREN IN THE REFUGEE CAMPS ARE SUFFERING FROM MALNUTRITION.

WE'RE NOT LIKE YOU. WE BELIEVE IN NON-VIOLENT METHODS OF RESISTANCE.
OLD NEWS, SHAKESPEARE. I'VE HEARD THIS DO-GOODER STUFF BEFORE, AND IT ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY. YOU TRY IT THE IDEALISTIC WAY, AND WHEN THAT DOESN'T WORK YOU TRY SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING MORE RADICAL.
KEEP ON GOING THE ROAD YOU'RE ON. ALL IT LEADS TO IS CREEPS LIKE TOTAL WAR.


I'LL NEVER BE LIKE THEM! THEY'RE FANATICS, WORSE EVEN THAN YOU! YOU CREATED THEM, YOU AND YOUR JUSTICE SYSTEM!
YOU USE VIOLENCE AS A TOOL OF AUTHORITY -- THAT'S THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO TOTAL WAR! ALL THEY DO IS COPY YOU!

HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, SHAKESPEARE, AND FROM CREEPS A LOT MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU.
LET'S GO. WE'RE DONE HERE.


VEHICLE BAY -- DREDD. HOLD THE PERP WAGON. GOT ONE MORE FOR THE JUVE CUBES.
YOU'RE SHIPPING ME OUT?
DREDD

WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING? THUMB-SCREWS AND TORTURE CUBE?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT IF YOU WANTED TO BE A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE. YOU'RE A JUVE, YOU'VE GOT RIGHTS, AND YOU'RE JUST NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO USE UP ANY MORE OF MY TIME.

YOU'LL TALK SOON ENOUGH. I GIVE IT A COUPLE OF WEEKS AT MOST BEFORE YOU'RE BEGGING TO CO-OPERATE.
FIRST TIME, HUH? RELAX -- JUVE-CUBE TIME'S A BREEZE.
YOU TAKEN THE RIDE BEFORE, THEN YOU KNOW THE RULES! NO TALKING TO THE OTHER PRISONERS!
ALL SECURE. WE'RE READY TO GO.
JUDGES -- ALWAYS THE SAME, RIGHT? SO WHAT THEY GET YOU FOR?
SAME THING AS EVERYONE ELSE...
"NOT DOING WHAT I'M TOLD."
THINK SHE'LL TALK?
THAT ONE? NOT A CHANCE.
SEEN HER KIND TOO MANY TIMES BEFORE. TRICK'S TO DEAL WITH THEM EARLY BEFORE THEY BECOME A BIGGER PROBLEM.
ALL UNITS -- BAIT IS ON ITS WAY.

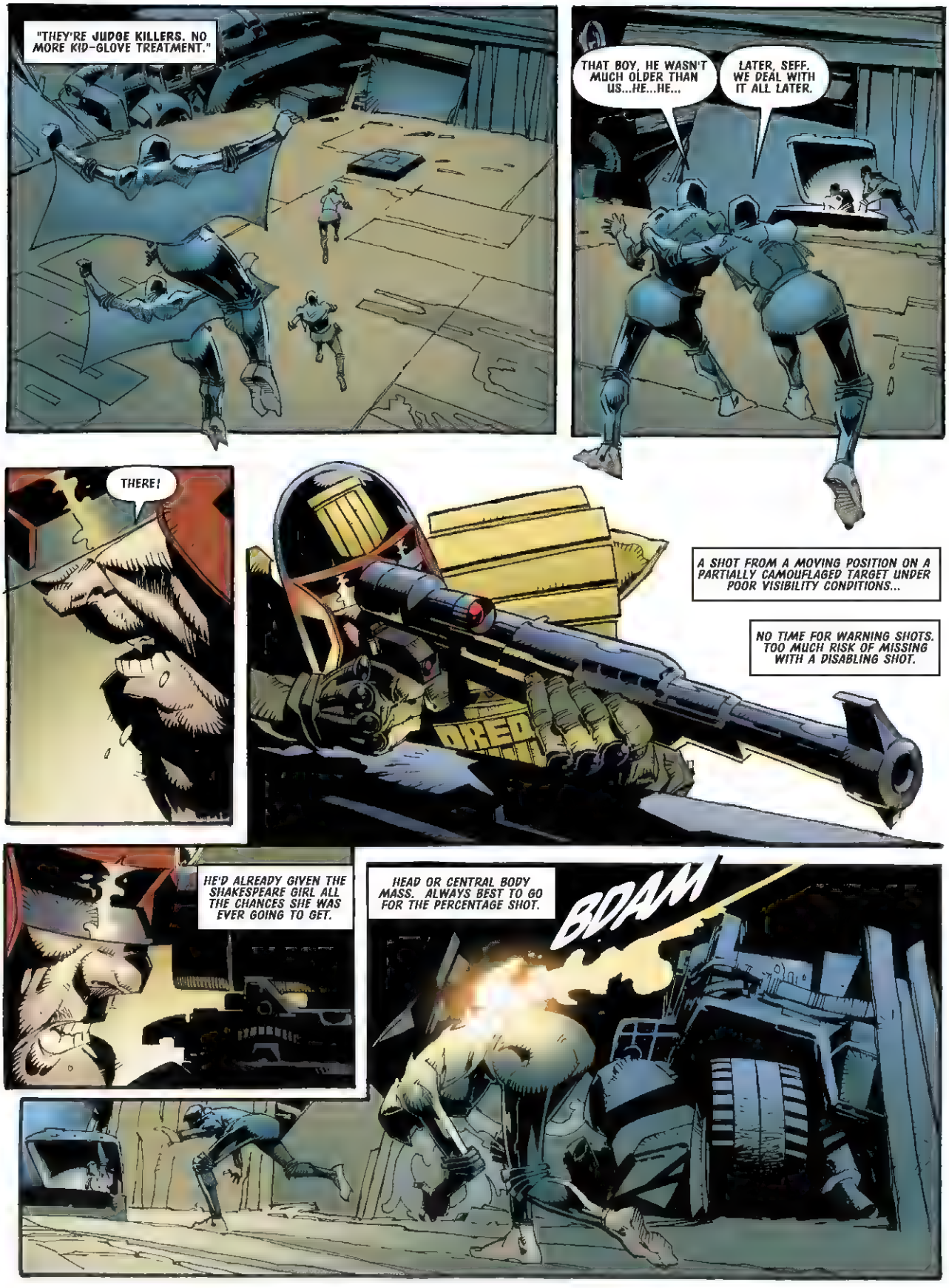
HAWKEYE SEVEN-FOUR. WE HAVE THEM IN SIGHT.
ANY SIGN OF A RESCUE ATTEMPT?
NOTHING YET. WE'RE TRACKING A GANG OF SKYSURFERS CRUISING THE THERMALS ABOVE BRAD DOURIF, BUT SO FAR THEY'RE KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE.
KEEP WATCHING...
...THEY'RE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE...
SCOPED! THAT'S THE ONE!
MALPH CHECK?
NADA. WE'RE SUGAR COOL.
DOUBLE SUGAR.
ZOOSH IN, BIG HUSH-HUSH FASH!

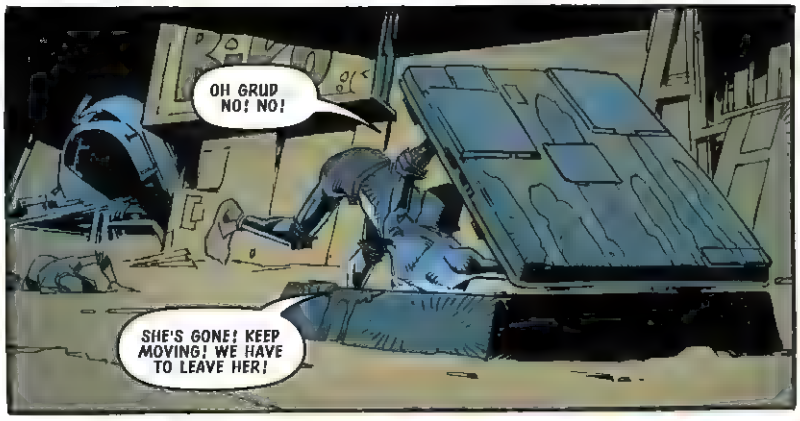
ALWAYS BEEN A GAME TO MOST OF THEM. SNEAK-ZOOSHING THROUGH THE CITY, BOOSTING STUFF, GOING ON SAB-RUNS.
GIVING THE FINGER TO THE SHINEYS. THAT WAS WHAT IT WAS REALLY ALL ABOUT.
KLUNNK
WHAT THE GRUD-?
ALL OF THEM, JUST KIDS.
SPIKE IN!
GAS! RESPIRATORS D-
ALL OF THIS, STILL JUST A GAME.
SUGAR COOL -- SHINEYS GONE SLEEP-SLEEP.
SPIKE'S GOOD. I GOT FULL ACCESS, ALL SYSTEMS.
REAR COMPARTMENT OPEN. MAKE IT QUICK -- WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO NOTICE THEY'VE LOST ONE OF THEIR RIDES.
SEFF!
BUSTIN' YOU OUT, MERC!

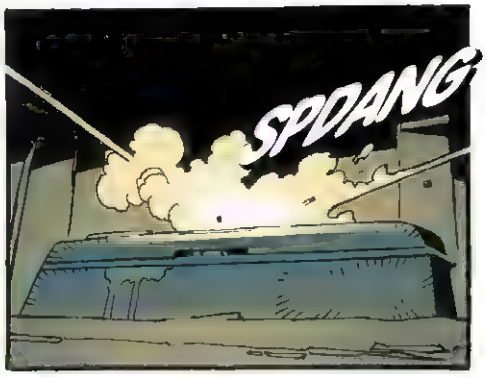
HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET A FREE PARDON TOO?
HEY, C'MON! WHATEVER YOU'RE INTO, YOU THINK IT'S GONNA BE ANY WORSE THAN THE JUVE-CUBES?
GOTTA ZOOSH, MERC.
WAIT. HIM TOO...
...CAN'T TRY TO START A REVOLUTION WITHOUT PICKING UP A FEW CONVERTS ALONG THE WAY.
...WITHOUT PICKING UP A FEW CONVERTS ALONG THE WAY.
TAKING A RISK, USING A ROOKIE ON THIS.
NEEDED SOMEONE YOUNG. HIS TUTORS AT THE ACADEMY SAID HE COULD HANDLE IT.
NEVER HURTS TO GET AN EARLY TASTE OF REAL STREET WORK.
TIME'S UP, MERC. GOTTA BAIL.
THAT'S IT? YOU'RE LEAVING ME HERE?
LOOK, WE DON'T HAVE AN EXTRA GLIDE-SUIT. AFTER WE JUMP, THE TRANSPORT WILL COME DOWN ON AUTO. YOU GET AWAY, AND I'LL TELL YOU A PLACE WHERE YOU MEET UP WITH US LATER.
NO, THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN—

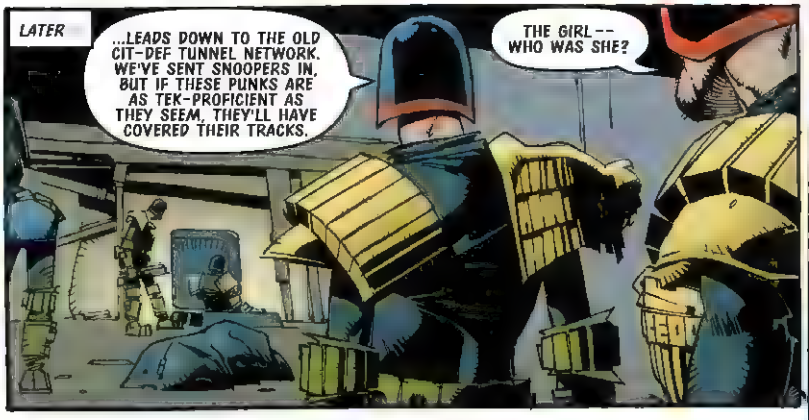
'SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN'? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN? WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING US?
ROOKIE'S ABOUT TO BLOW HIS COVER. SO MUCH FOR TRYING TO GET A MAN INSIDE.
ALL UNITS, MOVE IN NOW!
WOH! SHINEYS COMIN'! TIME TO DITCH AND ZOOSH!
CAN'T. GOT A MALPH.
YOU'TRE UNDER ARREST. RAISE YOUR HANDS AND REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE.
MAJOR MALPH.
AND REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE.
JUNIOR JUDGEBOY FORGET I'M PILOTING THIS RIDE? GET READY TO GRAB ONTO SOMETHING
...NOW!

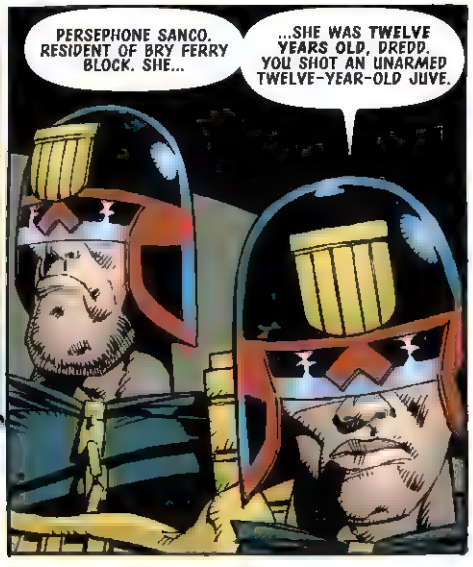
SPAK
FREAKIN' SHINEY SPY! YOU WANNA PLAY ROUGH?
SHIMM, DON'T...
NO-!
FALLER! IT'S ONE OF OURS!
AERIAL FOUR ON CATCH-INTERCEPT.
GRUD
THEY MISSED HIM, DREDD. HE'S ALL OVER THE SLAB.
THE PERPS, WHERE ARE THEY?
IN THE AIR. TRICKY AS HELL TO GET A FIX ON THEM. MUST BE USING STEALTH-SUITS.
YOU GET A SHOT ON THEM, YOU TAKE IT.


"THEY'RE JUDGE KILLERS. NO MORE KID-GLOVE TREATMENT."
THAT BOY, HE WASN'T MUCH OLDER THAN US...HE...HE...
LATER, SEFF. WE DEAL WITH IT ALL LATER.
THERE!
A SHOT FROM A MOVING POSITION ON A PARTIALLY CAMOUFLAGED TARGET UNDER POOR VISIBILITY CONDITIONS...
NO TIME FOR WARNING SHOTS. TOO MUCH RISK OF MISSING WITH A DISABLING SHOT.
HE'D ALREADY GIVEN THE SHAKESPEARE GIRL ALL THE CHANCES SHE WAS EVER GOING TO GET.
HEAD OR CENTRAL BODY MASS. ALWAYS BEST TO GO FOR THE PERCENTAGE SHOT.
BDAM


OH GRUD NO! NO!
SHE'S GONE! KEEP MOVING! WE HAVE TO LEAVE HER!


SPDANG


LATER
...LEADS DOWN TO THE OLD CIT-DEF TUNNEL NETWORK. WE'VE SENT SNOOPERS IN, BUT IF THESE PUNKS ARE AS TEK-PROFICIENT AS THEY SEEM, THEY'LL HAVE COVERED THEIR TRACKS.
THE GIRL -- WHO WAS SHE?


PERSEPHONE SANCO. RESIDENT OF BRY FERRY BLOCK. SHE...
...SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD, DREDD. YOU SHOT AN UNARMED TWELVE-YEAR-OLD JUVE.

I SHOT AN ESCAPING JUDGE KILLER.
SJS WILL WANT TO CONDUCT A POSSIBLE UNLAWFUL KILLING INVESTIGATION. ONCE THEY'VE CLEARED ME, I WANT EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT ON THE SHAKESPEARE GIRL.

JUST A GAME, THEY THOUGHT, BUT NOT ANYMORE.
THEY KILLED HER! THEY KILLED SEFF!

THEY'RE GONNA BE LOOKING FOR US! WHAT WE GONNA DO?

NOW THE RULES HAVE CHANGED.
WE'RE GOING TO GET BACK AT THEM, THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

HEIST

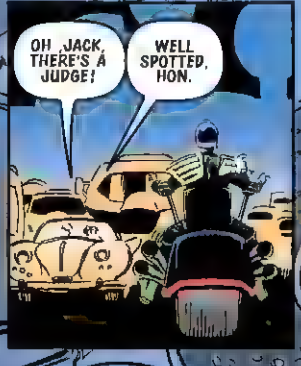
"THE CHARLES CROKER MEGWAY: SIXTY LANES OF SHIMMERING BLACKTOP, A DARK ARTERY RUNNING THE LENGTH OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

"A FEAT OF INDOMITABLE CIVIC ENGINEERING, ITS DECADES-LONG CONSTRUCTION HAS WEATHERED THE APOCALYPSE WAR AND NECROPOLIS, AMONGST OTHERS.

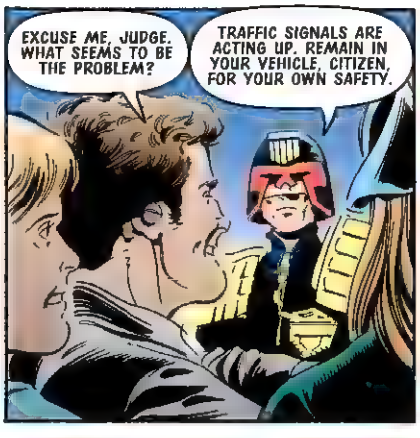
"UNTIL FINALLY LAST MONTH, IT WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC..."

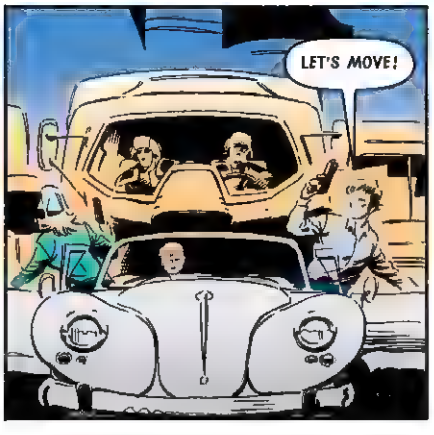
HONNK

HONNK



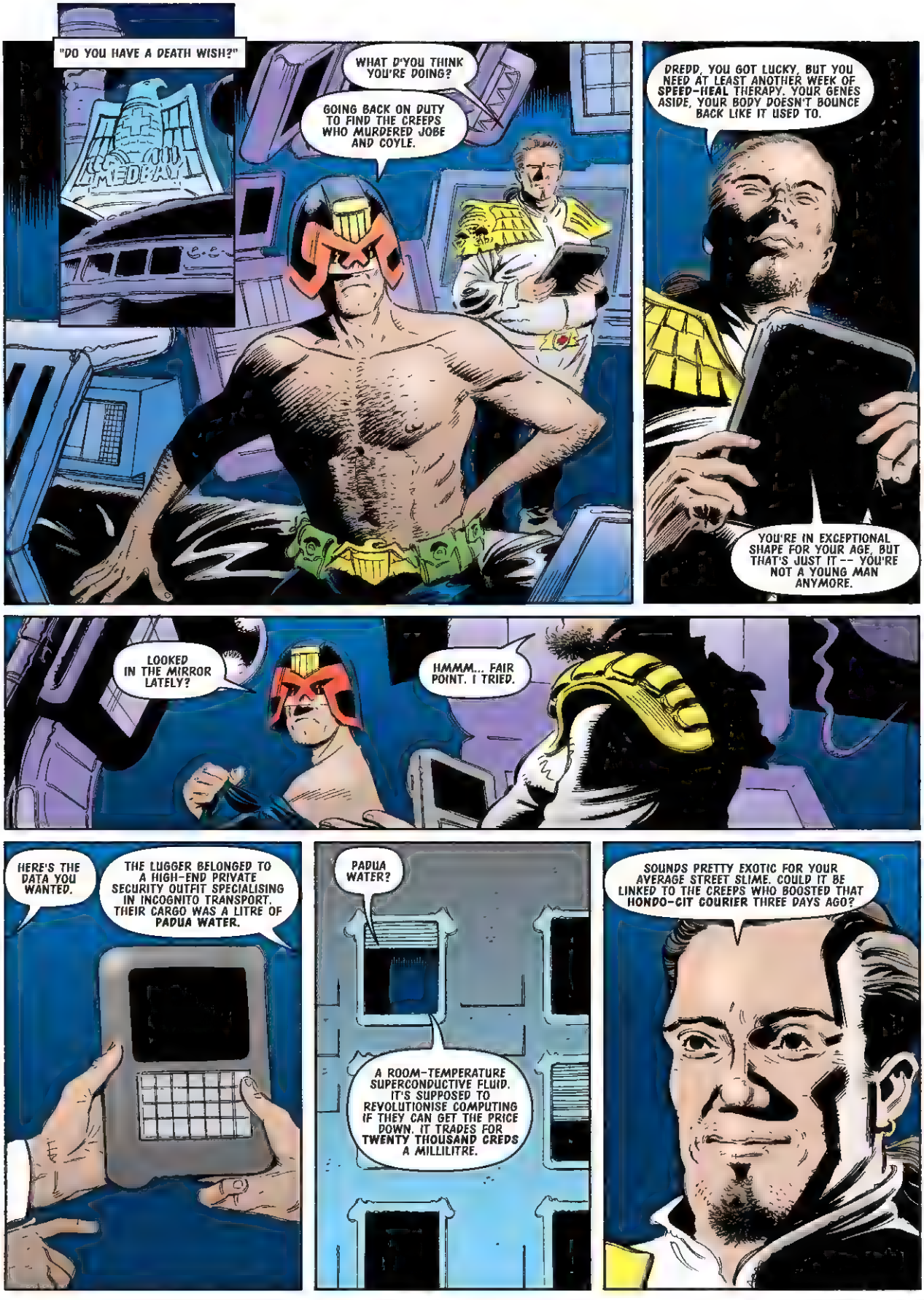
SCRIPT
IAN EDGINTON
ART
STEVE YEOWELL
LETTERS
TOM FRAME





SPAKK SPAKK SPAKK
TALK TO ME, FELIX.
JOB DONE, BOSS. SKREAMER'S SET. WATCH YOUR EARS.
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
GAAAH
MR GIMPY
THUPP THUPP
GOT IT?
JOB DONE.
JACK...
"...WE'VE GOT COMPANY!"

IT'S DREDD...
JACK, COME ON! TIME TO GO! JACK!
SURF'S UP, BUDDY!
CONTROL--DREDD. JUDGE DOWN. I NEED H-WAGONS FOR AERIAL INTERCEPT, CROKER MEG-WAY.
DREDD, THERE'S A KID IN HERE...
BIP
OH GRUD.
VADDOOMM!
WIPE OUT!


"DO YOU HAVE A DEATH WISH?"
MEDBAY
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
GOING BACK ON DUTY TO FIND THE CREEPS WHO MURDERED JOBE AND COYLE.
DREDD, YOU GOT LUCKY, BUT YOU NEED AT LEAST ANOTHER WEEK OF SPEED-HEAL THERAPY. YOUR GENES ASIDE, YOUR BODY DOESN'T BOUNCE BACK LIKE IT USED TO.
YOU'RE IN EXCEPTIONAL SHAPE FOR YOUR AGE, BUT THAT'S JUST IT -- YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG MAN ANYMORE.
LOOKED IN THE MIRROR LATELY?
HMMM... FAIR POINT. I TRIED.
HERE'S THE DATA YOU WANTED.
THE LUGGER BELONGED TO A HIGH-END PRIVATE SECURITY OUTFIT SPECIALISING IN INCOGNITO TRANSPORT. THEIR CARGO WAS A LITRE OF PADUA WATER.
PADUA WATER?
A ROOM-TEMPERATURE SUPERCONDUCTIVE FLUID. IT'S SUPPOSED TO REVOLUTIONISE COMPUTING IF THEY CAN GET THE PRICE DOWN. IT TRADES FOR TWENTY THOUSAND CREDS A MILLILITRE.
SOUNDS PRETTY EXOTIC FOR YOUR AVERAGE STREET SLIME. COULD IT BE LINKED TO THE CREEPS WHO BOOSTED THAT HONDO-CIT COURIER THREE DAYS AGO?

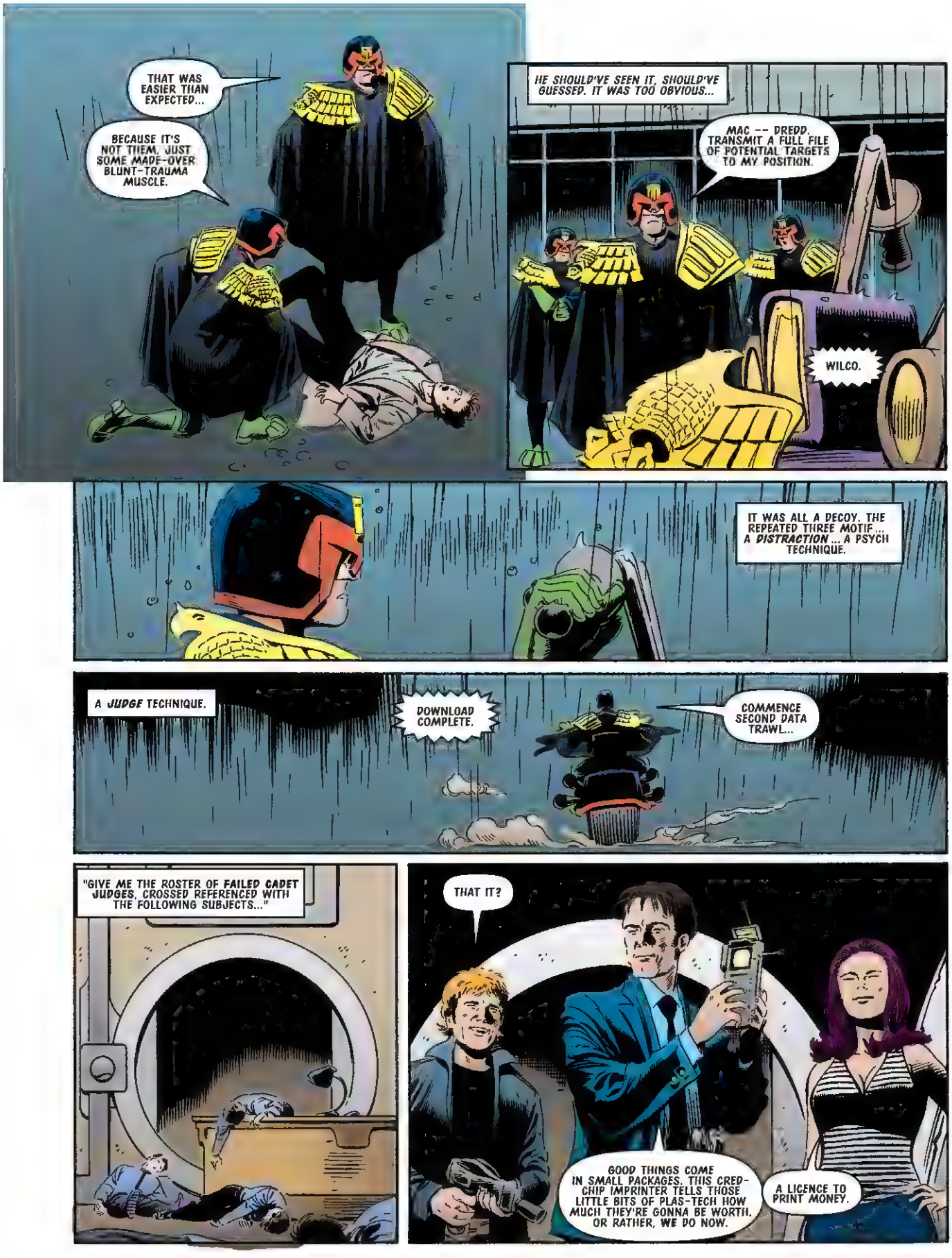
I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THAT.
FEW DID. DELICATE DIPLOMATIC SITUATION. THE COURIER SURVIVED THE HIT, BUT THE HONDOS DENIED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF HIM.
AFTER I PATCHED HIM UP, THE PSIs SWEATED HIM AND HE CAVED. HE WAS BRINGING IN AN ITHIKA BOX.
TOP-OF-THE-LINE ANTI-BUGGING DEVICE, WHICH CREATES AN IMPENETRABLE CONE OF SILENCE. EXPENSIVE AND DAMN-NEAR ILLEGAL AFTER THE TOTAL WAR AFFAIR. NO WONDER THE HONDOS ARE SQUIRMING.
CAN I ACCESS THE MAC* SURVEILLANCE FILES FROM HERE?
SURE, IF IT MEANS YOU'RE STAYING?
IT MEANS I'M WORKING.
*THARGNOTE: MACRO-ANALYSIS COMPUTER.
THERE'S THE COURIER, MUSCLE IN TOW. THEIR RIDE'S A NO-SHOW...
THEY'RE GETTING TWITCHY NOW. THE COUPLE AND SOLO SCOPE THEM, CHECKING FOR CONCEALED BACK-UP...
THERE'S NONE. THEY MOVE IN. THREE TAPS--
...AND THEY'RE GONE. QUICK, CLEAN...

...AND FAMILIAR!
MAC, RUN CROKER MEGWAY INCIDENT. CAMERA SIX-ONE-ONE. TIME INDEX TEN TO TEN-O-FIVE.
STOMM, IT'S ALL THERE. A VIRUS CRASHES THE TRAFFIC-SIGNAL COMP, THEN A CLASSIC BLOCK-AND-TACKLE MANOEUVRE.
FIRST TAKE OUT ANY EXTERNAL SECURITY...
...DEPLOY SONIC SKREAMER, DISORIENTATE AND DESPATCH.
MACREADY'S RIGHT. I AM GETTING OLD! THESE ARE HALLMARK JUDICIAL HIJACK AND HOSTAGE RETRIEVAL TECHNIQUES!
THESE AREN'T JUST PERPS...
"...THEY'RE JUDGES!"
FEELS GOOD T'HAVE MY FACE BACK.
FEELS EVEN BETTER COUNTING THE CREDS THE GOODS PULLED IN.
AND THERE'S MORE TO COME.
ICIN' ON THE CAKE, THOUGH, WAS WASTIN' DREDD, MAN!
IT'S A NICE THOUGHT, BUT I WOULDN'T HOLD YOUR BREATH.
ACTUALLY, I HOPE HE DID MAKE IT. HE'LL BE WORKING LIKE A FURY TO BRING US IN NOW, NOT REALISING THAT HE'S BEING PLAYED.
BY THE END OF THE WEEK, WE'LL BE RICHER THAN GRUD. WE'LL DROP OUT OF SIGHT, NEVER TO BE SEEN OR HEARD FROM AGAIN.
AND DREDD... DREDD WILL BE A LAUGHING STOCK!

THREE LIVE PERPS... TWO DEAD JUDGES.
HE DIDN'T LIKE THAT MATH.
BDAM
THE PERPS... M.O. PEGGED THEM AS JUDGES... EXCEPT THEY DIDN'T FIT ANY USUAL SUSPECTS PROFILE AND THERE WERE NO NEW ROGUES ON THE BOOKS.
EITHER THEY WERE STILL HIDING BEHIND THE BADGE...
BDAM
...OR THEY WERE FAKING, MAKING OUT THEY WERE THE LAW.
THEY'D GONE FOR TWO HIGH-YIELD, LOW-MAINTENANCE SCORES. EITHER ONE WOULD'VE MADE ENOUGH TO LAST A LIFETIME.
HIS BEST GUESS WAS, THEY DIDN'T PLAN ON SHARING. THEY WERE PULLING A JOB FOR EACH OF THEM.
MEANING HE HAD ONE LAST SHOT AT TAKING THEM DOWN...
BDAM

ONE LAST SHOT BEFORE THEY DISAPPEARED...
YOU'RE GOOD TO GO, DREDD. CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH.
THIS IS DREDD. SOUND OFF.
SQUAD ONE IN POSITION.
SQUAD TWO STANDING BY.
THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT!
LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT THEM. MAKE THE CALL.
THREE PERPS. THREE HITS. THREE DAYS APART. THEY'D LEFT A TRAIL A ROOKIE COULD FOLLOW. THEY HAD NO FEAR OF THE LAW.
MAC HAD EXTRAPOLATED A TRIO OF POTENTIAL TARGETS IN THEIR GIVEN CRITERIA. THEY HAD MADE HIM PLAY THEIR GAME... BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.

DREDD! IT'S THEM!
MOVE OUT!
ON THE GROUND! NOW!
JUDGES! WE'VE BEEN RATTED OUT!
FRAKKULATE 'EM!
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
THEY'RE PACKING MOBILE ARTILLERY!
NOT FOR LONG.
BLAM
HNN!
THEY'RE ARMOURED UP!
EXCEPT WHERE IT COUNTS.
BLAM BLAM


THAT WAS EASIER THAN EXPECTED...
BECAUSE IT'S NOT THEM. JUST SOME MADE-OVER BLUNT-TRAUMA MUSCLE.
HE SHOULD'VE SEEN IT. SHOULD'VE GUESSED. IT WAS TOO OBVIOUS...
MAC -- DREDD. TRANSMIT A FULL FILE OF POTENTIAL TARGETS TO MY POSITION.
WILCO.
IT WAS ALL A DECOY. THE REPEATED THREE MOTIF... A *DISTRACTION*... A PSYCH TECHNIQUE.
A *JUDGE* TECHNIQUE.
DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.
COMMENCE SECOND DATA TRAWL...
"GIVE ME THE ROSTER OF **FAILED CADET JUDGES**, CROSSED REFERENCED WITH THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS..."
THAT IT?
GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES. THIS CRED-CHIP IMPRINTER TELLS THOSE LITTLE BITS OF PLAS-TECH HOW MUCH THEY'RE GONNA BE WORTH. OR RATHER, **WE** DO NOW.
A LICENCE TO PRINT MONEY.

NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
DREDD!
VAL LEON, FELIX IMBER AND JACK CYPRUS... ALL DISGRACED CADET JUDGES. PULLING JOBS USING THE SUBJECTS I CAUGHT YOU CHEATING ON IN YOUR FINALS.
HOSTAGE TAKEDOWN...
HIJACK PROTOCOL...
...AND PSYCH WARFARE.
SO YOU PIECED IT TOGETHER - FINALLY! I'M IN DANGER OF BEING IMPRESSED!
YOU KNEW I'D USE MAC, WHAT OPTIONS IT'D GIVE ME, THAT I'D STAKE OUT THE THIRD CHOICE. THE REPEATED THREE MEME... SUBLIMINAL PROGRAMMING.
BUT GOING AFTER THE FOURTH OPTION, THAT WAS CARELESS. YOU SHOULD'VE PICKED A MARK FURTHER DOWN THE LIST.
WE LIKE TO TEMPT FATE. NO FUN WITHOUT THE RISK. TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO WORK IT OUT. FEW YEARS BACK, YOU WOULD'VE PUT IT TOGETHER A LOT FASTER.
HIS TONE WAS CALM, MEASURED.
FACE IT -- YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR PEERS, DREDD. YOU'RE PAST YOUR SHELF LIFE. YOU'RE GETTING SLOW, SLOPPY.
COMING HERE WITHOUT BACK-UP -- IS THAT AGE OR EGO?
THE CREEP WAS MAINTAINING EYE CONTACT, KEEPING HIM DISTRACTED...
YOU AFRAID OF THAT LONG WALK? PREFER TO DIE IN THE LINE OF DUTY?
...WHILE THE OTHERS CLOSED IN FOR THE KILL.

'CAUSE WE'RE HAPPY TO OBLIGE!
BLAM
BDAM
RICOCHET!
spanng
ptanng
pdanggg
AAAHHH!
DAMN YOU, DREDD...
SHOULD'VE WORN THE ARMOUR YOU GAVE YOUR GOONS. THAT'S THE PROBLEM WORKING THREE MOVES AHEAD...
...YOU DON'T SEE WHAT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.
CLASS DISMISSED!
THE END

I WANT THIS SMOOTH, DREDD. YOU UNDERSTAND?

RELATIONS WITH THESE CREEPS ARE STRAINED ENOUGH AS IT IS. MAKE SMALL TALK, EXCHANGE PRISONERS, EAT CANAPES.

PLAY NICE.

JUDGE DREDD

Dominoes

SCRIPT SIMON SPURRIER

ART LAURENCE CAMPBELL & KRIS JUSTICE

COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS TOM FRAME

NOT ONE OF MY STRENGTHS, HERSHEY. WHY ME?

WAY IT GOES. DIPLOMATIC STATEMENT. WE SEND OUR BEST, THEY DON'T DROKK US AROUND.

YOU READ THE REPORT, JOE. THESE SPUGS GOT SOME UNDESIRABLE PALS.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO PUSH THEM, AND THEY KNOW IT. THEY'LL MAKE YOU JUMP THROUGH SOME HOOPS, TRY TO DRAW YOU INTO AN INCID...

SIR?

SENSORS ARE GETTING A SAM GRID.

MISSILES?

COVERS THE WHOLE ISLAND, SIR. ALTITUDE TRIGGERED. HEAVY PAYLOAD. NASTY.

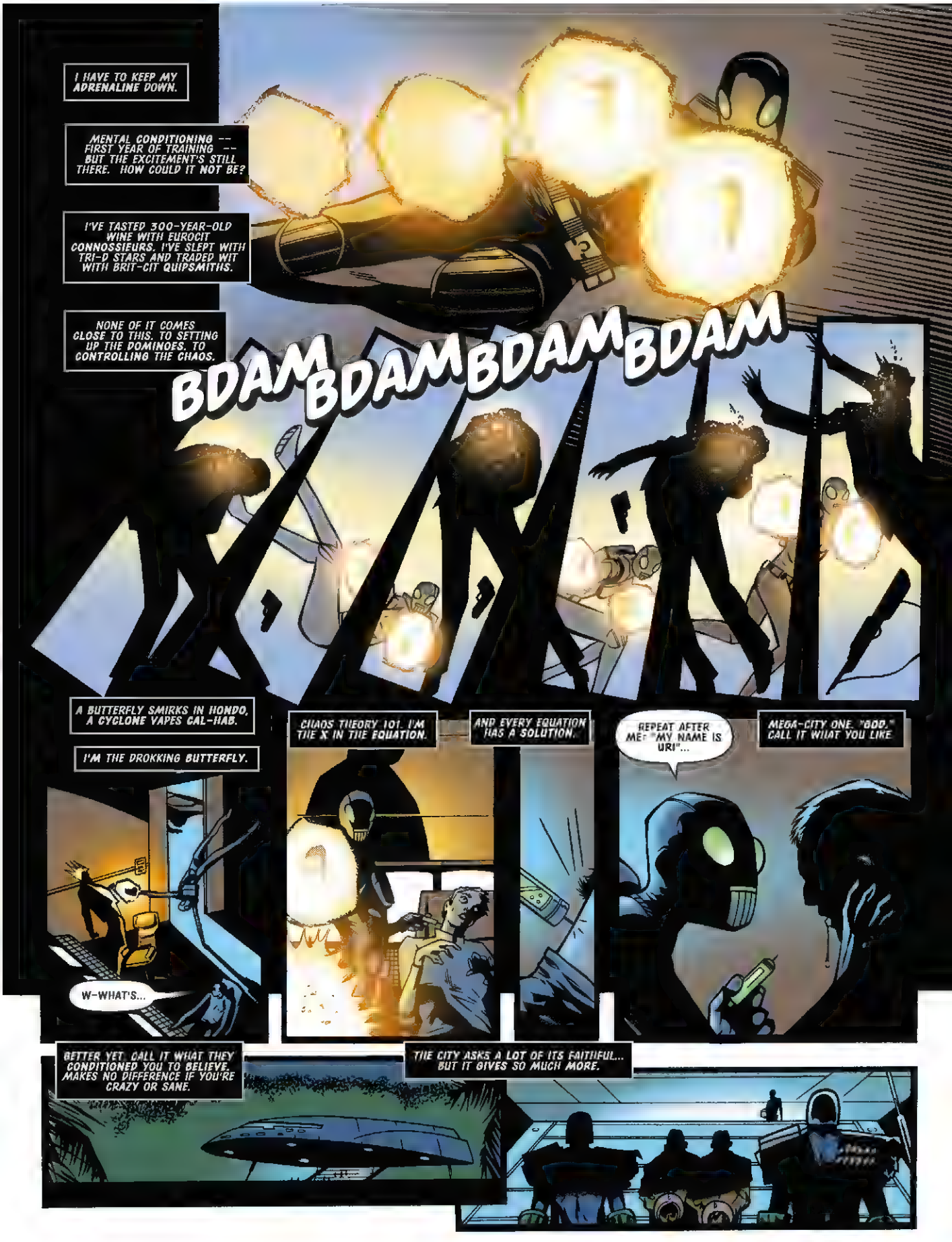
SAT-RECON SUGGESTED SOMETHING SIMILAR. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THEM TO STAND DOWN.

WITH RESPECT, MA'AM, I ALREADY HAVE...

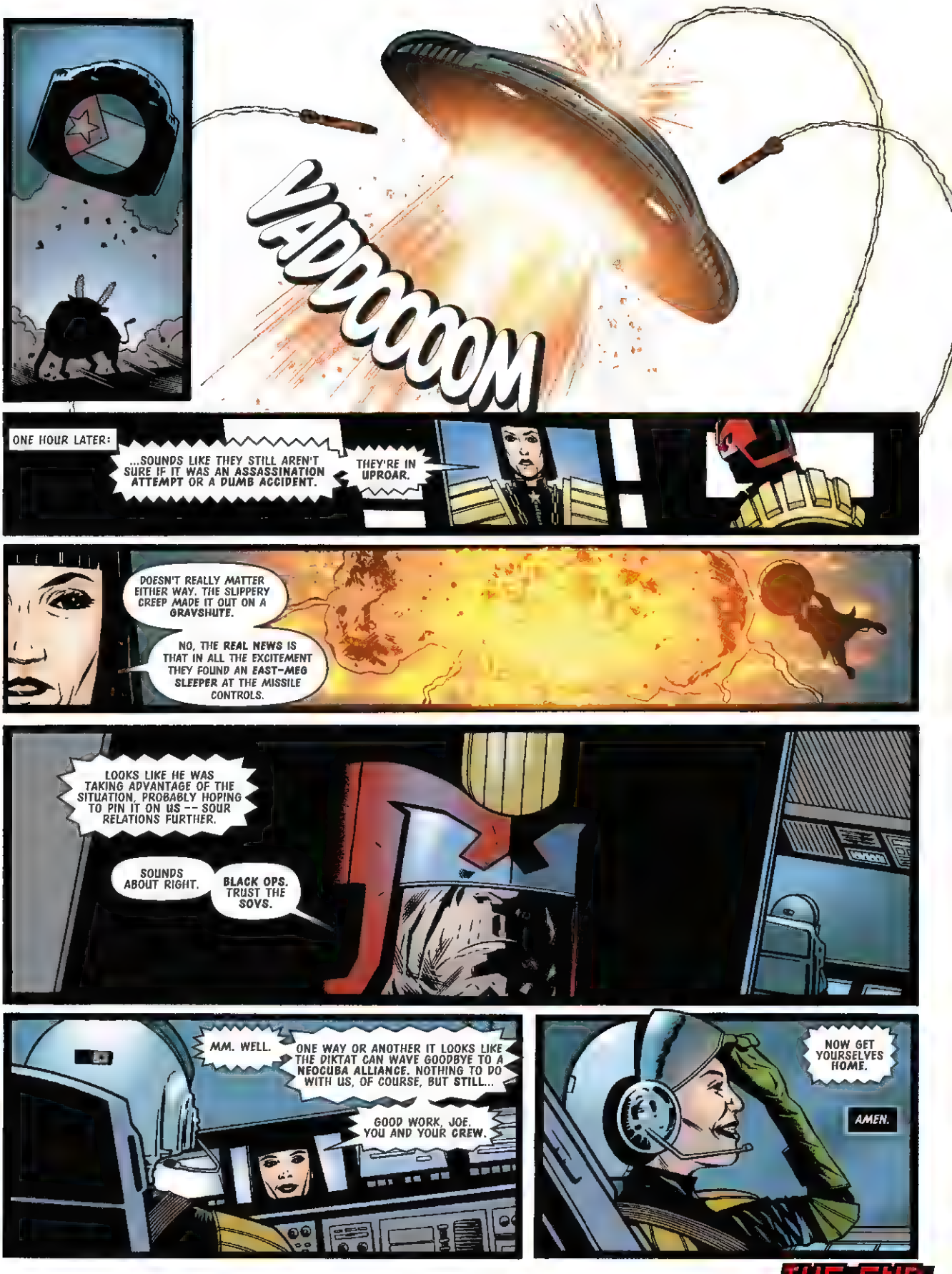
...THEY'RE WAITING FOR US TO SAY 'PLEASE'.

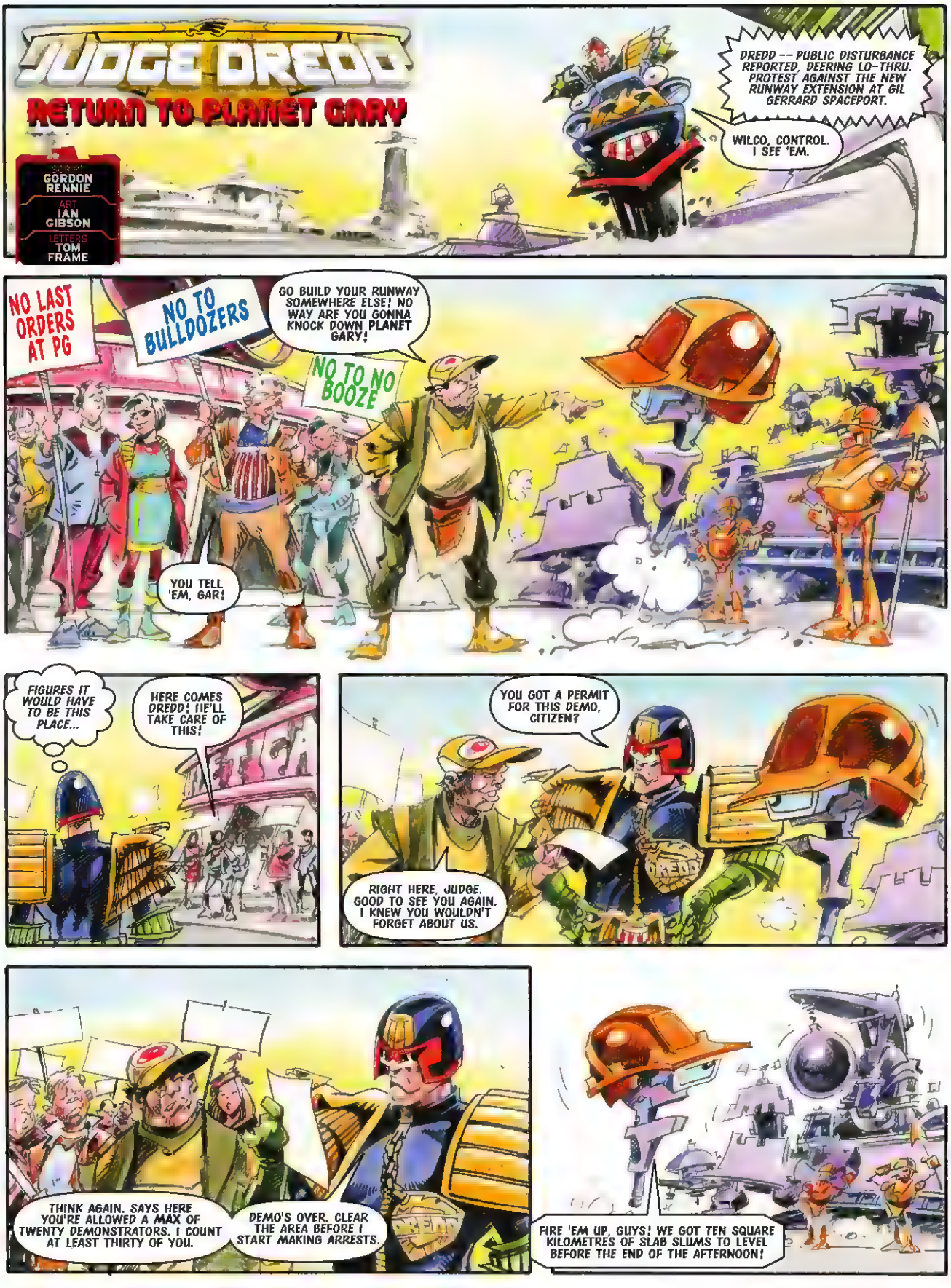
HE TELLS ME TO STAY IN THE H-WAGON. WANTS TO BE READY TO DUST OFF AT THE DROP OF A HELMET.
I KNEW HE WOULD, EVEN WITHOUT THE PROFILE THEY SENT.
THE JOB. CONCENTRATE. WELCOME TO NEOCUBA.
FIND THE FUTURES. UNTANGLE THE PROBABILITIES.
STILL... IT WAS STRANGE TO BE NEAR HIM. BUT FOR THE STIMMSOUP I'D STILL BE TINGLING.
KLINK
LIKE TOUCHING DIVINITY, IN A WAY.
HE'S SO TIED UP TO THE CITY, IT'S LIKE HE'S PART OF IT...
FOCUS. FOCUS. FOCUS. RANDOM ACTS, THAT'S WHAT. STRUNG TOGETHER LIKE PEARLS. HEH... LIKE THE NECKLACE THAT FAT GUY GAVE ME IN TEX-CITY.
QUALITY CUBAN CIGARS
(I USED IT TO THROTTLE HIM, EVENTUALLY, AND THAT'S ABOUT AS LINEAR AS THE WORK GETS.)
MIND YOU... YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY:
GRUD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

...AH, MI AMIGO! I AM PRESIDENTE DIEGO!
...THOUGH MIS COMPA EROS ARE TO BE CALLING ME 'EL CASTRO'. 'IS TRADICI'N, SI?
YEAH? WHERE I COME FROM IT'S TRADITION TO SHAKE HANDS.
HAH, BUT OF COURSE JU HAVE NOT KNOWN CUBA-NUEVO, SENOR! HERE WE ARE TO BE SHARING ALL THAT WE HAVE.
...IS THE AGGREGATIONISM, SI? SINCE THE GREAT WAR WE ARE HAVING THE 'WEALTH, JU KNOW? OF THE FOOD, THE TECHNOLOGY, THE PLEASURE'.
WE HAVE THE POLITIC OF DISTRIBUTING, SENOR. ALL EQUAL, ALL GOOD, VERY NI—
SAME GO FOR SECRETS, DIEGO?
LIKE DISTRIBUTING TO THE EAST-MEG DIKTAT?
HA. AHAHA.
ALWAYS IT IS THE BUSINESS WITH JU AMERICANOS. WE MUST BE TEACHING JU' TO RELA'
SKIP IT. WE'RE HERE TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS, THAT'S ALL.
I SUGGEST WE GET ON WITH IT.


I HAVE TO KEEP MY ADRENALINE DOWN.
MENTAL CONDITIONING -- FIRST YEAR OF TRAINING -- BUT THE EXCITEMENT'S STILL THERE. HOW COULD IT NOT BE?
I'VE TASTED 300-YEAR-OLD WINE WITH EUROCIT CONNOSSIEURS. I'VE SLEPT WITH TRI-D STARS AND TRADED WIT WITH BRIT-CIT QUIPSMITHS.
NONE OF IT COMES CLOSE TO THIS. TO SETTING UP THE DOMINOES. TO CONTROLLING THE CHAOS.
BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM
A BUTTERFLY SMIRKS IN HONDO. A CYCLONE VAPES CAL-HAB.
I'M THE DROKKING BUTTERFLY.
W-WHAT'S...
CHAOS THEORY 101. I'M THE X IN THE EQUATION.
AND EVERY EQUATION HAS A SOLUTION.
REPEAT AFTER ME: "MY NAME IS URI"...
MEGA-CITY ONE. "GOD." CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE
BETTER YET. CALL IT WHAT THEY CONDITIONED YOU TO BELIEVE. MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF YOU'RE CRAZY OR SANE.
THE CITY ASKS A LOT OF ITS FAITHFUL... BUT IT GIVES SO MUCH MORE.

NO AMOUNT OF ZIZZ OR FX BEATS IIDLY WORK.
TIPPING THAT FIRST, WELL-PLACED DOMINO, TRYING NOT TO SHIVER...
WE'RE UP, SIR. THEY'RE RAISING THE SAM NET BEHIND US.
...THEN SITTING BACK TO WATCH.
<WELL, THAT WENT WELL.>
<CIGAR, PACO. GOT TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES.>
CUBAN CIGARS
<THE USUAL. TOUR OF HABANA, MECHPI'ATAS, THE NYMPHCARNIVAL, A CYBERBULL RUN...>
<SO WHAT HAVE WE GOT LINED UP FOR THE CELEBRATIONS?>
<IT'S NOT EVERY DAY KING CHIN HIMSELF DROPS BY WITH A BRACE OF CAPTURED HEROES...>
<CYBERBULLS? UGH. ISN'T THAT A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED?>
clink
DOMINO ONE: BOVINE PROCREATIONAL PHEROMONE IN THE CIGARS.
DOMINO TWO: EVEN A BROKEN CHAIN MAY BE WIELDED AS A DIVINE WEAPON.
M-MADRE DE DIO- ESTAMPIDA!
<OH GOD... T-THERE'S NO FUEL...>
<QUICKLY, SIR! INTO THE HOV!>
DOMINO THREE: NOBODY EVER ACCOUNTS FOR EQUIPMENT FAILURE.
<TEK CONTROL! STAND DOWN THE SAM GRID!>
<STAND IT DOWN!>
WZZZT-?
AND DOMINO FOUR: THE PATSY.


KABOOOOOOOM
ONE HOUR LATER:
...SOUNDS LIKE THEY STILL AREN'T SURE IF IT WAS AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT OR A DUMB ACCIDENT.
THEY'RE IN UPROAR.
DOESN'T REALLY MATTER EITHER WAY. THE SLIPPERY CREEP MADE IT OUT ON A GRAVSHUTE.
NO, THE REAL NEWS IS THAT IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT THEY FOUND AN EAST-MEG SLEEPER AT THE MISSILE CONTROLS.
LOOKS LIKE HE WAS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION, PROBABLY HOPING TO PIN IT ON US -- SOUR RELATIONS FURTHER.
SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
BLACK OPS. TRUST THE SOVS.
MM. WELL.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER IT LOOKS LIKE THE DIKTAT CAN WAVE GOODBYE TO A NEOCUBA ALLIANCE. NOTHING TO DO WITH US, OF COURSE, BUT STILL...
GOOD WORK, JOE. YOU AND YOUR CREW.
NOW GET YOURSELVES HOME.
AMEN.
THE END

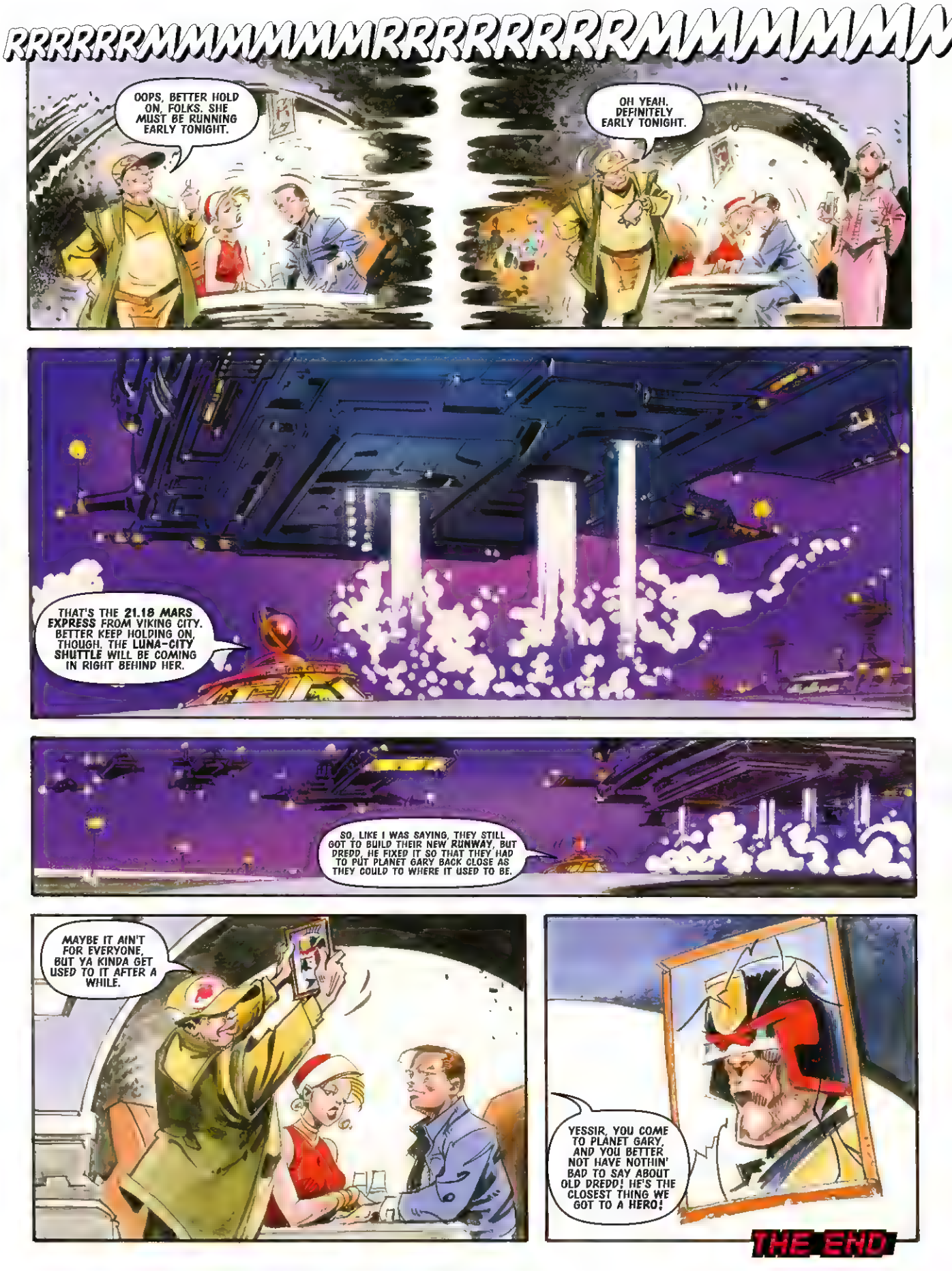

JUDGE DREDD
RETURN TO PLANET GARY
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERS TOM FRAME
DREDD -- PUBLIC DISTURBANCE REPORTED, DEERING LO-THRU. PROTEST AGAINST THE NEW RUNWAY EXTENSION AT GIL GERRARD SPACEPORT.
WILCO, CONTROL. I SEE 'EM.
NO LAST ORDERS AT PG
NO TO BULLDOZERS
GO BUILD YOUR RUNWAY SOMEWHERE ELSE! NO WAY ARE YOU GONNA KNOCK DOWN PLANET GARY!
NO TO NO BOOZE
YOU TELL 'EM, GAR!
FIGURES IT WOULD HAVE TO BE THIS PLACE...
HERE COMES DREDD! HE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS!
YOU GOT A PERMIT FOR THIS DEMO, CITIZEN?
RIGHT HERE, JUDGE. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FORGET ABOUT US.
THINK AGAIN. SAYS HERE YOU'RE ALLOWED A MAX OF TWENTY DEMONSTRATORS. I COUNT AT LEAST THIRTY OF YOU.
DEMO'S OVER. CLEAR THE AREA BEFORE I START MAKING ARRESTS.
FIRE 'EM UP, GUYS! WE GOT TEN SQUARE KILOMETRES OF SLAB SLUMS TO LEVEL BEFORE THE END OF THE AFTERNOON!

BDAM
NOT SO FAST.
shrrg
BADDOOOM
SAME LAW THAT APPLIES TO THEM APPLIES TO YOU. ACCORDING TO YOUR DEMOLITION ORDER, ALL WORK HERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE COMPLETED BY 1600 HOURS, AND IT'S ALREADY PAST THAT.
WORK'S OVER FOR TODAY, BY JUDICIAL ORDER.
SEE? TOLD YA OLD DREDDY WOULDN'T LET US DOWN!
WARN YOU NOW, CITIZEN -- DON'T GO LOOKING FOR ANY FAVOURS. 1200 HOURS TOMORROW, THIS BAR IS STILL COMING DOWN.
DEFINITELY GOING TO HAVE TO THINK ABOUT CHANGING MY PATROL ROUTE THROUGH THIS SECTOR.
STILL, MIGHT BE SOMETHING HERE WORTH CHECKING OUT...

NOT OFTEN WE SEE YOU DOWN HERE, DREDD. THINKING ABOUT TRANSFERRING OVER TO US FROM STREET DIVISION?
MY ADVICE -- TAKE THE LONG WALK INSTEAD. YOU'LL DIE QUICKER.
WHAT'S THE AVERAGE APPROVAL TIME ON A CITY WORKS CONTRACT?
ON A DEMOLITION ORDER LIKE THIS? AT LEAST 15.85 MONTHS. I SOMETIMES WONDER IF CITY HALL BUREAUCRACY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IMPROVED IF THE SOVS HAD ACTUALLY WON THE APOCALYPSE WAR.
THIS ONE WENT THROUGH THE SYSTEM IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS.
AND THE STATUTORY SEVEN-DAY NOTICE TO THE CITIZENRY APPEARED AS ITEM 35739 ON A PUBLIC BULLETIN BOARD THAT NO ONE EVER READS, RIGHT BELOW AN ADVISEMENT FROM CITY MAINTENANCE ABOUT THE USE OF A NEW SHADE OF PAINT ON ROAD LANE MARKERS IN SECTOR 263.
THAT'S AN OLD TRICK. ALWAYS A SURE SIGN THAT SOMEONE IS UP TO NO GOOD.
BANK ACCOUNTS, INVOICE STATEMENTS, PLANNING REQUESTS, COMMITTEE ROTAS, OFF-SHORE MONEY TRANSFER... LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND.
I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF SOMETHING TURNS UP. IN THE MEANTIME, I'M SURE THERE'S SOME EXCITING DISASTER HAPPENING SOMEWHERE THAT YOU'LL WANT TO GET ON WITH PREVENTING...
THE NEXT MORNING, AT CITY HALL—
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! COUNCILLOR GLUCK'S IN CONFERENCE! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT!
COUNCILLOR ADOLPHUS GLUCK?
UH, THANK YOU, MAISIE. WE' LL FINISH UP ON THAT, AH, MEMO TO THE MEGWAYS COMMISSION UNDERZOOM REPAIRS AND LIGHTING COMPLAINTS SUB-COMMITTEE ANOTHER TIME.
DON'T BET ON IT, GLUCK. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

OUTRAGEOUS! ON WHAT CHARGES?
CRANSTON?
YOU MEAN SO FAR?
FOUR COUNTS OF TAKING BRIBES FROM PROPERTY DEVELOPERS IN EXCHANGE FOR RUSHING PROPOSALS THROUGH THE PLANNING COMMITTEE...
THREE COUNTS OF AWARDING CONTRACTORS JOBS IN RETURN FOR FURTHER BRIBES...
THEY'LL PROBABLY BE A FEW MORE COUNTS, ONCE I TRACK DOWN THE LAST OF THESE PAYMENTS TO OFF-PLANET ACCOUNTS...
HOLD YOUR CALLS, COUNCILLOR?
FOR AT LEAST THE NEXT TWENTY-TWO YEARS.
CONTROL -- DREDD. BETTER GET A UNIT DOWN TO GIL GERRARD AND CLOSE DOWN THAT DEMOLITION SITE.
UH, DREDD?
...MUST HAVE BEEN A SCREW-UP WITH THAT TEMPORARY HOLDING ORDER YOU GAVE. THEY RE-STARTED THE DEMO WORK TWENTY MINUTES AGO.
STOP! STOP!
KROOOSHH!

UH, GAR? THIS MEAN THE FRIDAY NIGHT SHUGBALL TOURNAMENT AIN'T HAPPENIN' NOW?
STILL, EVEN IN MEGA-CITY ONE, SOME STORIES OCCASIONALLY HAVE A HAPPY ENDING...
...SORT OF.
HEY! WELCOME TO PLANET GARY! STILL OPEN AND BACK IN ORBIT SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!
HERE YOU GO, FRIENDS. FIRST DRINK'S FREE TO CELEBRATE THE GRAND RE-OPENING!
YESSIR, BEEN SIX MONTHS, BUT WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN!
'COURSE, WE WANTED TO SAY THE FREE DRINKS WERE IN HONOUR OF JUDGE DREDD, SEEING AS HOW IT WAS HIM THAT SAVED US, BUT HE SAID IF WE DID THAT HE'D COME DOWN AND ARREST US FOR FALSE ADVERTISING.
THAT DREDD. SOME GUY, HUH?
RRRRRRMMMMMMM
YEAH, HE MADE THE CITY COUNCIL OFFER US COMPENSATION AND A CHOICE OF NEW SITES, BUT WE TOLD HIM THE OLD PLACE JUST WOULDN'T FEEL THE SAME SOMEWHERE ELSE, SO HE FIXED IT SO THAT WE COULD...

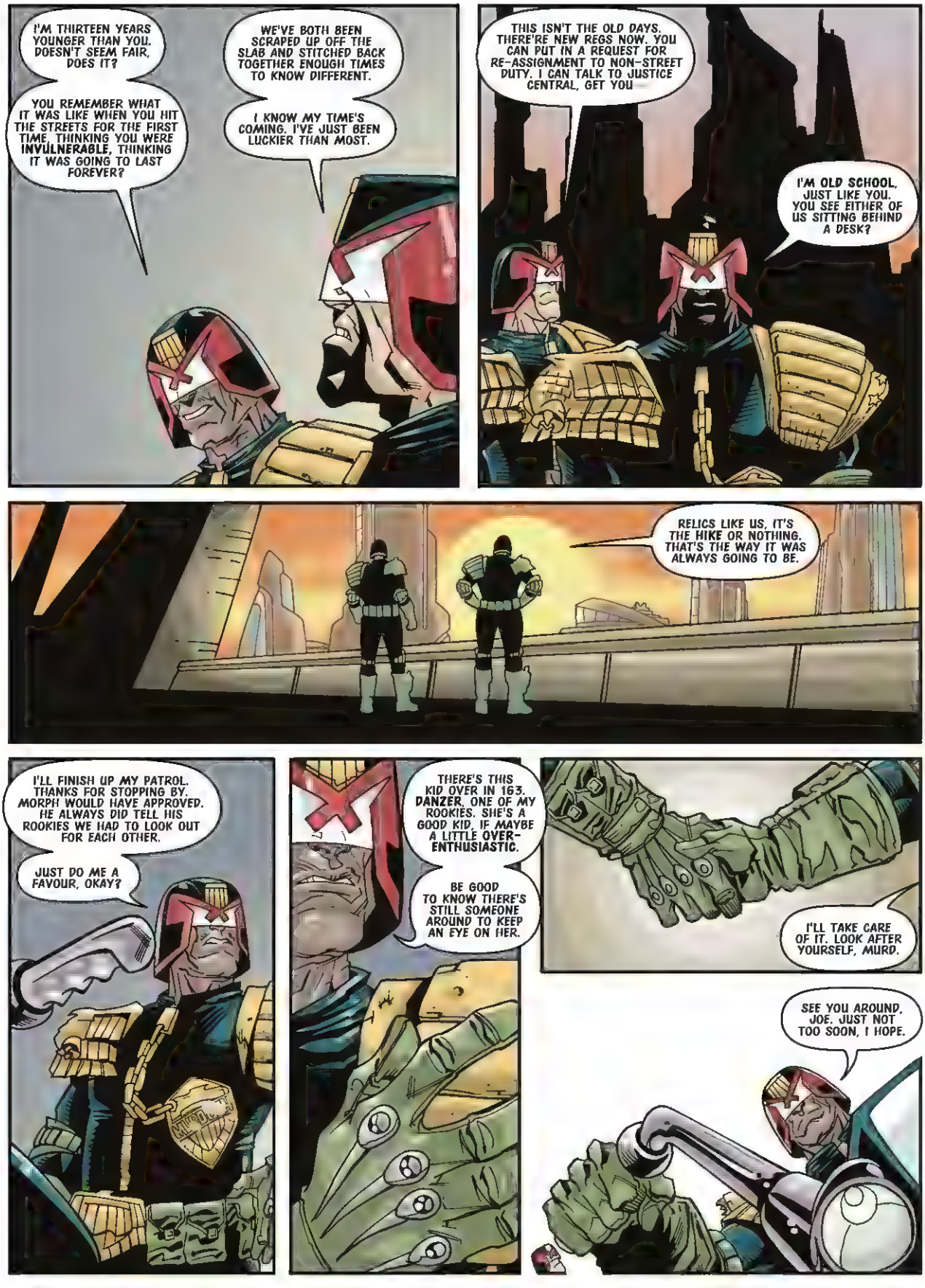

RRRRRRMMMMMMMRRRRRRRRMMMMMMM
OOPS, BETTER HOLD ON, FOLKS. SHE MUST BE RUNNING EARLY TONIGHT.
OH YEAH. DEFINITELY EARLY TONIGHT.
THAT'S THE 21.18 MARS EXPRESS FROM VIKING CITY. BETTER KEEP HOLDING ON, THOUGH. THE LUNA-CITY SHUTTLE WILL BE COMING IN RIGHT BEHIND HER.
SO, LIKE I WAS SAYING, THEY STILL GOT TO BUILD THEIR NEW RUNWAY, BUT DREDD, HE FIXED IT SO THAT THEY HAD TO PUT PLANET GARY BACK CLOSE AS THEY COULD TO WHERE IT USED TO BE.
MAYBE IT AIN'T FOR EVERYONE, BUT YA KINDA GET USED TO IT AFTER A WHILE.
YESSIR, YOU COME TO PLANET GARY, AND YOU BETTER NOT HAVE NOTHIN' BAD TO SAY ABOUT OLD DREDD! HE'S THE CLOSEST THING WE GOT TO A HERO!
THE END

SEE? GOOD, HUH? AND FRESH AS YOU WANT!
COMPARED TO WHAT? SIX-DAY-OLD RAW MUNCE?
I'M TAKING THIS IN FOR ANALYSIS, BUT YOU'RE STILL UNDER ARREST FOR OPERATING WITHOUT A PROPER STREET LICENCE.
MIGHT BE SOME EXTRA TIME ADDED ON IF THERE'S ANY SIDE EFFECTS FROM LETTING THIS CRUD NEAR MY DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.
EVIDENCE
NEED ANY HELP THERE, MURD?
YOU KNOW ME, JOE. I LIKE TO HANDLE THE BIG CASES ON MY OWN.
JUDGE DREDD
FITNESS TEST
DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING THIS SECTOR TODAY. GOT SOMETHING ON?
THEY LIKE TO MOVE ME AROUND, KEEPS THE STREET UNITS ON THEIR TOES, APPARENTLY.
HOW YOU DOING, MURD?
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS
LETTERS TOM FRAME
GOT RAMMED OFF MY 'MASTER TWO MONTHS AGO AND BROKE MY PELVIS IN THREE PLACES. GOT SHOT TWICE IN THE STOMACH THE MONTH BEFORE THAT.
YOU KNOW ME. I LIKE TO TAKE IT EASY.
HEARD YOU HAD A FITNESS REPORT RECENTLY. HOW'D IT GO?
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE THE ONE TO TELL ME THAT.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, RIGHT? TO TELL ME MY DAYS AS A SLAB JOCK ARE OVER?

RIDE WITH ME, MURD. NOT AS FAMILIAR WITH SOME OF THIS SECTOR AS I USED TO BE.
JUVE GANG GRUDGE RUMBLE, THATCHER MEMORIAL RECLAM ZONE
OKAY, FUNTIME'S OVER.
TWO WAYS YOU CAN LEAVE HERE...
...IN A CATCH WAGON, OR IN A MED-WAGON. YOUR CHOICE
I MET HIM NOT SO LONG AGO, YOU KNOW. THE OTHER YOU. THE YOUNGER ONE.
WHAT DID YOU THINK?
SEEMED LIKE A GOOD KID. LOOKED A HELLUVA LOT LIKE YOU DID, THIRTY OR MORE YEARS AGO.
YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE MET?
YOU WERE MORPH'S LATEST ROOKIE. CLASS OF '92, JUST ABOUT TO MAKE FULL EAGLE.
RIGHT. EVEN THEN, YOU WERE THE ONE WE ALL HAD TO MEASURE UP TO. I WAS NERVOUS AS HELL, BUT MORPH TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY, TOLD ME YOU PUT YOUR REGS ON ONE LEG AT A TIME, SAME AS THE REST OF US.
GOOD OL' MORPH. BEST STREET JOCK I EVER KNEW.
NO ARGUMENTS HERE.
CATCH WAGONS ARE ROLLING. LET'S MOVE ON.

IT EVER BOTHER YOU MUCH? THE GETTING OLD THING, I MEAN. KNOWING THAT THEY GOT YOUR REPLACEMENTS ALREADY LINED UP?
DON'T REALLY THINK ABOUT IT MUCH. I JUST KEEP DOING THE JOB THE WAY THEY TAUGHT ME.
WANNA HEAR SOMETHING WEIRD? THERE'S THIS WATCHING BAY AT MEGWAY 38. SOMETIMES I LIKE TO GO THERE, CALL IN FOR SOME PERSONAL TIME AND JUST... Y'KNOW... SIT THERE FOR A WHILE, THINKING ABOUT THINGS.
FIND MYSELF DOING IT MORE AND MORE THESE DAYS. YOU EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT, JOE?
THERE'S A BAY IN SECTOR 44, OVERLOOKING THE BOOKER MULTI-STACKS. MADE SOME GOOD BUSTS THERE OVER THE YEARS. THAT THE KIND OF THING YOU MEAN?
SORRY, JOE. I GUESS IT WAS A DUMB QUESTION...
ITEM! THE FLYING SKINNY-DIPPER SPOTTED AGAIN, VICINITY OF SPROULE JUNCTION. ANY STREET UNITS IN THE AREA TO RESPOND.
CONTROL -- MURDOCH. I'LL TAKE IT.
MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY. C'MON, THIS YOU GOTTA SEE...

THERE HE IS! FREAK'S GETTING COCKIER -- THIS IS TWICE THIS WEEK!
MARKER SHELL!
DAMN.
BEST WAY WOULD BE TO WAIT 'TIL HE'S FLYING LOW, THEN CLIP HIS WINGS WITH AN INCENDIARY.
GOOD THINKING. I'LL TRY THAT NEXT TIME.
MURD...
I KNOW. THERE ISN'T A NEXT TIME. I FAILED MY FITNESS TEST. THIS IS MY LAST TIME OUT AS A SLAB JOCK.


I'M THIRTEEN YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU. DOESN'T SEEM FAIR, DOES IT?
YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE WHEN YOU HIT THE STREETS FOR THE FIRST TIME, THINKING YOU WERE INVULNERABLE, THINKING IT WAS GOING TO LAST FOREVER?
WE'VE BOTH BEEN SCRAPED UP OFF THE SLAB AND STITCHED BACK TOGETHER ENOUGH TIMES TO KNOW DIFFERENT.
I KNOW MY TIME'S COMING. I'VE JUST BEEN LUCKIER THAN MOST.
THIS ISN'T THE OLD DAYS. THERE'RE NEW REGS NOW. YOU CAN PUT IN A REQUEST FOR RE-ASSIGNMENT TO NON-STREET DUTY. I CAN TALK TO JUSTICE CENTRAL, GET YOU—
I'M OLD SCHOOL, JUST LIKE YOU. YOU SEE EITHER OF US SITTING BEHIND A DESK?
RELICS LIKE US, IT'S THE HIKE OR NOTHING. THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE.
I'LL FINISH UP MY PATROL. THANKS FOR STOPPING BY. MORPH WOULD HAVE APPROVED. HE ALWAYS DID TELL HIS ROOKIES WE HAD TO LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER.
JUST DO ME A FAVOUR, OKAY?
THERE'S THIS KID OVER IN 163, DANZER, ONE OF MY ROOKIES. SHE'S A GOOD KID, IF MAYBE A LITTLE OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC.
BE GOOD TO KNOW THERE'S STILL SOMEONE AROUND TO KEEP AN EYE ON HER.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, MURD.
SEE YOU AROUND, JOE. JUST NOT TOO SOON, I HOPE.

THE NEXT DAY
CONTROL -- ONE FOR PICK-UP, SPROULE JUNCTION. JUDGE MURDOCH GETS THE CREDIT FOR THE CATCH.
MURDOCH TOOK THE LONG WALK AT 0700 THIS MORNING, DREDD.
I KNOW. DO IT ANYWAY.
TAKING SOME PERSONAL TIME. LOG ME OUT FOR THE NEXT TWENTY.
WILCO. TWENTY IT IS.
MEGWAY 38
THE END

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Script: Simon Spurrier **Artist:** John Ridgway
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Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Henry Flint
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Tom Frame
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205 **BLACKOUT**
Script: John Wagner **Artist:** Cam Kennedy
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Tom Frame
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Script: John Wagner **Artist:** PJ Holden
Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Tom Frame
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Script: Gordon Rennie **Artist:** Paul Marshall
Colours: Chris Blythe **Letters:** Tom Frame
Originally published in **Judge Dredd Megazine** 244

JUDGE DREDD
CURSED EARTH RULES
SCRIPT SIMON SPURRIER
ART JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS TOM FRAME
'ERE, 'SCUSE ME --
OOF!
BLOKE JUST BARGED ME SOMEFIN' ROTTEN...
WOSS ALL THE PALAVER?
BLOODY 'ELL, STACE -- YOU KNOW 'OO THAT IS'?
LAST TIME, CREEP! STAY IN LINE!
UH... 'S-SCUSE ME, G-GUV...
HELP YOU?
EEP
W-WE... UH... WE WAS JUST WONDERIN' WHAT ALL THE C-COMMOTION'S ABAHT, SORT OF FING...
TOURISTS, HUH?
HOW ABOUT YOU GET IN LINE AND WAIT -- SAME AS EVERYONE?
B-BUT WE ONLY CAME FER THE VIEW...
W-WAIT FOR WHAT?
...SAME AS EVERY DAY.
...THE FREAK SHOW...

OKAY, DROKKOS, EEEVERYBODY OUT!
FORM A LINE! FORM A LINE!
FACE FORWARD! NO TALKING!
FOUR YEARS, 220 DAYS. WOULD'VE BEEN A FIVE STRETCH BUT I'VE BEEN GOOD.
THERE'S MUTIES HERE BEEN ROTTING IN ISO 20, 30 YEARS. YOU ASK 'EM WHY, ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME:
THE WALL...
OVER, UNDER, HOV-BOARDS, SPRINGHEELS, TUNNELS, GADGETS... YOU NAME IT, SOMEONE'S BEEN PUT AWAY TRYING IT.
EVERY DAY THEY GOT MORE FOR THE CUBES, AND EVERY DAY THERE'S AN OLD BATCH BOOTED BACK OUT. TODAY IT'S US.
TODAY'S THE DAY, FREAKOS! WE SEE ANY OF YOU PUNKS AGAIN, IT'S 'SHOOT FIRST', YOU UNDERSTAND?
MURDERERS, RAPISTS, TEN SHADES OF GENE-STOMM.
ME, I WAS JUST HUNGRY. HUNGRY AND STUPID.
YOU LIVE AND LEARN.
GUY WITH THE TEETH RECKONS HE ATE TWO NORMS 'FORE THE JAYS GOT HIM.
THE LITTLE ONE, HE SAYS HE DROKKED THE FIRST FEM-BADGE TRIED ARRESTING HIM -- KISSED HER SO HARD HER LIPS CAME OFF.
THERE'S A TWO-HEADER WITH A HEATSEEKER STUCK IN THE DEAD SIDE AND A BIRDMAN WITH A CRISPY FRIED WING.

FOUR YEARS, 220 DAYS AGO:
DROKK IT -- WE GOT A SLIPPERY ONE!
KABOOM
KABOOM
KABOOM
BETTER GET ONTO CONTROL FOR THE A.P.B.
MAYBE THEY'LL GET LUCKY, PICK HIM UP IN A DAY OR T--
GUNNER CONTROL? DREDD--
BLAM
--YOU MISSED A SPOT.
JOVUS--
AAAAAAAA
WHUMPP
WELCOME TO THE MEG, CREEP.
WAVE GOODBYE TO THE MEG, CREEPS!
FORWAAAAARD!

YOU C-CAN'T DO THAT! I KNOW MY RIGH--
MUTIES = PEOPLE TOO!
RIGHT TO CAUSE AN OBSTRUCTION?
THINK AGAIN, MEATHEAD.
D-DON'T YOU REPRESS US! YOU CAN'T HIDE THE TRUTH, DREDD!
2126!
TELL US THE TRUTH!
MUTIE RIGHTS NOW
MUTIES = PEOPLE TOO!
LAST YEAR THESE FASCISTS SLAUGHTERED 10,000 MUTANTS IN THE DESERT!* DON'T LET THEM COVER IT UP!
*See Damned Ranger, CASE FILES 39.
JOIN US, CITIZENS! ALL TOGETHER NOW --
MUTANT RIGHTS! MUTANT RIGHTS! MUTANT RIGHTS!
NICE TRY, BOZOS
...BUT I DON'T SEE IT CATCHING ON.
YEAH! BEAT THE FREAK!
GOT ONE! GOT ONE!
SPLUT
DONK
DANG NORMS!
H-HEY... WHAT'S THAT...?

DROKK! DUNE SHARKS!
T-THEY MUSTA BIN WAITING... T-THOSE POOR MUTIE BASTARDS...
M-MOLEY...! CAN'T WATCH...
JUST THINK... MOMENTS AGO YOU WE WAS HEAVIN' SHITE AT 'EM!
Y-YEAH, BUT... NOT MALICIOUSLY, RIGHT?
THE JAYS'LL SAVE 'EM, WON'T THEY?
LIKE HELL! DROKKERS WOULDN'T WASTE THEIR AMMO -- RIGHT, DREDDY?
HEY... WHERE'D HE GO?
MUTANT GENOCIDE 2126! TELL US THE TRUTH!
MUTIE RIGHTS NOW!
MUTIES = PEOPLE TOO!
-- WOULDN'T WASTE OUR AMMO, SIR. THERE'S NO THREAT TO THE CITY, AFTER ALL
DAMMIT BAKER, YOU OPEN FIRE OR YOU GOT ME TO ANSWER TO!
B-BUT THEY'RE ONLY MUTIES --
DO IT MY SELF!
Y-YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR... YOU COULD HIT ANYTHING--
TOO LATE, HUH? AND WHOSE FAULT WOULD THAT BE?
YOU WEST WALL BOYS MAKE A HABIT OF OBSTRUCTING SENIOR JUDGES?
B-BUT--
CAN IT.
LET'S GO.

LET'S GO.
B-BUT... JUST WANTED F-FOOD... SO HUNGRY...
TELL IT TO THE ISO-WARDENS. UNLICENCED WALL CROSSING, THAT'S TWO YEARS.
YOU GOT A NAME?
P-PEOPLE CALL ME BOOGER...
DROKK!
SNORTT
FMMG!
DRRKN KWM BKK, CRP!
L-LET ME BACK OUT!
I'M SORRY! P-PLEASE!
LET ME BACK OUT!

LET ME BACK IN! LET ME BACK IN!
WH--
OUT THE WAY, CREEP.
BUT BUT
CONTROL -- WE'RE OUT. SEAL IT.
OH GRUD OH GRUD
FOUR YEARS, 220 DAYS, AND IT'S HIM AGAIN...
EXCEPT THIS TIME IT'S DIFFERENT RULES. CURSED EARTH RULES.
OUR SIDE OF THE WALL.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
DREDDY
DREDDY
DREDDY
PACK FOLLOWS THE BULL MALE. PUT THE BIG DROKKER DOWN, THE REST'LL DISPERSE.
YOU FOLLOWING THIS, BAKER?
UH

HAAIII
WHAT THE-?
SLIIISH
THE DROKK YOU DOING, CREEP? YOU MISS THE PART WHERE WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE YOU?
YOU GO RIGHT TO HELL, DREDDY.
BLAM!
OW.
GLOMPH
THE BULL!
BOOT KNIFE --
DROKK!
AAAAAAAAAAA

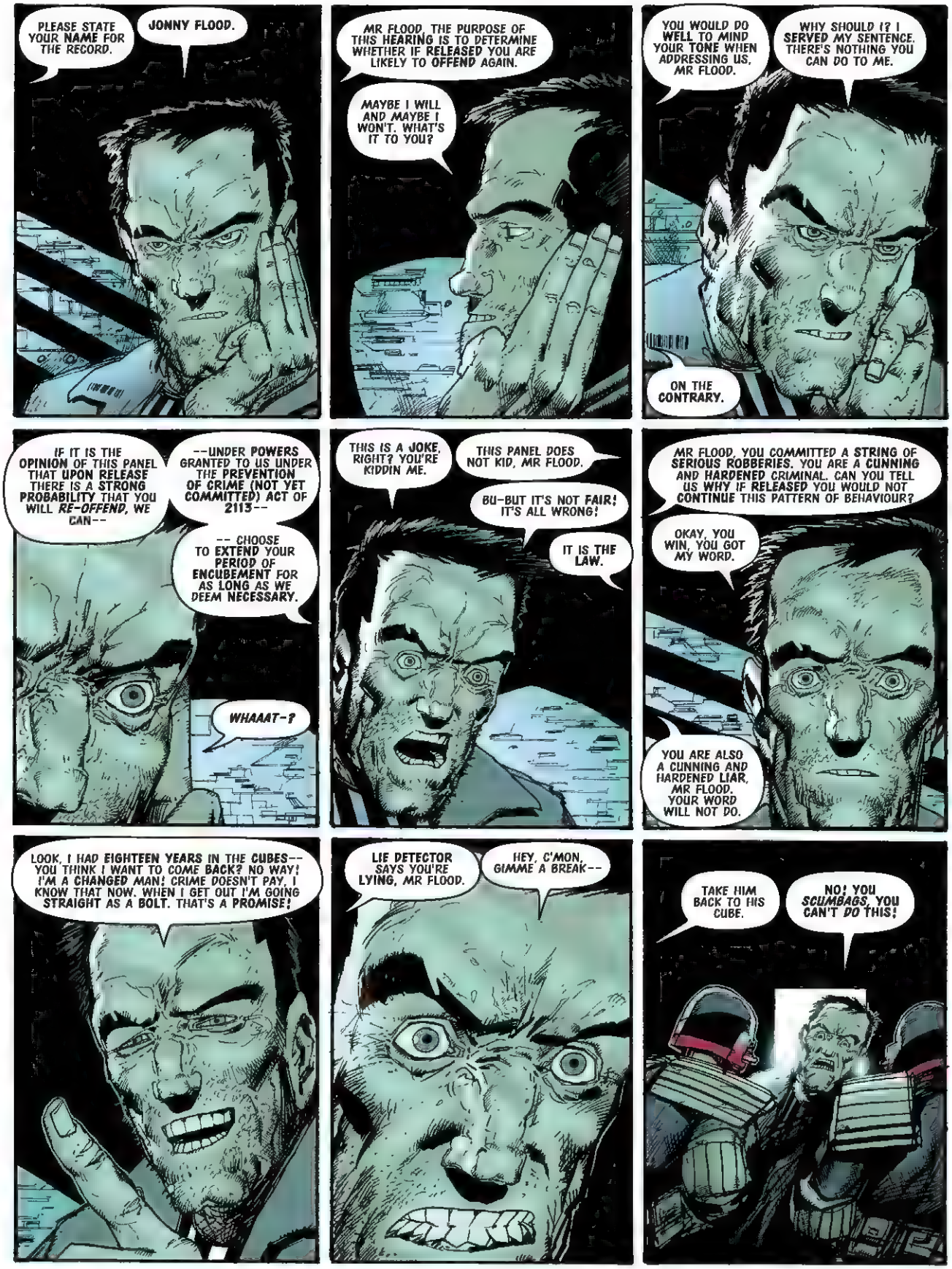
OHGRUDHELPME
SLUP
IDONTWANNADIEIDONTWANNAD
FOUR YEARS. 220 DAYS. I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MA AND PA... LITTLE ZEKIEL, UNCA LUB...
ALL EXPECTING ME HOME, HEAPED UP WITH CITY FOOD...
PROBABLY ALL DEAD NOW. THAT'S CURSED EARTH RULES.
I... U-JUST LET ME BACK OUT. I'M WARNING YOU—
NOT GONNA HAPPEN, CREEP. THE BARF STUNT BRINGS YOU UP TO FOUR YEARS.
B-BUT... I'M DUE HOME... I PROMISED...
FIVE YEARS...
FOUR YEARS, 220 DAYS -- WITH GOOD BEHAVIOUR.
JUST FOR SOME GRUDDAMN FOOD.

BASTARD.
SHOW YOU.
S-SHOW YOU...
GONNA SHOW YOU...
SLIIIIIT
SKREEEEEE
...SHOW YOU...
BLIIIIMEY...
LITTLE FREAK ACTUALLY HELPED HIM...

AND I THINK YEAH, I THINK I DID SHOW HIM.
THIS BIG DROKKIN' GUY— I HEARD WHAT HE DID LAST YEAR, OUT IN THE DESERT. EVEN IN THE ISOS, WE HEARD ABOUT IT.
ALL THEM MUTIES CULLED BY THE CITY FOR BEING - WHAT - TOO DANGEROUS? AND I JUST SAVED HIS LIFE.
HEH, YEAH... YEAH, I SHOWED HIM.
AND FOR A SECOND WE JUST SORT OF... STAND THERE.
AND MAYBE IT'S JUST THE RADS, BUT I SWEAR THERE'S A -JOYUS- TA CONNECTION.
L-LIKE HOW I'M ABOUT TO WALK OFF ALONE, INTO THE WASTES, AND MAYBE HE'S THINKING HOW ONE DAY HE WILL TOO.
THAT'S HOW THESE BADGES RETIRE, RIGHT? ALL DIGNIFIED, LIKE.
A-AND MAYBE HE FIGURES "US MUTIES" WE'RE NOT ALL SCUM.
MAYBE WE GOT SOME DIGNITY TOO.
AND THEN THE MOMENT'S GONE, AND HE'S OFF HOME.
BUT... YEAH, WE BOTH KNOW IT. SOMETHING HAPPENED, HERE.
SOMETHING PROFOUND.
CHANNEL 91
FINALLY WENT TO AIR, HUH?
Ahaha. EVERY CHANNEL.
Mutie Marauder Judge in dramatic rescue,
RED
or Interactive Services.
TWO DAYS LATER:
PUBLIC RELATIONS UNIT. NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY.
OHHH, COME-COME! THINK WHAT WE'VE ACHIEVED!
JUDGE DREDD HIMSELF, THE BADLANDS BUTCHER, THE MUTIE MARAUDER-- ahaha-- GALLOPING OFF TO THE LITTLE FREAKOS' RESCUE!
PRU
IT'S GOLD!
...AND ALL COURTESY OF OUR CAMERA-WIELDING BRIT-CIT PALS.

WALLY SQUAD?
NATURALLY. Ahaha.
LAUGH IT UP, CAMPBELL. I LOST TWO MEN FOR YOUR STUNT.
YOU SAID THERE'D BE ONE SHARK, TOPS.
MPH. TOO MUCH SANDBAIT PUT DOWN THE NIGHT BEFORE. TEKS SCREWED UP. IT HAPPENS.
"IT HAPPENS?" THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
UNDERSTAND, DREDD— WE GOT MUTANT RIGHTS BOZOS MAKING HEADLINES EVERY DAY, SOUNDING OFF OVER THAT —ahaha— GENOCIDE BUSINESS LAST YEAR.
WE JUST POPPED A BIG ZIT, AND IF TWO MANGLED BADGES IS ALL IT TAKES TO KEEP THE PEACE -- THAT'S POLITICS.
YEAH? LOOKS A LOT LIKE FRAUD TO ME.
DID MY PART. ORDERS FROM THE TOP.
NO MORE STARRING ROLES, CAMPBELL.
BEFORE YOU GO, JOE Ahaha. I'M CURIOUS—
THAT LITTLE FACE-OFF AT THE END -- YOU AND THE MUTIE... WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
SURELY NOT A TENDER MOMENT?
AS IF.
JUST CHECKING THE LITTLE CREEP HADN'T STOLEN MY KNIFE.

THE END


PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME FOR THE RECORD.
JONNY FLOOD.
MR FLOOD, THE PURPOSE OF THIS HEARING IS TO DETERMINE WHETHER IF RELEASED YOU ARE LIKELY TO OFFEND AGAIN.
MAYBE I WILL AND MAYBE I WON'T. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO MIND YOUR TONE WHEN ADDRESSING US, MR FLOOD.
WHY SHOULD I? I SERVED MY SENTENCE. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME.
ON THE CONTRARY.
IF IT IS THE OPINION OF THIS PANEL THAT UPON RELEASE THERE IS A STRONG PROBABILITY THAT YOU WILL RE-OFFEND, WE CAN--
--UNDER POWERS GRANTED TO US UNDER THE PREVENTION OF CRIME (NOT YET COMMITTED) ACT OF 2113--
-- CHOOSE TO EXTEND YOUR PERIOD OF ENCUBEMENT FOR AS LONG AS WE DEEM NECESSARY.
WHAAAT-?
THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT? YOU'RE KIDDIN ME.
THIS PANEL DOES NOT KID, MR FLOOD.
BU-BUT IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S ALL WRONG!
IT IS THE LAW.
MR FLOOD, YOU COMMITTED A STRING OF SERIOUS ROBBERIES. YOU ARE A CUNNING AND HARDENED CRIMINAL. CAN YOU TELL US WHY IF RELEASED YOU WOULD NOT CONTINUE THIS PATTERN OF BEHAVIOUR?
OKAY, YOU WIN, YOU GOT MY WORD.
YOU ARE ALSO A CUNNING AND HARDENED LIAR, MR FLOOD. YOUR WORD WILL NOT DO.
LOOK, I HAD EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE CUBES-- YOU THINK I WANT TO COME BACK? NO WAY! I'M A CHANGED MAN! CRIME DOESN'T PAY, I KNOW THAT NOW. WHEN I GET OUT I'M GOING STRAIGHT AS A BOLT. THAT'S A PROMISE!
LIE DETECTOR SAYS YOU'RE LYING, MR FLOOD.
HEY, C'MON, GIMME A BREAK--
TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS CUBE.
NO! YOU SCUMBAGS, YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

THREE YEARS LATER--
WE SEE YOU IN HERE AGAIN, FLOOD, WE'LL BE THROWING AWAY THE KEY!
ELTZWELT. WRAP IT TO GO.
I'LL SERVE THIS CUSTOMER, MABEL.
THIS WHAT IT COMES TO, HOCUS-- FLIPPIN' WELTZ IN A TEN-CRED EATERIE?
JUST KEEPIN' BUSY TILL SOMETHIN' BETTER COMES ALONG.
LONG TIME NO SEE, JONNY.
LONG TIME, ALL RIGHT. TWENTY-ONE STINKIN' YEARS ON AN EIGHTEEN STRETCH. IN THE END I HAD TO CONVINCE MYSELF I WAS GOING TO BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY BEFORE THOSE TWISTED SCUM WOULD LET ME OUT.
BUT I KNEW AS SOON AS I SMELT FRESH AIR IT WAS ALL A CON. I'M GOING TO PAY THEM BACK FOR ALL THEM YEARS. THIS TIME I'M GOING FOR THE BIG ONE.
I NEED A GOOD TEAM, HOCUS. YOU READY TO GO BACK TO WORK?
LET'S MAKE THAT TWO ELTZWELTZ TO GO.
TAKE OVER, MABEL!

WE'RE GONNA NEED GOOD STRONGARM. WHO'S AVAILABLE?
MO WHITE'S OUR MAN. AND THE BORG BROTHERS ARE LOOKING FOR ACTION.
THEY WERE PRIMED TO TAKE A BIG FALL FOR SOME BUSINESS UP IN THE HAB ZONE, BUT THEY GOT OFF ON A TECHNICALITY.
TECHNICALITY?
THEY KILLED ALL THE WITNESSES.
THEY'LL DO.
TEKS -- I GOT HARVEY SOX LINED UP, BUT WE NEED A NUMBER TWO. FRANKIE TWYCE STILL WORKIN'?
NAH, FRANKIE CAUGHT A TWELVE STRETCH IN 101. HIS KID'S AROUND -- SONJA. THEY SAY SHE'S A BETTER TEKHEAD THAN THE OLD MAN. REAL CLUED UP.
SPEAK TO HER.
I GOT VIN DOBLE AN' FOO YOUNG ON 'TRONICS. POP WEESLY'S COMIN' ON AS FRONT-UP GUY. WE'LL NEED A WHEEL MAN.
WHAT ABOUT BILLY LIPS?
LONG AS HE CAN KEEP 'EM SHUT.
KEEP YOUNG
MY KID BRO NEWT WOULD LOVE A PIECE OF THIS, JONNY. HE AIN'T BORGED UP OR NOTHIN', BUT HE CAN HANDLE HISSELF.
NEVER HAVE TOO MUCH MUSCLE. CALL 'IM.
THAT JUST LEAVES THE COACH.
HOW ABOUT SHORTY PALMER? HE'S SMALL BUT HE'S SHARP.
OKAY, GET SHORTY.

24-HOUR
PLAZA
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, JONNY? WHAT'RE WE GOING TO HIT?
I SAID THE BIG ONE, AND THEY DON'T COME NO BIGGER! WE'RE GOIN' FOR THE JACKPOT -- WE'RE GONNA TAKE THE MIRAGE!
JUDGE DREDD
Flood's Thirteen
UNLUCKY FOR SOME!

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER

ART
HENRY FLINT

COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE

LETTERS
TOM FRAME

THEY SET UP BASE IN A DISUSED WAREHOUSE --

ONCE A YEAR THE MEGA-CITY ONE TREASURE SHIP *THE MIRAGE* TOURS THE COLONIES PICKING UP TAXES AND TRIBUTES.

WORLD OF HOTTIES

IT COMES IN ALL FORMS -- DRUGS, CHEMICALS, SPICES. FUEL ROCKS FROM LUTUS. PRICELESS NODESTONES FROM THE CRYSTAL WORLDS. THERE'S BULLION AND CASH IN 30 DIFFERENT ALIEN DENOMINATIONS.

THERE'S ENOUGH ON THE MIRAGE TO MAKE US ALL RICH A THOUSAND TIMES OVER!

IT LANDS HERE, AT GRAND CENTRAL SPACEPORT. THEY CLOSE OFF A WHOLE SECTION -- NOBODY GETS IN EXCEPT AUTHORISED PERSONNEL.

WE TAPPED INTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STRATEGIC PLANNING FILES. THEY'LL HAVE THREE ON DUTY, PLUS 30 HELMETS ON THE GROUND.

THREE TYPE 4 HOVERFIGHTERS WILL BE KEEPING WATCH OVERHEAD, WITH MORE ON CALL.

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THIS YEAR'S OPERATION IS DREDD.

AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HEIST IT? YOU'RE SCARING ME HERE, MAN.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SERIOUS OPERATOR, MR FLOOD. I'VE NO BIG URGE TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

YOU WON'T BE. BECAUSE SHORTLY AFTER THE MIRAGE TOUCHES DOWN A TRANSPORT ARRIVES WITH TEN GOOD MEN AND TRUE --

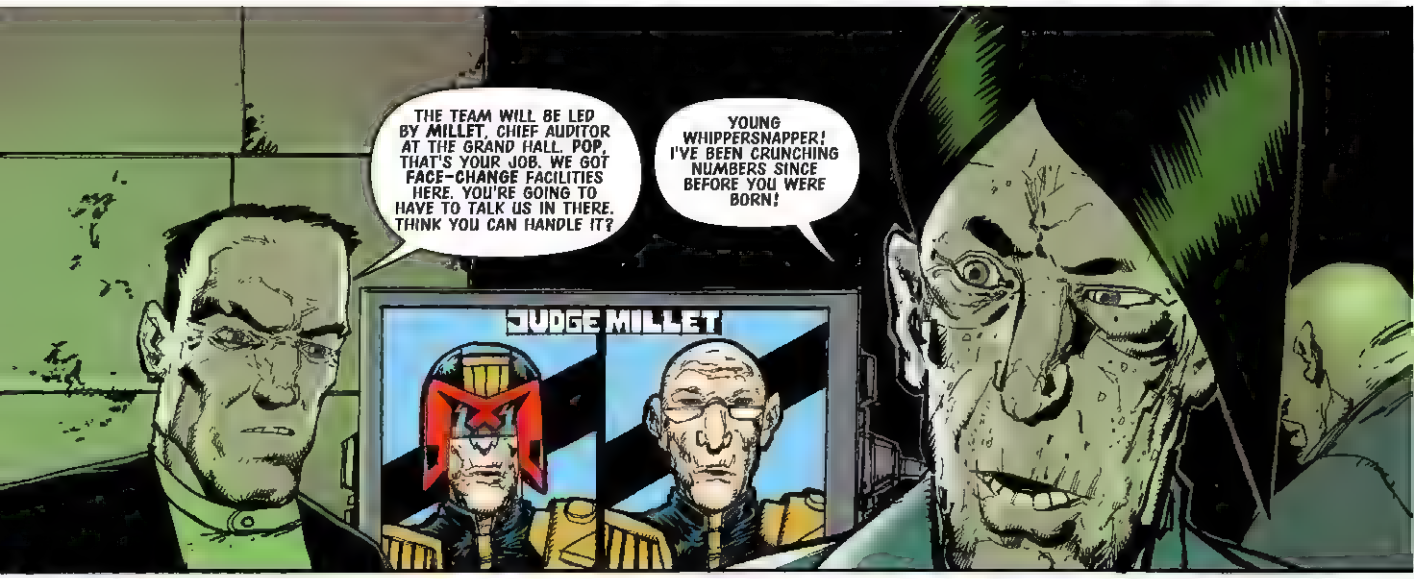
WHAT -- A JURY?

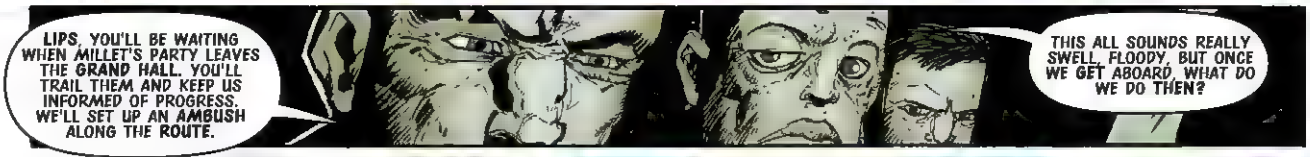
ACCOUNTANTS.

JUDGE ACCOUNTANTS, TO BE EXACT. THEY GO ABOARD AND TAKE FULL CHARGE OF THE SHIP.

THEY REMAIN THERE UNDISTURBED UNTIL THEY HAVE CARRIED OUT A COMPLETE INVENTORY AND INSPECTION OF THE CARGO. THAT CAN TAKE UP TO FOUR DAYS.

SO WE TAKE 'EM OUT AN' GO IN AS THEM! GOTCHA!

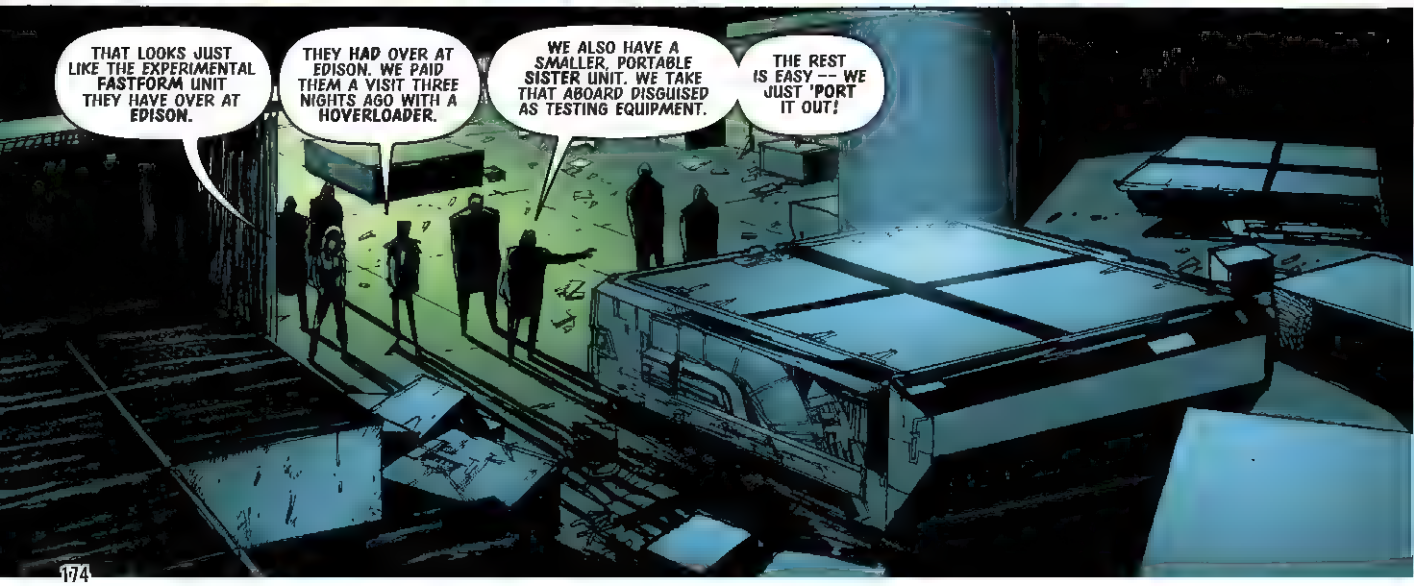

THE TEAM WILL BE LED BY MILLET, CHIEF AUDITOR AT THE GRAND HALL. POP, THAT'S YOUR JOB. WE GOT FACE-CHANGE FACILITIES HERE. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TALK US IN THERE. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?
YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'VE BEEN CRUNCHING NUMBERS SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN!
JUDGE MILLET

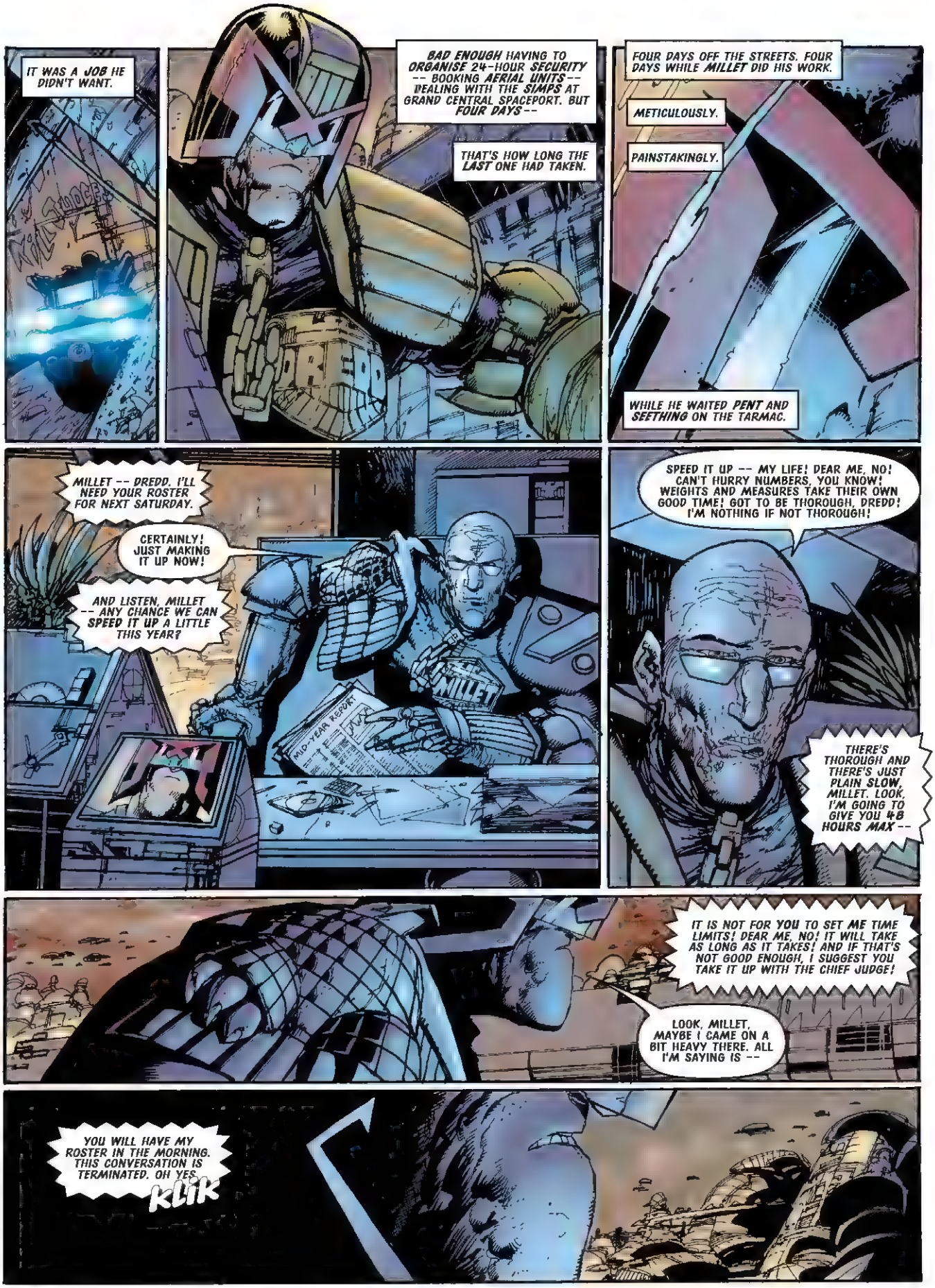

LIPS, YOU'LL BE WAITING WHEN MILLET'S PARTY LEAVES THE GRAND HALL. YOU'LL TRAIL THEM AND KEEP US INFORMED OF PROGRESS. WE'LL SET UP AN AMBUSH ALONG THE ROUTE.
THIS ALL SOUNDS REALLY SWELL, FLOODY, BUT ONCE WE GET ABOARD, WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

I MEAN, HOW EXACTLY ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET THE STUFF OUT? UNDER OUR SHIRTS?
GOOD POINT, LIPS.
WE JUST TAKE OFF, MAN! THE SHIP'S OURS!

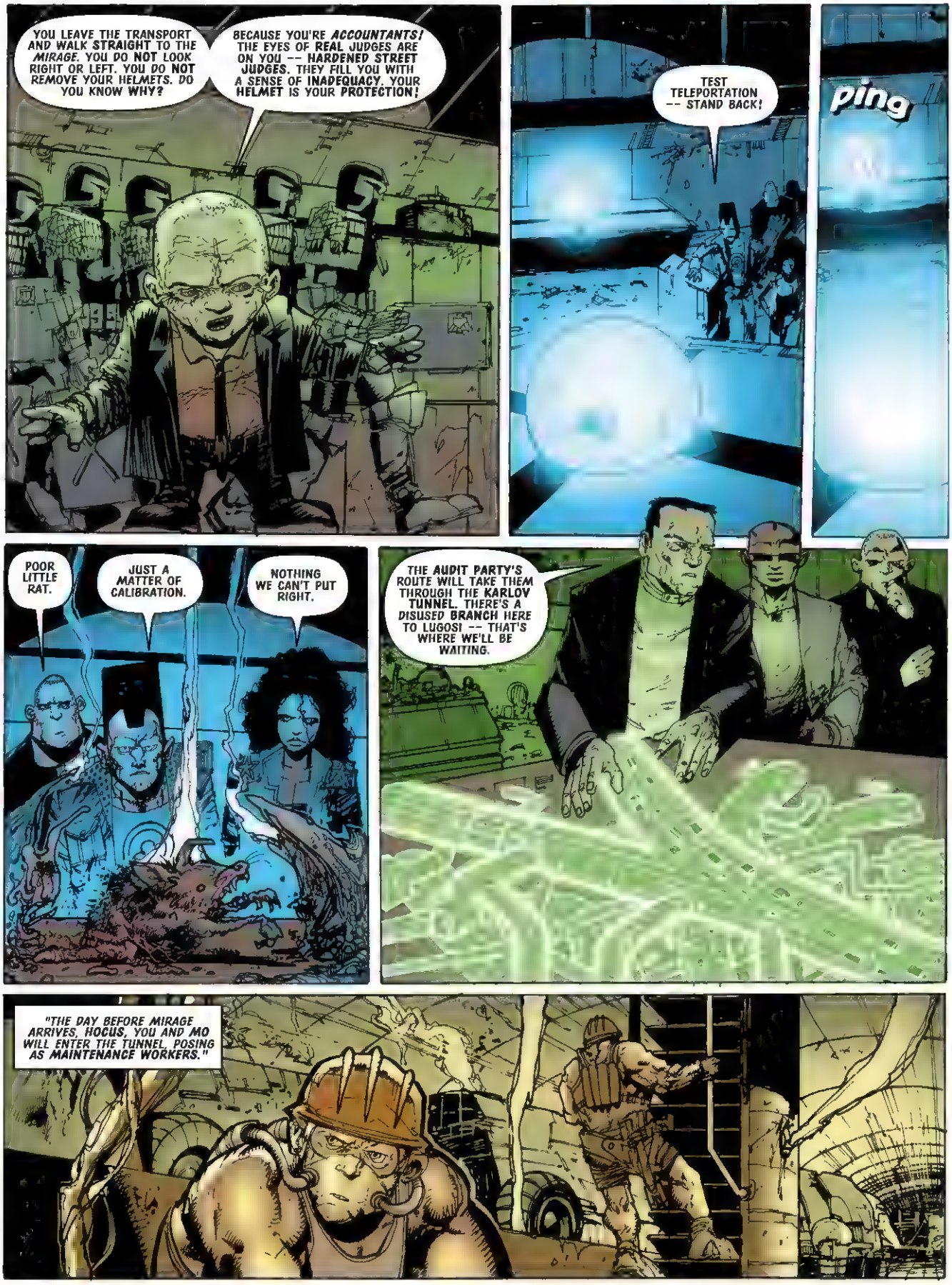
FLY IT OUT WITH HALF OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ON OUR TAILS? GET REAL, NEWT.
MIGHT AS WELL CALL 'EM UP NOW AND GET OUR CUBES RESERVED.
GENTLEMEN--

THE TELEPORTER.


THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE EXPERIMENTAL FASTFORM UNIT THEY HAVE OVER AT EDISON.
THEY HAD OVER AT EDISON. WE PAID THEM A VISIT THREE NIGHTS AGO WITH A HOVERLOADER.
WE ALSO HAVE A SMALLER, PORTABLE SISTER UNIT. WE TAKE THAT ABOARD DISGUISED AS TESTING EQUIPMENT.
THE REST IS EASY -- WE JUST 'PORT IT OUT!

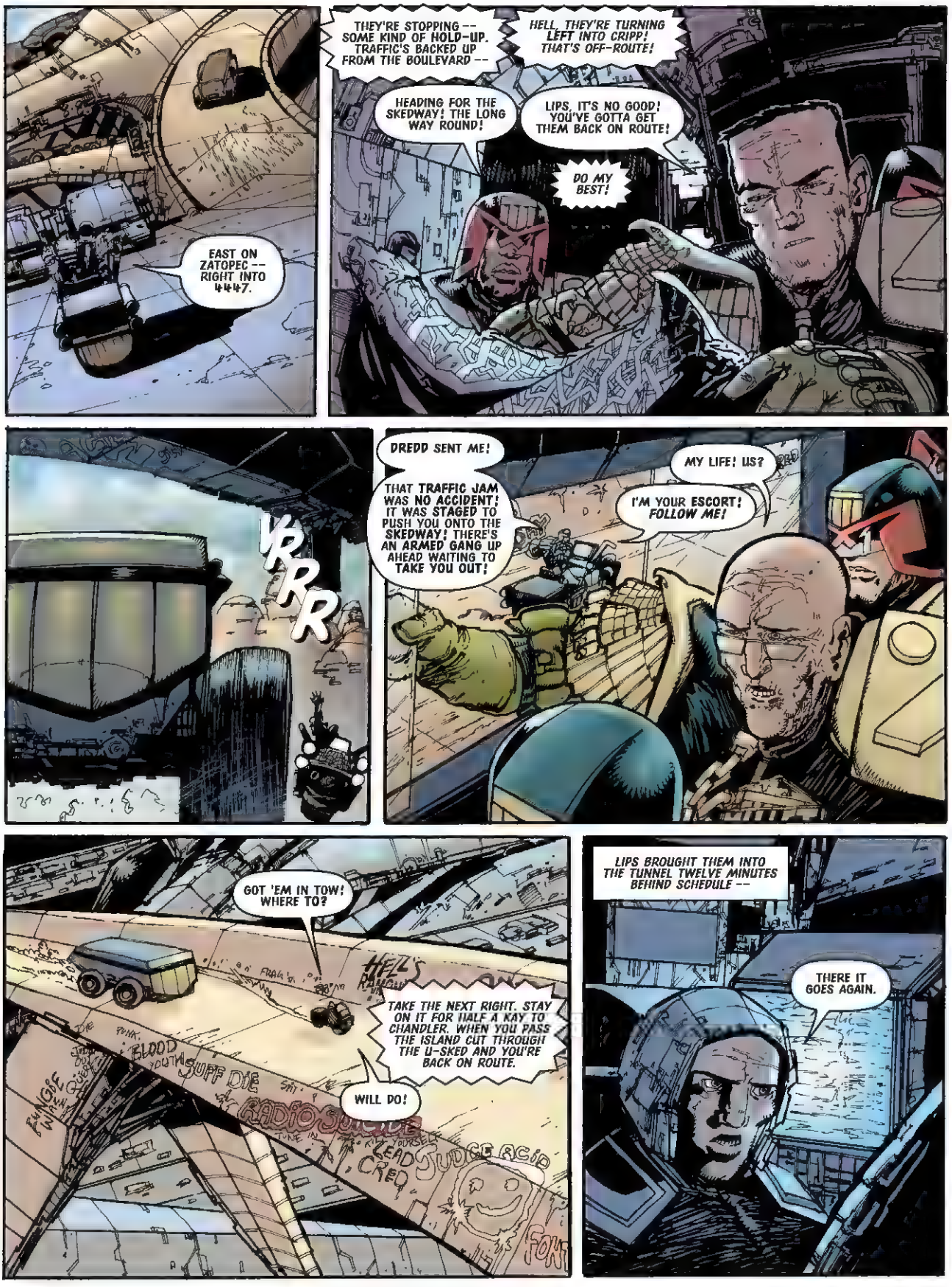

IT WAS A JOB HE DIDN'T WANT.
BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO ORGANISE 24-HOUR SECURITY -- BOOKING AERIAL UNITS -- DEALING WITH THE SIMPS AT GRAND CENTRAL SPACEPORT. BUT FOUR DAYS--
THAT'S HOW LONG THE LAST ONE HAD TAKEN.
FOUR DAYS OFF THE STREETS. FOUR DAYS WHILE MILLET DID HIS WORK.
METICULOUSLY.
PAINSTAKINGLY.
WHILE HE WAITED PENT AND SEETHING ON THE TARMAC.
MILLET -- DREDD. I'LL NEED YOUR ROSTER FOR NEXT SATURDAY.
CERTAINLY! JUST MAKING IT UP NOW!
AND LISTEN, MILLET -- ANY CHANCE WE CAN SPEED IT UP A LITTLE THIS YEAR?
MILLET
MID-YEAR REPORT
SPEED IT UP -- MY LIFE! DEAR ME, NO! CAN'T HURRY NUMBERS, YOU KNOW! WEIGHTS AND MEASURES TAKE THEIR OWN GOOD TIME! GOT TO BE THOROUGH, DREDD! I'M NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH!
THERE'S THOROUGH AND THERE'S JUST PLAIN SLOW, MILLET. LOOK, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU 48 HOURS MAX --
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO SET ME TIME LIMITS! DEAR ME, NO! IT WILL TAKE AS LONG AS IT TAKES! AND IF THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE IT UP WITH THE CHIEF JUDGE!
LOOK, MILLET, MAYBE I CAME ON A BIT HEAVY THERE. ALL I'M SAYING IS --
YOU WILL HAVE MY ROSTER IN THE MORNING. THIS CONVERSATION IS TERMINATED. OH YES.
klik

PRACTICE MADE PERFECT, AND JONNY FLOOD AND HIS TEAM OVERLOOKED NO DETAIL --
CAREFUL, SONJA. THIS AIN'T THE BEST FACE I EVER HAD, BUT IT STILL BEATS MEAT GUMBO.
NO WORRIES, POP. USED TO WORK IN A SALON.
YOU JUST PROGRAMME IN THE FACE YOU WANT, SWITCH TO AUTO AND SLOW COOK FOR 45 MINUTES. IT'S THE RUSH JOBS THAT CAUSE THE PROBLEMS.
LOOKS GOOD.
THIS IS AN INTERVIEW MILLET DID FOR THE JUDICIAL TIMES.
OH, DEAR ME, YES!
WE WORK ON THE VOICE TILL YOU GET IT PERFECT.
HOTTIES
NOTE THE MANNERISMS. THE RECURRING EXPRESSIONS. HE SPITS THINGS OUT -- SHORT, SHARP, LIKE A NAIL GUN.
DON'T I KNOW IT! OH, YES! NAIL GUN! ACCOUNTS IS MY BUSINESS! NUMBERS IS MY GAME!
HE'D FOOL ME.
HE'S GOT TO FOOL DREDD. THAT MAY NOT BE SO EASY.
I PULLED MILLET'S TEAM OFF THE COMPUTER. THESE ARE THE NAMES AND STAFF PROFILES. THREE OF THEM ARE FEMALE. COULD BE A PROBLEM.
THEY'RE OFFICE JOCKEYS. WE'VE GOTTA TAKE IT MILLET'S THE ONLY ONE DREDD KNOWS PERSONALLY.


YOU LEAVE THE TRANSPORT AND WALK STRAIGHT TO THE MIRAGE. YOU DO NOT LOOK RIGHT OR LEFT. YOU DO NOT REMOVE YOUR HELMETS. DO YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE YOU'RE ACCOUNTANTS! THE EYES OF REAL JUDGES ARE ON YOU -- HARDENED STREET JUDGES. THEY FILL YOU WITH A SENSE OF INADEQUACY. YOUR HELMET IS YOUR PROTECTION!
TEST TELEPORTATION -- STAND BACK!
ping
POOR LITTLE RAT.
JUST A MATTER OF CALIBRATION.
NOTHING WE CAN'T PUT RIGHT.
THE AUDIT PARTY'S ROUTE WILL TAKE THEM THROUGH THE KARLOV TUNNEL. THERE'S A DISUSED BRANCH HERE TO LUGOSI -- THAT'S WHERE WE'LL BE WAITING.
"THE DAY BEFORE MIRAGE ARRIVES, HOCUS, YOU AND MO WILL ENTER THE TUNNEL, POSING AS MAINTENANCE WORKERS."

"THERE'S ONE CAMERA COVERING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRANCH. YOU'LL ATTACH A REMOTE-CONTROLLED DISRUPTOR TO IT."
WE GOT ANY MAINTENANCE WORK SCHEDULED ON CAM 19?
NOT THAT I KNOW OF.
WORKS OUGHT TO TELL US WHEN THEY'RE GOING TO START MESSING AROUND.
ON THE DAY OF THE JOB THE BORGS AN' SHORTY WILL STAY HERE TO HANDLE THE GOODS AS THEY COME THROUGH.
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF LIPS THE REST OF US WILL DRIVE TO THE TUNNEL.
HIT IT!
blip
CAM 19'S ON THE FRITZ-!
KEEP IT MOVING!
BACK AGAIN.
THOUGHT WORKS SORTED THAT OUT.

"THE *MIRAGE* ARRIVES AT 15.30--"
SHE'S TOUCHING DOWN!
GET YOUR PEOPLE MOVING, MILLET. DON'T WANT TO BE HERE A SECOND LONGER THAN I HAVE TO.
THE MARKS ARE LEAVING NOW!

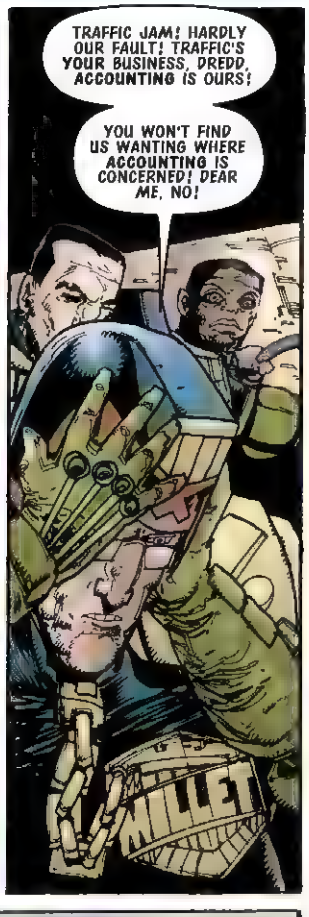

EAST ON ZATOPEC -- RIGHT INTO 4447.
THEY'RE STOPPING -- SOME KIND OF HOLD-UP. TRAFFIC'S BACKED UP FROM THE BOULEVARD --
HELL, THEY'RE TURNING LEFT INTO CRIPP! THAT'S OFF-ROUTE!
HEADING FOR THE SKEDWAY! THE LONG WAY ROUND!
LIPS, IT'S NO GOOD! YOU'VE GOTTA GET THEM BACK ON ROUTE!
DO MY BEST!
VRRR
DREDD SENT ME!
THAT TRAFFIC JAM WAS NO ACCIDENT! IT WAS STAGED TO PUSH YOU ONTO THE SKEDWAY! THERE'S AN ARMED GANG UP AHEAD WAITING TO TAKE YOU OUT!
MY LIFE! US?
I'M YOUR ESCORT! FOLLOW ME!
GOT 'EM IN TOW! WHERE TO?
TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT. STAY ON IT FOR HALF A KAY TO CHANDLER. WHEN YOU PASS THE ISLAND CUT THROUGH THE U-SKED AND YOU'RE BACK ON ROUTE.
WILL DO!
LIPS BROUGHT THEM INTO THE TUNNEL TWELVE MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE --
THERE IT GOES AGAIN.

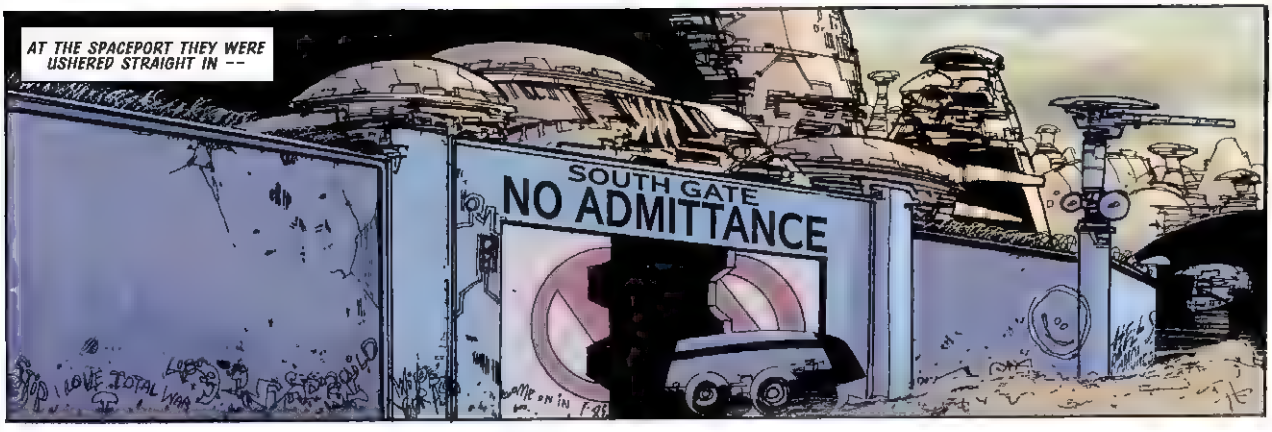
HELL'S RAMONES
THERE HAD BETTER BE A GOOD EXPLANATION FOR THIS!

I SAY!
YOU SAY? DEAR ME, NO! I SAY! OH, YES! YOU DON'T SAY ANYMORE! I SAY FROM NOW ON!
DROP YOUR BAGS AND RAISE YOUR HANDS. LET'S NOT HAVE ANY HEROES, PEOPLE.
FOWLER

THEY SECURED THEM IN THE TUNNEL. ACCOUNTANTS WERE NEVER GOING TO GIVE THEM MUCH TROUBLE --
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
YOU WATCH US, OLD MAN.
CAREFUL WITH THAT!

THEY WERE BACK ON THE ROAD WITHIN FIVE MINUTES --
THIS IS DREDD! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU, MILLET?


TRAFFIC JAM! HARDLY OUR FAULT! TRAFFIC'S YOUR BUSINESS, DREDD. ACCOUNTING IS OURS!
YOU WON'T FIND US WANTING WHERE ACCOUNTING IS CONCERNED! DEAR ME, NO!
MILLET


AT THE SPACEPORT THEY WERE USHERED STRAIGHT IN --
SOUTH GATE
NO ADMITTANCE

MILLET.
CHECK.
ABERNETHY.
CHECK.
FOWLER.
23 MINUTES LATE. I HOPE THIS ISN'T A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME, MILLET.
DEAR ME, NO! I RUN AN EFFICIENT TEAM, DREDD! OH, YES! EFFICIENT AND RARING TO GO!
AND THERE'S NOTHING THEY LIKE BETTER THAN A GOOD MEATY AUDIT! I DARESAY WE'LL HAVE THIS DONE IN 48 HOURS -- THREE DAYS MAXIMUM! DEAR ME, YES!
CHOP CHOP, EVERYBODY! TIME IS MONEY!
DREDD! HOVERSHIP! WE HAVE SKYBIKERS INCOMING! WE COUNT 50 PLUS! THEY ARE ARMED!

THEY'RE ATTACKING! RETURN FIRE!
VADOOM
FIGHT HARD! FIGHT DIRTY!
HELL'S RAMONES
BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM
CONTROL! WE GOT A SWARM OF SKY HAWGS ON A RIP AND RUN!
BDOOM BDOOM
AT LEAST -- HE HAD TO SUPPRESS THE THOUGHT -- IT BEAT STANDING ROUND SQUIRMING IN HIS BOOTS...
BRING 'EM DOWN!
FAWOOM

KARROOOM
KLAK
VADOOOOOM
GET YOUR PEOPLE BACK ABOARD, MILLET!
HE WASN'T HAVING AUDITORS ON HIS CONSCIENCE --
BDOOM
EEEEE
BLAM
I'M SENDING YOU STRAIGHT IN! DRIVE TO THE CARGO BAY!

SOME OF FLOOD'S BOYS' BLOOD WAS UP, BUT POP MARSHALLED THEM BACK ABOARD --
AUDIT PARTY, CEASE FIRING! EVERYBODY, GET BACK ABOARD!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
MIRAGE -- OPEN CARGO BAY! AUDIT PARTY COMING THROUGH!
AIEEEEE
GO FER IT!
HELL'S RAMONES
SLAMM

DRIVE RIGHT IN! CAN'T BELIEVE OUR LUCK!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!
FOWLER
BANK
MEGA-CITY MUSEUM
GALATIC GROATS
MEGA CITY ONE
MEGA CITY ALIEN ZOO
NOT TO BE MELTED DOWN
TAX
1 2 3
DUTY PAID
USED CREDS
SEND MEGA-CITY ONE BANK
TAX
TAX REVENUE
REVENUE
TAX REVENUE
LOOK AT THIS!
I AM IN HEAVEN!

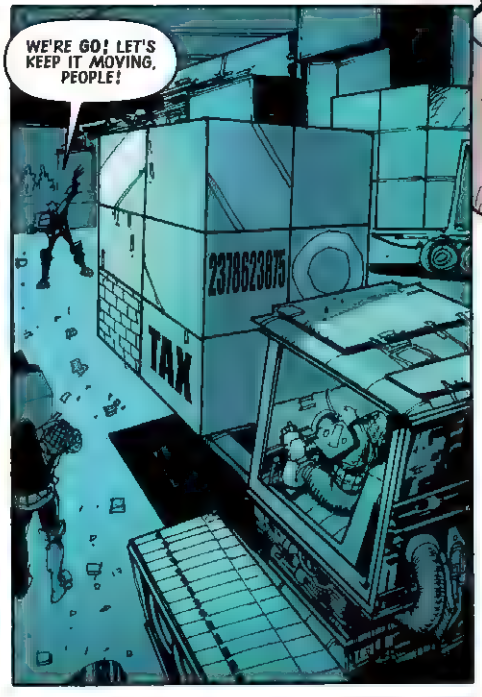
UNDER WITHERING FIRE, AND WITH REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING, THE PITIFUL REMNANTS OF THE SKYBIKERS BROKE AND FLED --
THEY WERE NEVER GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT. WHAT KIND OF MORONS WOULD TRY A STUNT LIKE THIS?
IT'S THE LURE OF THE MIRAGE -- IT DRIVES THEM CRAZY WITH GREED.
SOME OF THOSE ACCOUNTS JOKERS GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES -- IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION.
YEAH, STOOD THERE GIVING IT PLENTY. SURE DON'T EXPECT THAT FROM DESK JOCKEYS.
NO...
WE LOCKED THE CREW UP IN THEIR QUARTERS. NEWT'S STANDING GUARD. THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE.
PHONE
IT'S DREDD! HE WANTS TO COME ABOARD!
WHAT THE HELL FOR?
NO WAY, POPS! WE LET HIM ABOARD AN' WE'RE FINISHED!
THAT'S ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE, DREDD! THIS SHIP IS SEALED OFF FOR AUDIT! NO-ONE IN, NO-ONE OUT! THAT'S THE RULE!
THIS IS A SECURITY MATTER, MILLET! THAT OVER-RIDES THE RULES! LET ME SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN!
SORRY! CAN'T ALLOW THAT! THE CAPTAIN IS, UH, UNDER INVESTIGATION! THAT'S RIGHT! FOR VERY SERIOUS OFFENCES! OH YES!
MILLET, IF I HAVE TO GO OVER YOUR HEAD I'LL DO IT. OPEN THE HATCH!
I'M NOT IMPRESSED BY YOUR THREATS! RULES ARE RULES, DREDD! NOW I'LL THANK YOU TO ALLOW ME TO GET ON WITH MY JOB! THIS COMMUNICATION IS AT AN END!
CONTROL, PUT ME THROUGH TO THE CHIEF JUDGE!

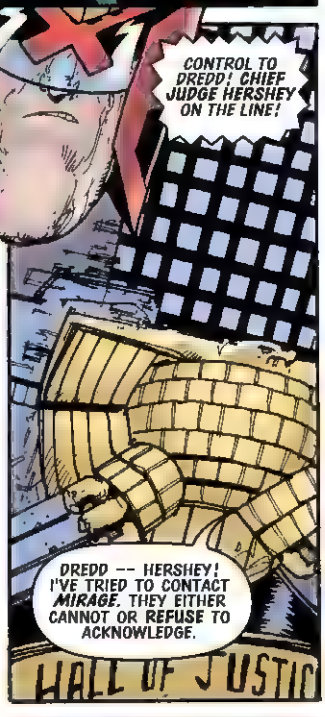
WORLD OF HOTTIES
WHEEE-OO!
THE BRANCH MORONIAN CLUB BUS
PLEESE DON'T CHECK FOR OI!
SURE IS THE BIGGEST HOTTIE HOUSE I EVER SAW!
DON'T LOOK THAT OPEN TO ME!
WORLD OF HOTTIES

SURE IT'S OPEN! THAT'S JUST A TRICK TO PUT US OFF! THEY FIGGER KEEP THE LIGHTS OUT AN' HIDE ALLA CUSTOMERS THEY'LL BE SAFE!
BUT THEY'RE WRONG! NOBODY'S SAFE FROM BRANCH MROONIAN!
MORONIAN.
WE'RE BRANCH MORONIAN.
THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
NO, YOU SAID MROONIAN.
SO I GOT IT WRONG. I'M A MORON, AIN'T WE?
CAN WE GO HOME NOW?
NO WE CAN'T GO HOME! WE AIN'T EVEN GOT HERE YET!
JEEZY CHEEZ, HAVE YA FORGOT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
YEAH.
HAVE YA FORGOT HOW I FOUND YA ON MY DOORSTEP, JUST A LITTLE PUPPY ALL SHIVERIN' AN' COLD?
AWWWW.
ZOOPS! WRONG STORY! THIS IS IT --
HAVE YA FORGOT HOW THE JUDGES TRIED TA BAN US AN' STAMP OUR RELIGIOUS OUT? HOW I FOUND YA AN' BRUNG YA BACK TA THE WAYS OF PROGRESSIVE LOBOTOMY?
IGNORANCE IS BLISS, BROTHERS!
UTHER SYD
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! WE'RE HERE TO STAGE AN OFFICIAL HOTTIE HOUSE SIEGE TO WIN THE RELINQUICH OF OUR BROTHERS WHO HAVE SUFFERED AFOREMENTION --
THE SECTOR 34 TWELVE -- THE MORONS WITHOUT A NAME -- AN' THE SECTOR 29 EIGHT! OR THAT MIGHT BE THE SECTOR 28 NINE!
AN' WE'RE MORONS ELEVEN!
THERE'S ONLY TEN OF US.
ONE... FOUR... SEVENTEEN... THREE...
YEAH, HE'S RIGHT.
NITPICK, WHY DONCHA?
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME YOU BEEN MISSIN' OUT ON YOUR LOBOTOMIES, BROTHER BO!
THE BRANCH MORONIAN CLUB BUS

STAND CLEAR, SHORTY! FIRST LOAD COMIN' THROUGH!

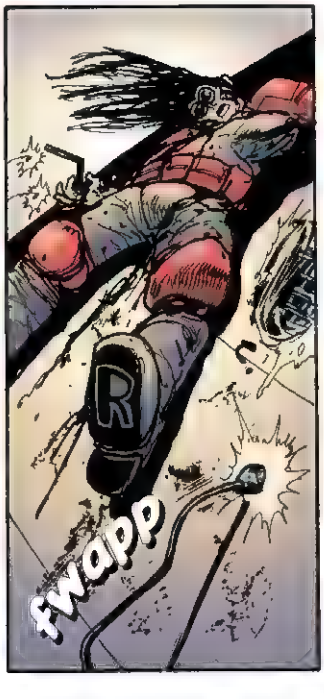
SHE'S SWEET!
LOOKIN' GOOD!


WE'RE GO! LET'S KEEP IT MOVING, PEOPLE!
TAX
2378623875


CONTROL TO DREDD! CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY ON THE LINE!
DREDD -- HERSHEY! I'VE TRIED TO CONTACT MIRAGE. THEY EITHER CANNOT OR REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE.
HALL OF JUSTIC

WE'VE LOOKED AT SCANS OF MILLET'S AUDIT PARTY AT THE SPACEPORT. SEVERAL MEMBERS FAILED TO MATCH PROFILES OF THE JUDGES WHO SET OUT FROM THIS BUILDING.
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG!
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU HAVE MY FULL AUTHORITY TO FORCE ENTRY.

PWIPP
WE'RE GO!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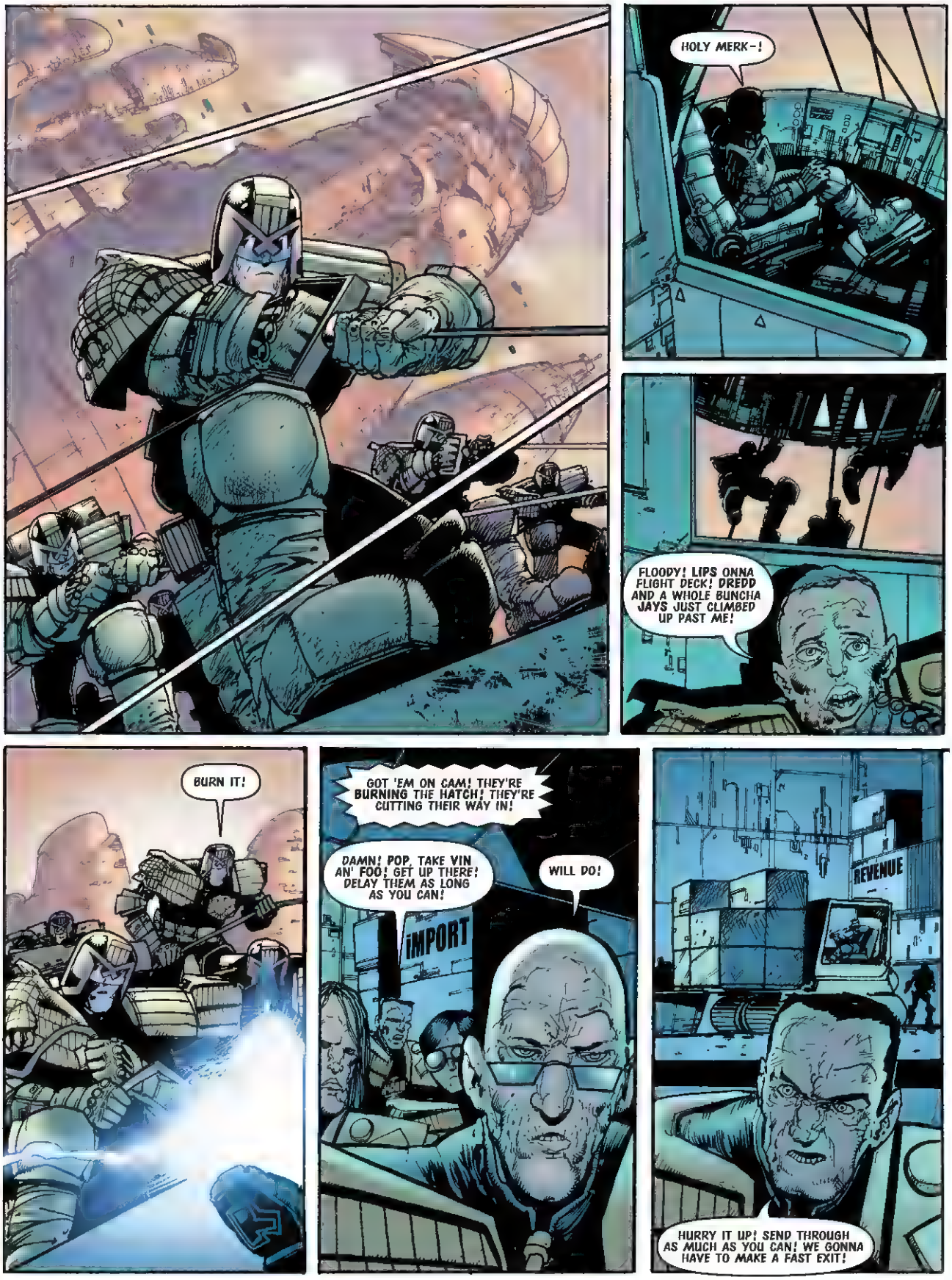
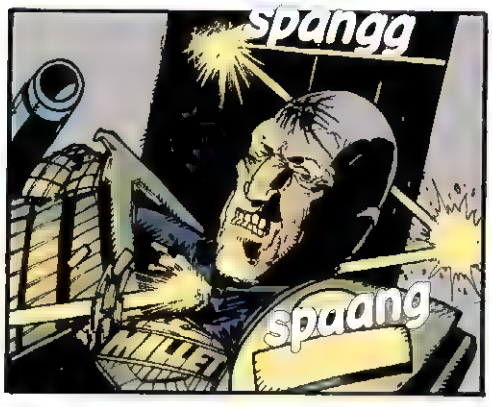

HOLY MERK-!
FLOODY! LIPS ONNA FLIGHT DECK! DREDD AND A WHOLE BUNCHA JAYS JUST CLIMBED UP PAST ME!
BURN IT!
GOT 'EM ON CAM! THEY'RE BURNING THE HATCH! THEY'RE CUTTING THEIR WAY IN!
DAMN! POP, TAKE VIN AN' FOO! GET UP THERE! DELAY THEM AS LONG AS YOU CAN!
WILL DO!
iMPORT
REVENUE
HURRY IT UP! SEND THROUGH AS MUCH AS YOU CAN! WE GONNA HAVE TO MAKE A FAST EXIT!

THEY ALWAYS HAD THAT. IF THINGS GOT TOO STICKY THEY COULD JUST STEP ON THE PLATFORM AND 'PORT OUT. THEY ALREADY HAD ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM ALL FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.
GOODS
GOODS
OFF PLANET
GOODS
THAT PART OF FLOOD'S PLAN, AT LEAST, WAS FOOLPROOF.
VRMMMMMM
WORLD OF HOTTIES
SKRASHHHHH
AHHHHH
THIS IS AN OFFICIAL BRANCH MORONIAN HOTTIE HOUSE SIEGE! DON'T NOBODY MOVE AND ANYBODY GETS HURT!

BAMM
AHHH
JOVIS GRUD, WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU GUYS OUTA YOUR MINDS?
BAM BAM BAM
NICE WORK, MORONS! JUST ONE LITTLE MISTAKE!
ANYBODY SPOT IT?
UH-OH! WE DONE IT AGAIN! WE KILLED ALL THE HOSTAGES!
WE'RE GONNA HAFTA WORK ON THAT.
THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE NO HOTTIE HOUSE.
LOOK AT THAT!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I DUNNO.
IT'S A GIFT! A GIFT FROM GRUD!
BROTHERS, AT LAST WE HAVE BEEN REWARDED FOR OUR STUPIDITY!

BZANNGG
BZANNNG
CONCUSSION GRENADE!
DREDD
tonk
FAWOOM
I'M DONE FOR! I'LL— I'LL HOLD 'EM!
TUH— TELL FLOOD TO SPEND MY SHARE ON— ON BAD WOMEN AN' GOOD WHISKY—!
BZANGGG BZANGGG
UNNH!

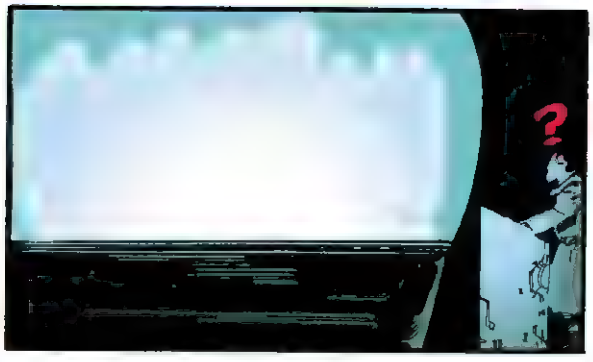
RICOCHET!


spangg
spaang

MILLET!
THAT'S NOT MILLET. THAT'S ONE THING YOU CAN BE SURE OF. MILLET HASN'T GOT THIS MUCH IMAGINATION.

WHAT IS IT ANYWAY?
IT'S GOLD AN' FRANKINFURTERS AN' INCENTS, AIN'T IT? THE KINDA STUFF GRUD SENDS.
I THOUGHT WE WAS SUPPOSE TO BE SIEGIN' A HOTTIE HOUSE.
THIS IS A SIGN FROM ABOVE, BROTHER BO, LIKE A BURNING BRUSH. YA CAN'T IGNORE IT. YA JUST GOTTA EXULT.

LOOK AT THESE PRETTY LIGHTS! THERE'S ALL SORTS OF BUTTONS TOO! YOU CAN PRESS 'EM!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IT'S ALL UP! THEY GOT FOO! DREDD'S IN! POP'S HOLDIN' THEM BUT HE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
IT'S TIME TO GO!
STOP IT THERE, PEOPLE! EVERYBODY ONTO THE TELEPORTER!
WHAT THE HELL-?
GOLD
WH-WHERE ARE WE?
IT'S HEAVEN! WE BEEN TRANPORTED TA SIT ON GRUD'S RIGHT HAND!
WHO THE HELL ARE THEY?
BAM
GET THEM OFF THAT TELEPORTER!
IT'S AN AMBUTCH!
HELP!
WATCH IT!
G-GRUD'S REAL ANGRY WITH US! WHAT'D WE DO?
THEY WASN'T GRUD! I TOLD YA, IT'S A AMBUTCH! THEY MUSTA GOT WORD WE WAS GONNA BE HERE!
IT'S A TELEPORTER!
IT'S ONE OF THE ONES THAT WENT MISSING FROM EDISON! THAT'S HOW THEY'RE GETTING THE STUFF OUT!

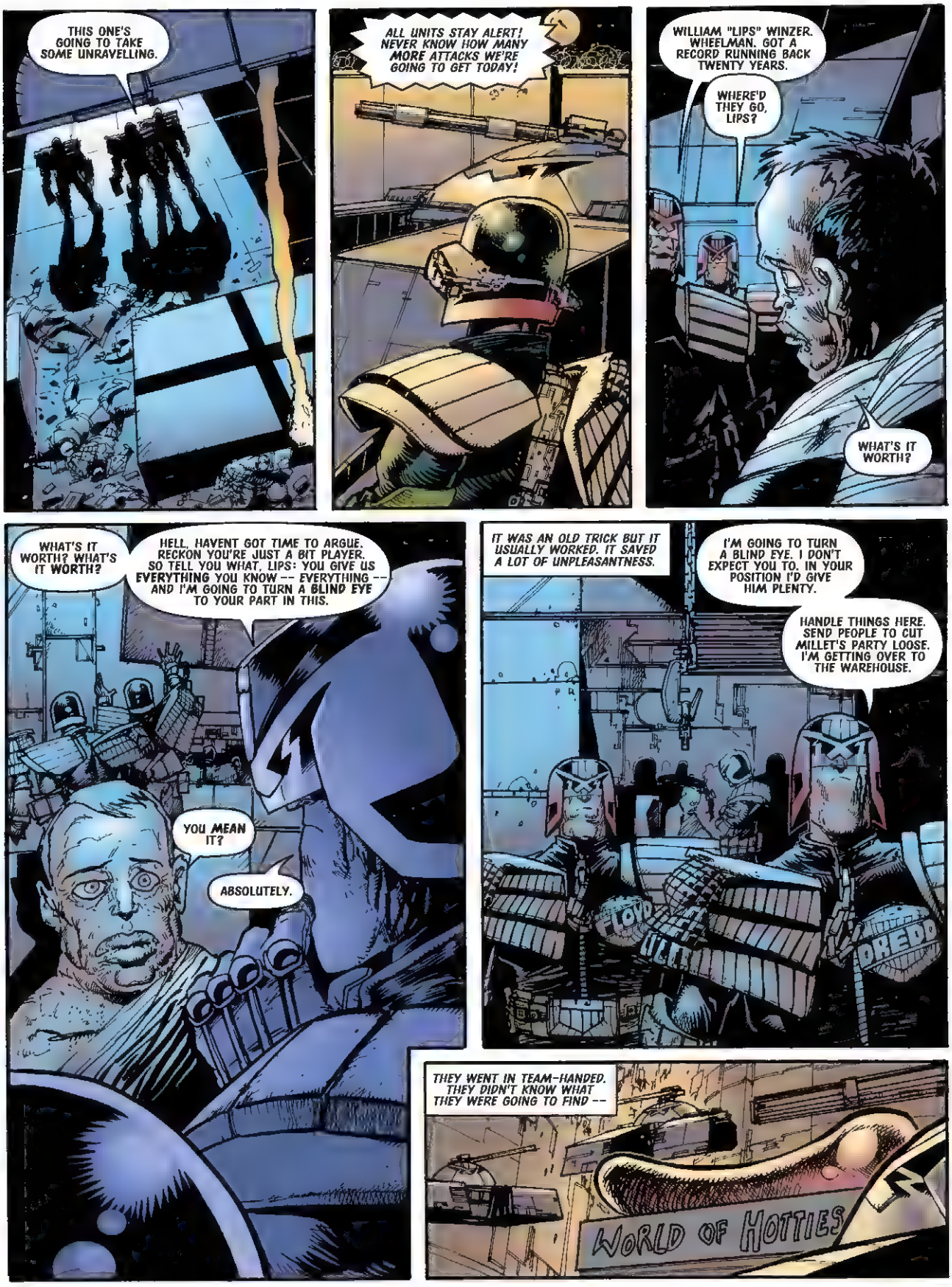
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS OR YOU WILL BE SHOT DOWN WITHOUT MERCY!
THIS IS BROTHER CHUCK AN' THIS IS A OFFICIAL BRANCH MROONIAN HOTTIE HOUSE SIEGE! UNTIL AND UNLESS YOU AGREE TO OUR DEMANDS WE WILL START EXECUCUTING THE HOSTAGES!
MORONS?
THEY AIN'T TAKING ME BACK! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
LET'S DO IT!
RETURN FIRE!
38924
TAX
ALL SET!
TEN SECONDS!

DISABLE THAT TELEPORTER!
FREE THE SECTOR 34 TWE-AHHHHHHH
FUMP!
CAN WE GO HOME NOW?
TWO SECONDS!
UNHH!
WOOP

THE MACHINE'S ON FIRE!
WE'RE GOING!
spanggg
spanngg
AARRRRRG
GGHHHH
THEY'RE GONE!
HUH?

ISSS THISSS THE END FOR JONNNYYY
FLOOOOOPPPPP

FOOOWOOOMPH
GEE.

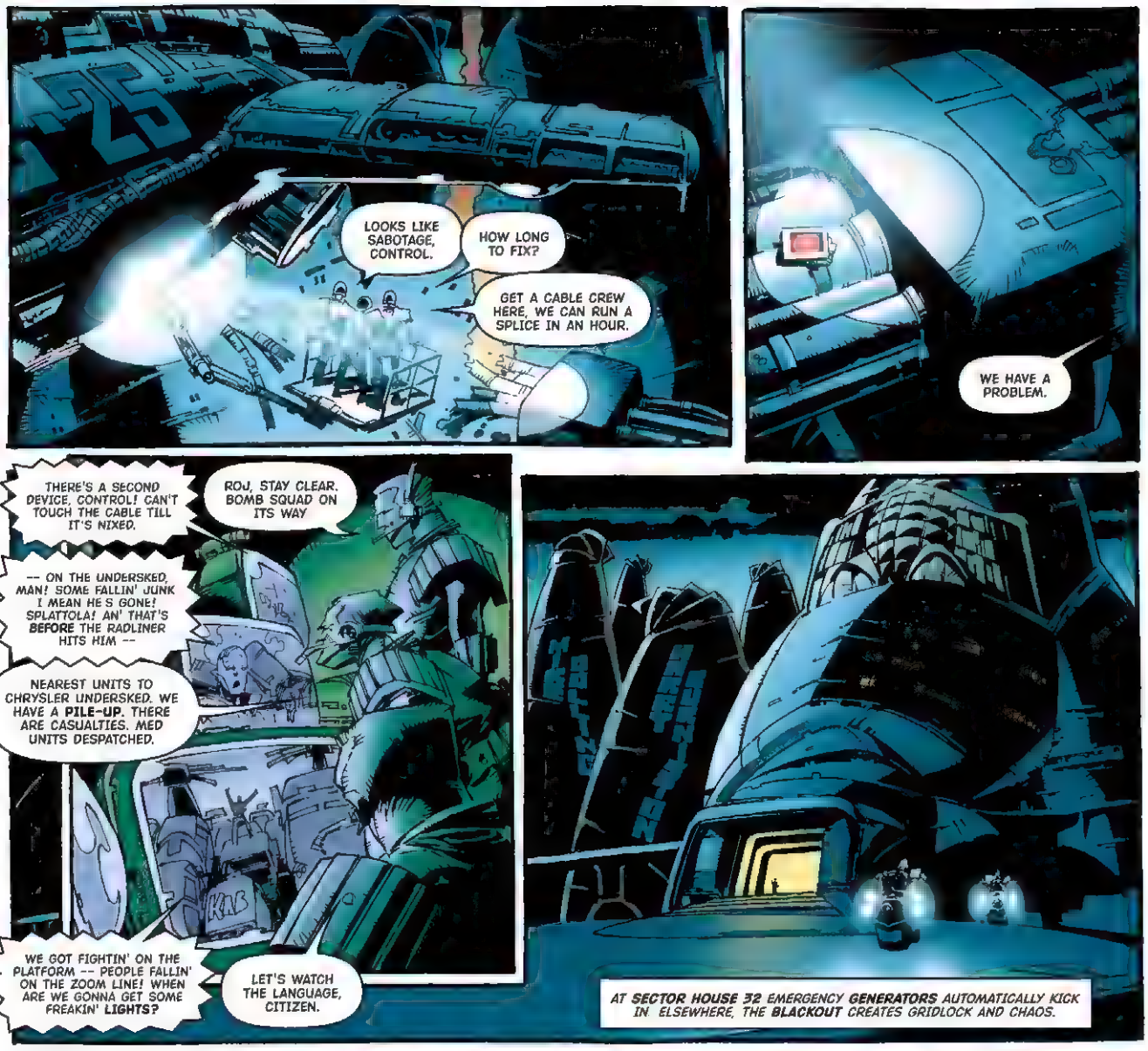

THIS ONE'S GOING TO TAKE SOME UNRAVELLING.
ALL UNITS STAY ALERT! NEVER KNOW HOW MANY MORE ATTACKS WE'RE GOING TO GET TODAY!
WILLIAM "LIPS" WINZER. WHEELMAN. GOT A RECORD RUNNING BACK TWENTY YEARS.
WHERE'D THEY GO, LIPS?
WHAT'S IT WORTH?
WHAT'S IT WORTH? WHAT'S IT WORTH?
HELL, HAVENT GOT TIME TO ARGUE. RECKON YOU'RE JUST A BIT PLAYER. SO TELL YOU WHAT, LIPS: YOU GIVE US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW -- EVERYTHING -- AND I'M GOING TO TURN A BLIND EYE TO YOUR PART IN THIS.
YOU MEAN IT?
ABSOLUTELY.
IT WAS AN OLD TRICK BUT IT USUALLY WORKED. IT SAVED A LOT OF UNPLEASANTNESS.
I'M GOING TO TURN A BLIND EYE. I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO. IN YOUR POSITION I'D GIVE HIM PLENTY.
HANDLE THINGS HERE. SEND PEOPLE TO CUT MILLET'S PARTY LOOSE. I'M GETTING OVER TO THE WAREHOUSE.
FLOYD
DREDD
THEY WENT IN TEAM-HANDED. THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO FIND --
WORLD OF HOTTIES

AN' I WAS JUST ST-STANDIN' THERE WHEN THEY APPEARED ALL MIXED UP LIKE CRAZY AN' THEY WAS SCREAMIN' AN' THEN THEY BLEWED UP.
AN' THEN IT WAS LIKE THAT, Y'KNOW, THAT WHITE STUFF?
SNOW?
IT WAS REAL PRETTY.
WE'RE HAVING THE PARTICLES DNA TESTED. WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF MATCHES ALREADY. WE'RE PRETTY SURE IT'S THEM.
FLOOD'S THIRTEEN. THEY NEARLY PULLED IT OFF, TOO.
BUT LIKE A LOT OF BIG IDEAS, IT ALL TURNED TO DUST.
THE END

22:27 HOURS. SECTOR 32 --
READY TO BLOW.
00.60
SIXTY SECONDS AND COUNTING.
CHECK YOUR LOADS.
JUDGE DREDD
BLACKOUT
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CAM KENNEDY
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME

22:28 HOURS. PLEASANTVILLE TOWERS, SECTOR 32 --
YOU!
00:13
UP AGAINST THE WIRE! SPREAD 'EM!
CONTROL, WE GOT A SLICE 'N' DICE, BALL COURT ON PLEASANT. MED WAGON REQUIRED.
I AIN'T SPENDIN' NO THIRTY IN THE CUBES, MAN!
THREE AGAINST ONE! WE CAN TAKE HIM!
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S DO IT!
KILL
BETTER MAKE THAT A MEAT WAGON, CONTROL -- GOT THREE CREEPS WITH A DEATH WISH!
HUH?

VAROOOOM
29
NUMBER 1 IS GO!
DO IT -- AAAGHHH!
VICTIM IS DECEASED. WE GOT FOUR FOR RESYK
THE WHOLE SECTOR JUST BLACKED OUT. CONTROL!
REPORTS OF AN EXPLOSION ON THE POWER LINE, CHRYSLER HEIGHTS. INVESTIGATING.


LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE, CONTROL.
HOW LONG TO FIX?
GET A CABLE CREW HERE, WE CAN RUN A SPLICE IN AN HOUR.
WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
THERE'S A SECOND DEVICE, CONTROL! CAN'T TOUCH THE CABLE TILL IT'S NIXED.
ROJ, STAY CLEAR. BOMB SQUAD ON ITS WAY
-- ON THE UNDERSKED, MAN! SOME FALLIN' JUNK I MEAN HE'S GONE! SPLATTOLA! AN' THAT'S BEFORE THE RADLINER HITS HIM --
NEAREST UNITS TO CHRYSLER UNDERSKED. WE HAVE A PILE-UP. THERE ARE CASUALTIES. MED UNITS DESPATCHED.
WE GOT FIGHTIN' ON THE PLATFORM -- PEOPLE FALLIN' ON THE ZOOM LINE! WHEN ARE WE GONNA GET SOME FREAKIN' LIGHTS?
LET'S WATCH THE LANGUAGE, CITIZEN.
AT SECTOR HOUSE 32 EMERGENCY GENERATORS AUTOMATICALLY KICK IN. ELSEWHERE, THE BLACKOUT CREATES GRIDLOCK AND CHAOS.

22:35 HOURS. IN THE BUSTLING THEATRE DISTRICT, CROWDS SPILL BLINDLY ONTO THE STREETS --
honk honk
BINN IT
VAROOOOOM

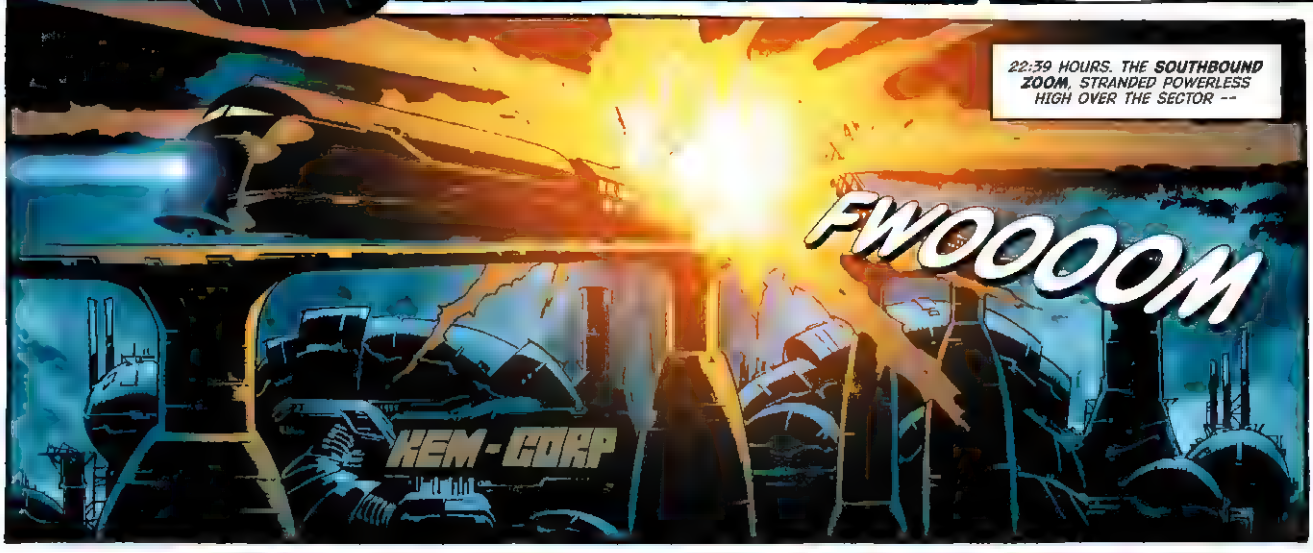
THERE'S **BODIES** ALL OVER THE PLACE! THE WHOLE **SHOWHOUSE** IS CATCHIN' **FIRE!** WE NEED **JUDGES** HERE! WE NEED **MEDS!**
STAY CALM! ASSISTANCE IS ON ITS WAY!
BOOM
FOOOOM
22:35 HOURS. EDMUNDO REY BLOCK HOSPITAL --
THE BLAST CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN FROM THE **HOTTIE STALL** IN FIDEL SQUARE --
HOTTIES
VAROOOOOM

WE HAVE A **FOURTH** EXPLOSION! PROBABLE **TERRORIST** LINK! BE ALERT FOR SECONDARY DEVICES!
RESERVE UNITS REPORT TO **WATCH COMMAND** FOR DEPLOYMENT!

THEY'RE CALLING FOR EVERY JUDGE! WE BETTER GET DOWN TO THE BIKE POOL!

YOU RECKON IT'S **TOTAL WAR?**
DOUBT IT. WE FINISHED THEM AS A THREAT, OR NEAR AS .*
COULD BE ANY OF A **NUMBER** OF LUNATIC GROUPS WITH AXES TO GRIND.
* SEE *TOTAL WAR*, **2000 AD** PROGS 1408-1419.

YET THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.
POWER LINES -- THEATRE CROWD -- HOSPITAL -- WHY CHOOSE THOSE PARTICULAR TARGETS, THOSE VICTIMS? HARD TO SEE THE CONNECTION. .
MAYBE THEY'RE NOT THE **REAL** TARGET AT ALL. JUST A **DIVERSION**...


22:39 HOURS. THE ***SOUTHBOUND ZOOM****, STRANDED POWERLESS HIGH OVER THE SECTOR --*
FWOOOOM
KEM-CORP

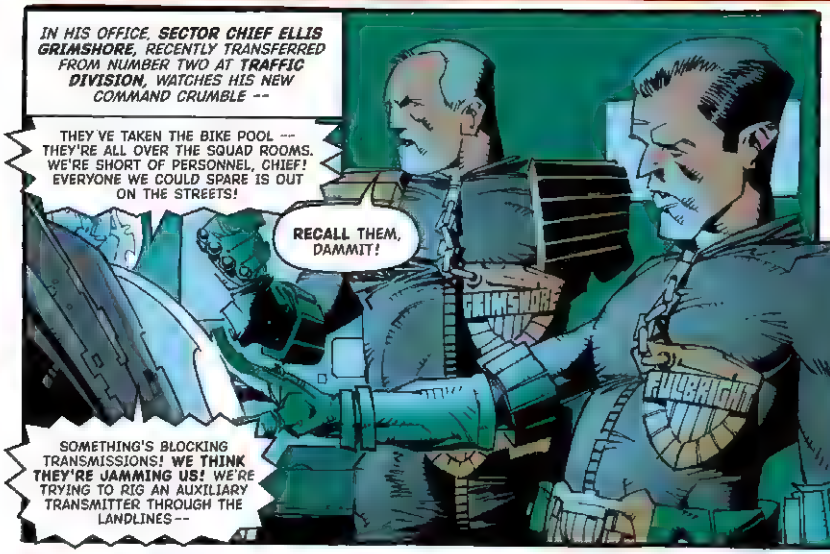
THAT ZOOM COMIN' RIGHT IN ON TIME, BABY!
22:40. SECTOR HOUSE 32 --
WRECKAGE WENT RIGHT THROUGH THIS FACTORY ROOF! SOMETHIN IN THERE'S POPPIN' LIKE FIREWORKS!
THE WHOLE BUILDING'S CATCHING LIGHT! MAN, ARE THEM JAYS GONNA HAVE THEIR STINKIN' HANDS FULL!
OUR TURN NOW! ARE WE READY TO RUMBLE?
DAMN RIGHT!
LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!
WE'RE COMIN' FOR YA, SCHITTY!
VRRRMMMMMMMMM

BRAAAKK
BRAAAKK
BRAAAKK
BRAAAKK
PTOOOM
TAKE SECTOR HOUSE 32!
FTOOOM
BRANGG
BRANGG
SCUM DOGS -- AHHHHHH!

THE SECTOR HOUSE IS UNDER ATTACK-!
OF COURSE! THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! THE SCUM DOGS ARE TRYING TO BUST JACK SCHITT!
VRMMMMM
BRAAK
BRAAK
TAKE OUT THEM LASERS!
FAZOOW FAZOOW
FZZZZAAAK

SECURITY ALERT! INTRUDERS IN THE SECTOR HOUSE!
GOTTA BE MY BOYS! I'LL BE TAKIN' MY LEAVE!
DON'T KID YOURSELF! EVEN THE SCUM DOGS AREN'T CRAZY ENOUGH TO TAKE ON A SECTOR HOUSE!

THE WANTED SCUM DOG WAR COUNSELLOR HAD BEEN CAPTURED THE PREVIOUS DAY
WRONG! ONLY THE SCUM DOGS ARE CRAZY ENOUGH TO TAKE ON A SECTOR HOUSE!
SO IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU, ALL YOU JAYBIRDS ARE GONNA GET FROM ME IS MY NAME -- JACK SCHITT!


IN HIS OFFICE, SECTOR CHIEF ELLIS GRIMSHORE, RECENTLY TRANSFERRED FROM NUMBER TWO AT TRAFFIC DIVISION, WATCHES HIS NEW COMMAND CRUMBLE --
THEY'VE TAKEN THE BIKE POOL -- THEY'RE ALL OVER THE SQUAD ROOMS. WE'RE SHORT OF PERSONNEL, CHIEF! EVERYONE WE COULD SPARE IS OUT ON THE STREETS!
RECALL THEM, DAMMIT!
SOMETHING'S BLOCKING TRANSMISSIONS! WE THINK THEY'RE JAMMING US! WE'RE TRYING TO RIG AN AUXILIARY TRANSMITTER THROUGH THE LANDLINES--

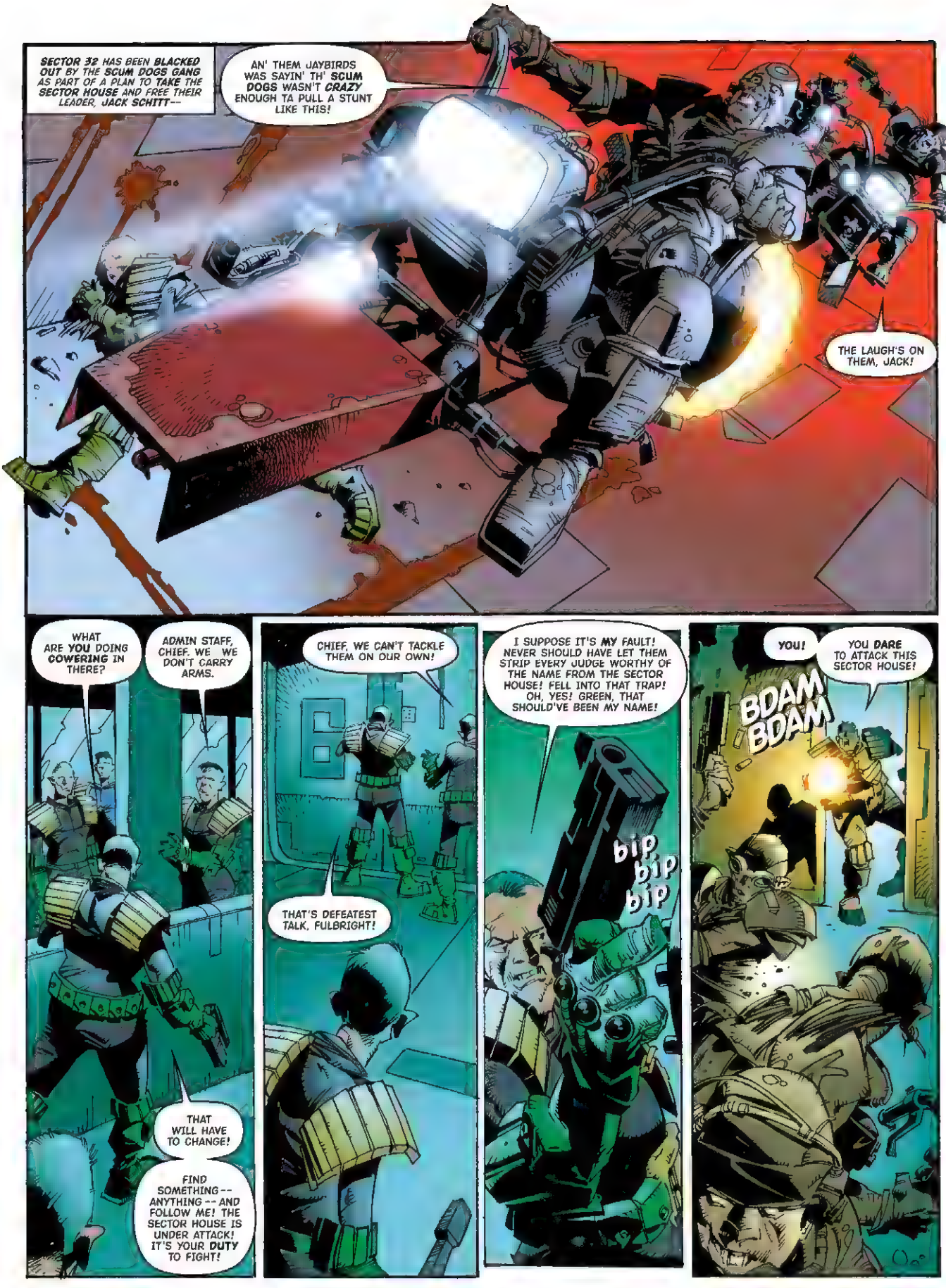
KADOOM

BDOWBDOWFZATTT

THIS IS DISASTROUS-!
DAMNED IF THEY'RE TAKING MY SECTOR HOUSE!

YOU THREE! WITH ME!
DREDD
WHAT'S UP?
THE SECTOR HOUSE IS UNDER ATTACK! THEY'RE OUT OF RADIO CONTACT! I'VE TRIED THE OPEN FREQUENCIES BUT THEY'RE JUST HASH TOO!
THEY'RE HOLDING JACK SCHITT IN THE I-CUBES! MY GUESS IS THE SCUM DOGS ARE PULLING A SMASH AND GRAB TO GET HIM BACK!
INTERROGATION CUBES
YOU GOT JAYS COMIN' UP ATCHA! GET READY--
OPEN SESAME!
CATCH!
KRANG
BDAM
zingg
ROUND UP AS MANY UNITS AS YOU CAN FIND! GET THEM TO THE SECTOR HOUSE!

AHHHHH
WE TOOK THE FREAKIN' SECTOR HOUSE, MAN!
NICE ONE, BOYS!
EASY AS RUBBIN' A JUVEY'S FACE IN KACK, JACK!
LET'S GO!
JUST A MINUTE, SHARKEY!
BOKK
YOU DONE A GREAT JOB, AN' YOU'RE A HELLUVA GUY! AN' DON'T SAY JACK SCHITT AIN'T APPRECIATIVE
...JUST NEVER FORGET WHO GIVES THE ORDERS!
S-SURE, JACK! N-NO OFFENCE!
NONE TAKEN!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
WITH YA, JACK SCHITT!


SECTOR 32 HAS BEEN BLACKED OUT BY THE SCUM DOGS GANG AS PART OF A PLAN TO TAKE THE SECTOR HOUSE AND FREE THEIR LEADER, JACK SCHITT--
AN' THEM JAYBIRDS WAS SAYIN' TH' SCUM DOGS WASN'T CRAZY ENOUGH TA PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS!
THE LAUGH'S ON THEM, JACK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING COWERING IN THERE?
ADMIN STAFF, CHIEF. WE WE DON'T CARRY ARMS.
THAT WILL HAVE TO CHANGE!
FIND SOMETHING -- ANYTHING -- AND FOLLOW ME! THE SECTOR HOUSE IS UNDER ATTACK! IT'S YOUR DUTY TO FIGHT!
CHIEF, WE CAN'T TACKLE THEM ON OUR OWN!
THAT'S DEFEATEST TALK, FULBRIGHT!
I SUPPOSE IT'S MY FAULT! NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET THEM STRIP EVERY JUDGE WORTHY OF THE NAME FROM THE SECTOR HOUSE! FELL INTO THAT TRAP! OH, YES! GREEN, THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN MY NAME!
bip bip bip
YOU!
YOU DARE TO ATTACK THIS SECTOR HOUSE!
BDAM BDAM

BDOW
BDAM
UNHH!
GRIMSHORE
CHIEF!
AAA-!
WE'LL GET YOU TO THE MEDS, CHIEF!
DAMN THE MEDS! GET YOUR HANDS OFF!
THERE'S WEAPONS, DAMMIT! PICK THEM PICK THEM UP AND FOLLOW ME!
NOBODY'S TAKING MY SECTOR HOUSE!
GRIMSHORE

22:48. OUT OF CONTACT WITH THE SECTOR HOUSE AND SUSPECTING A SERIOUS BREACH OF SECURITY, DREDD GATHERS A SMALL FORCE AROUND HIM AS HE RACES TO THE SCENE
KENNY
WE'VE GOT SIX RIOT OFFICERS ABOARD!
KEEP THEM ON STANDBY 'TIL WE SEE WHAT THE SITUATION IS!
HOLY CREMOLA!
JAYBIRDS!
OPEN FIRE!
BUDDA BUDDA
FUMM
WHAM

FREAKIN' JAY CITY! THOUGHT YA HAD THIS ALL COVERED, LAMEBRAIN!
AN' WHO'S THE ONE GOT HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE, SMARTASS?
BDANGG
SPANG!
BDAMBDAM
VRAAAK
BACK INSIDE!
THE REASON I GOT CAUGHT, SHARKEY, IS 'COS I BROKE COVER TA SET UP A MULTI-MILLION CRED ZZIZ DEAL WHILE THE REST OF YOU SCUM WAS SITTIN' ON YER BUTTS!
YOU NEVER SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT NO ZZIZ!
WELL I'M TELLIN' YA NOW!
SPADP
SO LESS A' YER FREAKIN' LIP OR YOU'LL GET MORE A'THIS!
GET.. GET OUT OF MY SECTOR HOUSE!

THUNKK
BDOW BDOW
EAT IT!
CREEPS GOT A TRIPLE JAMMER ON BOARD! TRY YOUR COM NOW!
ALL UNIT ALERT! SECTOR HOUSE 32 HAS BEEN OCCUPIED-- REPEAT, OCCUPIED! ALL AVAILABLE UNITS, MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE SECTOR HOUSE!
HOVERSHIP, DO YOU HEAR ME?
LOUD AND CLEAR!
DROP YOUR PEOPLE ON THE UPPER LEVELS TELL THEM TO MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN
YOU LAWBREAKERS! WE HAVE THE SECTOR HOUSE SURROUNDED! SURRENDER NOW OR IT WILL GO BADLY FOR YOU!

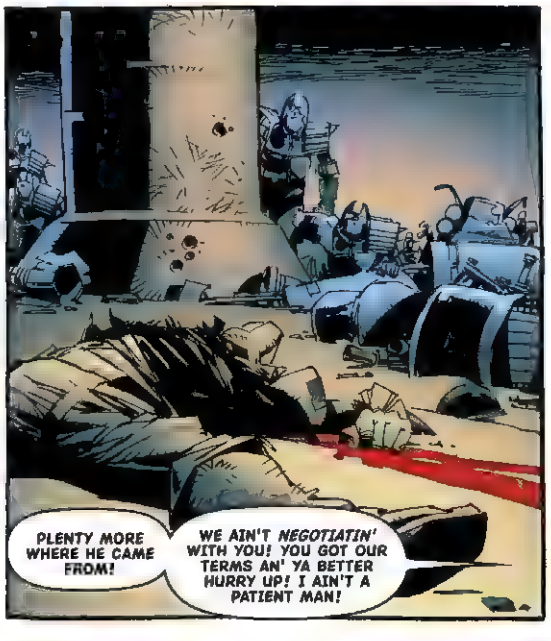
THIS IS JACK SCHITT! TRUCE! DON'T SHOOT! I'M SENDIN' OUT YOUR SECTOR CHIEF!
WE DECIDED THIS SECTOR HOUSE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
DROKK!
VADOOOOM
BOOBY TRAP!
THAT WAS JUST FOR STARTERS! NOW I'M GONNA TELL YA WHAT WE WANT!
WE WANT GUARANTEED SAFE PASSAGE OUTA THE CITY! WE WANT TEN MILLION CREDS IN UNTRACEABLE PAYCARDS -- NO, MAKE IT TWENTY!
FAIL TO DELIVER AN' WE START DELETIN' THE HOSTAGES!
HOSTAGES?
GET ONTO CENTRAL, SEE IF THEY CAN FIX US UP WITH A VID LINK.
WHERE DO YOU WANT US, DREDD?
SPREAD YOURSELVES ROUND THE BUILDING. RING OF STEEL, NOBODY GETS OUT.
YOU'RE IN DEEP ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS, SCHITT! DON'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE!

KEEP YOUR HANDS RAISED WHERE THEY CAN SEE 'EM AN' YOU'LL BE FINE!
YOU'RE LETTING US GO? WH-WHY?
CALL IT LOVE OF OUR FELLOW MAN! GET MOVIN', DIRTBAG!

NON-PARTICIPANT COMIN' OUT!

D-DON'T SHOOT!
THAT'S **ENZIL WHITH**, THE **VI** MERCHANT. I BROUGHT HIM IN THIS AYEM.
THEY'VE GOT INTO THE **HOLDING PENS.**

BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA

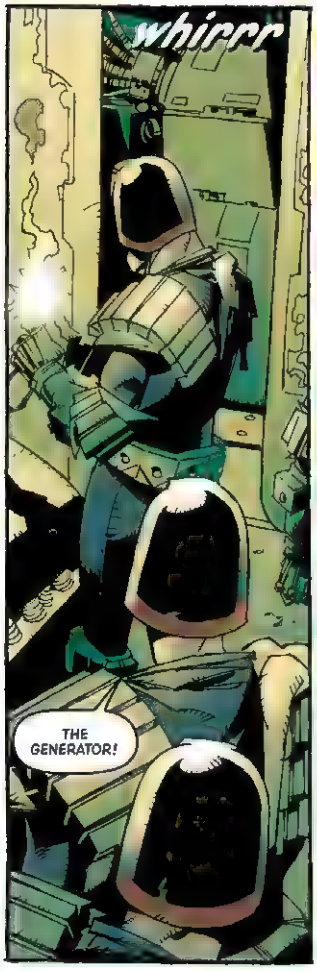

PLENTY MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM!
WE AIN'T *NEGOTIATIN'* WITH YOU! YOU GOT OUR TERMS AN' YA BETTER HURRY UP! I AIN'T A PATIENT MAN!

DREDD, SECTOR HOUSE UPPER LEVELS ARE **SEALED OFF**-- PROBABLY THE SAME ALL THE WAY DOWN. WE CAN **BLOW** THEM BUT IT'LL **ALERT** THE PERPS.
THEY'RE TRIGGER-HAPPY ENOUGH. HOLD OFF FOR NOW.
SECTOR CHIEF GRIMSHORE HAS THE **SECURITY CODE.** CAN YOU **CONTACT** HIM?
REGRET CHIEF GRIMSHORE IS NOT AVAILABLE.
I SAY PLAY ALONG, TAKE THEM OUT WHEN THEY'RE CLEAR OF THE SECTOR HOUSE.
THEY'D WANT HOSTAGES. WE CAN'T ALLOW IT.
NO DEALS. IT'S GONE TOO FAR FOR THAT.
KEEP THEM TALKING, LAMB. STALL THEM -- PROMISE THEM WHATEVER YOU LIKE. BUT NONE OF THEM LEAVES.
YOU **FOUR** -- WITH ME!
Vrrrrmmmmm
DON'T I KNOW YOU, SEEVERS?
YES, SIR. WE WERE ON A STAKEOUT ELEVEN YEARS AGO. I WAS WAINSTON'S ROOKIE.
AH, RIGHT.
I THOUGHT WAINSTON **FAILED** YOU.
NO, SIR. IT MUST BE YOUR MEMORY, SIR.
NO DOUBT. GETS WORSE YEAR BY YEAR.
ACKER, PICK UP THAT BURNER!
YO!

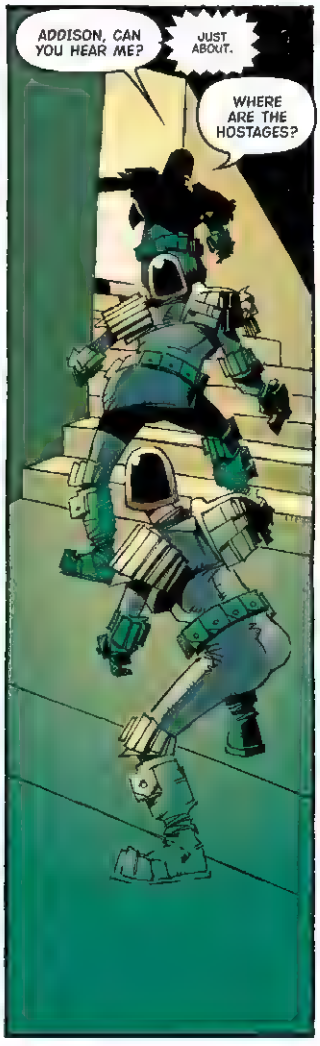
DREDD -- ADDISON! WE GOT PICTURES!
32

I COUNT SCHITT, HIS NUMBER TWO SHARKEY BATES, TEN OTHERS, HOLED UP IN THE MAIN VESTIBULE. THEY GOT FOUR -- MAKE IT FIVE HOSTAGES

CENTRAL WANTS TO KNOW IF WE REQUIRE ASSISTANCE?
NEGATIVE. IT'S ONE BLACK MARK WE CAN KEEP OFF GRIMSHORE'S RECORD. WE'LL HANDLE IT OURSELVES.
JUDGE DREDD


whirrr
THE GENERATOR!

WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL, MAYBERRY.


ADDISON, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
JUST ABOUT.
WHERE ARE THE HOSTAGES?

SEATED CENTRE FLOOR, TO THE LEFT OF THE FRONT DESK. THREE SCUM DOGS KEEPING WATCH ON THEM.

THEY'RE PULLING ONE OF THEM TO HIS FEET. I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO SEND HIM OUT.
JACK -- I'VE SPOKEN TO THE GRAND HALL! WE CAN DO A DEAL!
NO SURVIVORS.
HIT IT, MAYBERRY!
23 07. TOTAL BLACKOUT --
WHAT THE HELL-?
CHOOSE YOUR TARGETS!
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM

LIT UP IN THE JUDGES' INFRA-RED VISORS, THE SCUM DOGS ARE CUT DOWN WITHOUT MERCY--

CEASE FIRE!
GIVE US SOME LIGHT, MAYBERRY!

JOVIS GRUD! DON'T SHOOT!

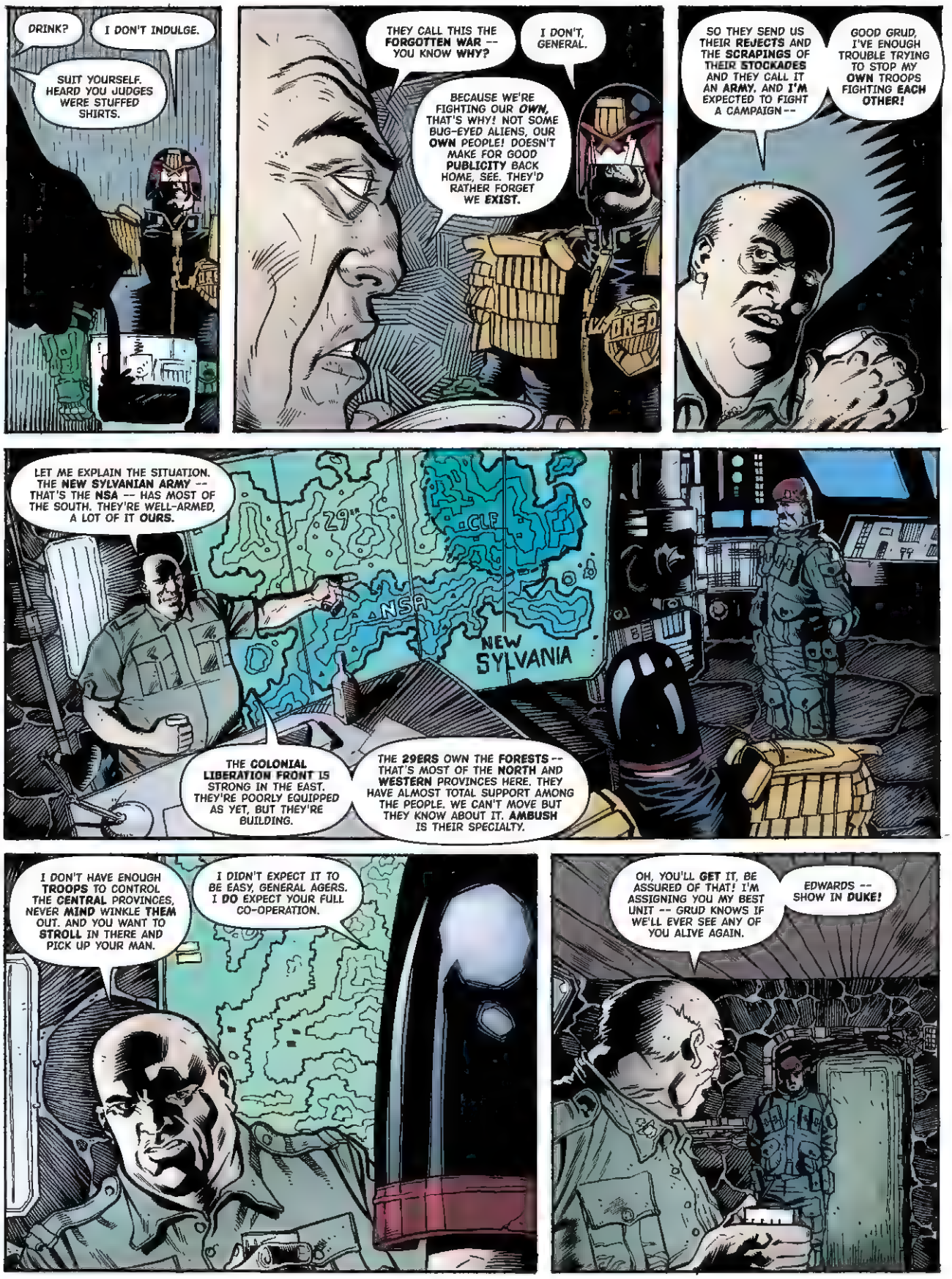
WE HAD TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM.

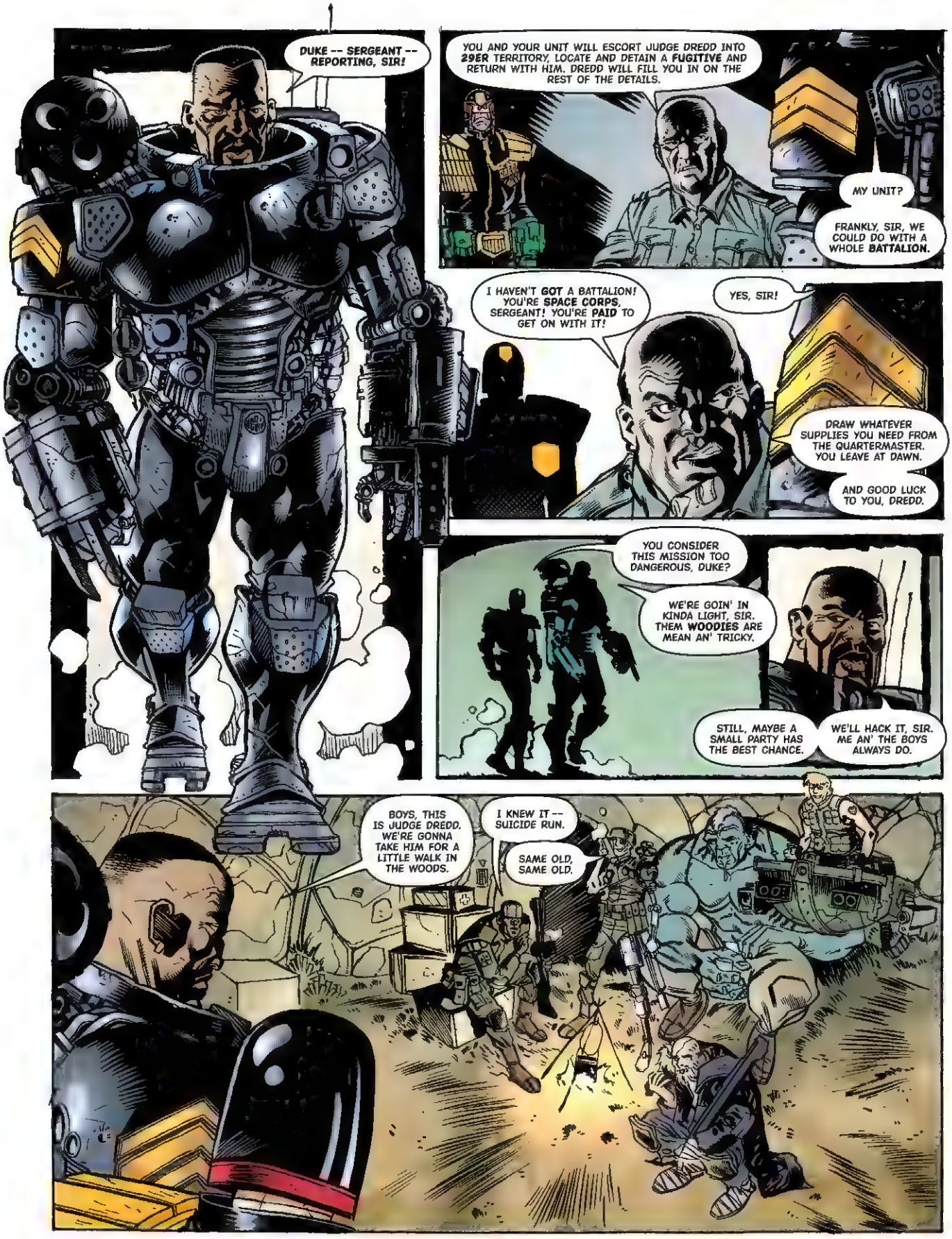
THEY TOOK ON THE LAW AND THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED .. JACK SCHITT!

THE END

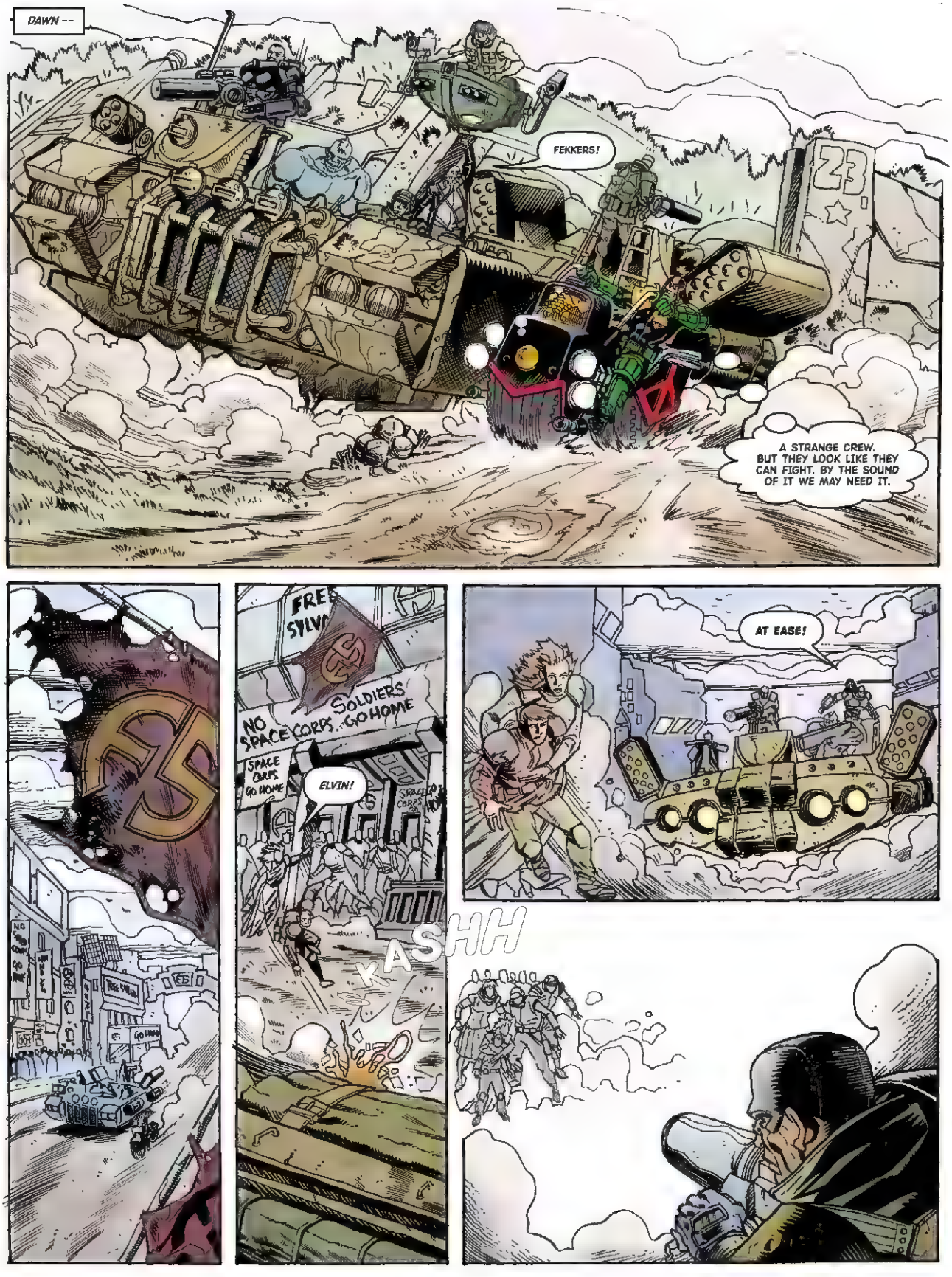
JUDGE DREDD
WARZONE
JUDGE DREDD, WELCOME TO CAMP SYLVANIA, SIR.
GENERAL AGERS IS EXPECTING YOU. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
PJ HOLDEN
COLOURS
LEN O'GRADY
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

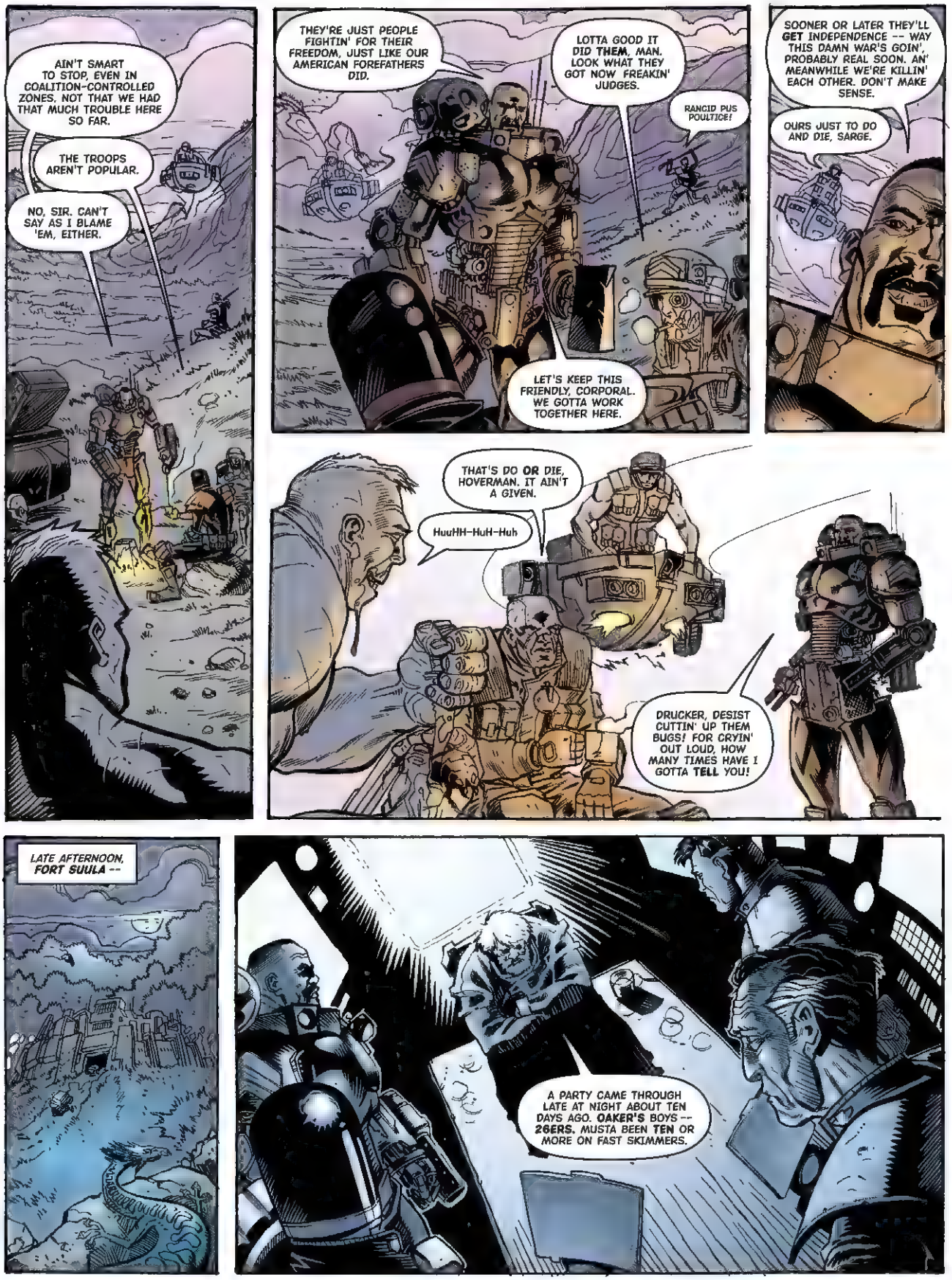
NSA CAME IN OVER THE SOUTH PERIMETER LAST NIGHT, KILLED TWELVE ASIAN UNION CONSCRIPTS AND STOLE A HOVERTANK. GOTTA TELL YOU, THE GENERAL'S NOT IN A GOOD MOOD.
HEY, JAYMAN, YOU COME TO ARREST ME?
NO, ME, MAN! I'M A SCREWED-UP, WEED-SMOKIN PSYCHO CASE! TAKE ME IN!
ANYTHING TO GET OFFA THIS HELL PLANET, BABY!
GOT A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM HERE?
OH, THE MEN. BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE THE GOOD ONES. YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE FOREIGN CONTINGENTS. IT'S NO WONDER WE'RE LOSING THIS WAR
I DON'T CARE WHAT PROBLEMS YOU HAVE, YOU GET YOUR UNIT READY TO MOVE BY TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED OR I'LL HAVE YOUR LILY-LIVERED LATIN ASSES!
JUDGE DREDD, GENERAL.
DREDD. HMMPH.
I ADVISE AGAINST THIS FOOLISH ENTERPRISE, SIR. I TOLD THEM SO AT GROUP, AND I'M TELLING YOU NOW.
WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU WANT WITH THIS FELLOW ANYWAY?
PRETORIUS RAN A TERROR TRAINING CAMP IN PATAGONIA. IT PRODUCED MANY OF THE ACTIVISTS WHO ATTACKED MEGA-CITY ONE. IT WAS TURNING OUT THE NEXT GENERATION WHEN WE BUSTED IT UP.
PRETORIUS ESCAPED. WE HAVE RELIABLE INFORMATION HE'S HIDING OUT WITH THE 29ERS. IT'S ESSENTIAL HE IS CAUGHT AND PUNISHED WITH THE FULL RIGOUR OF THE LAW.

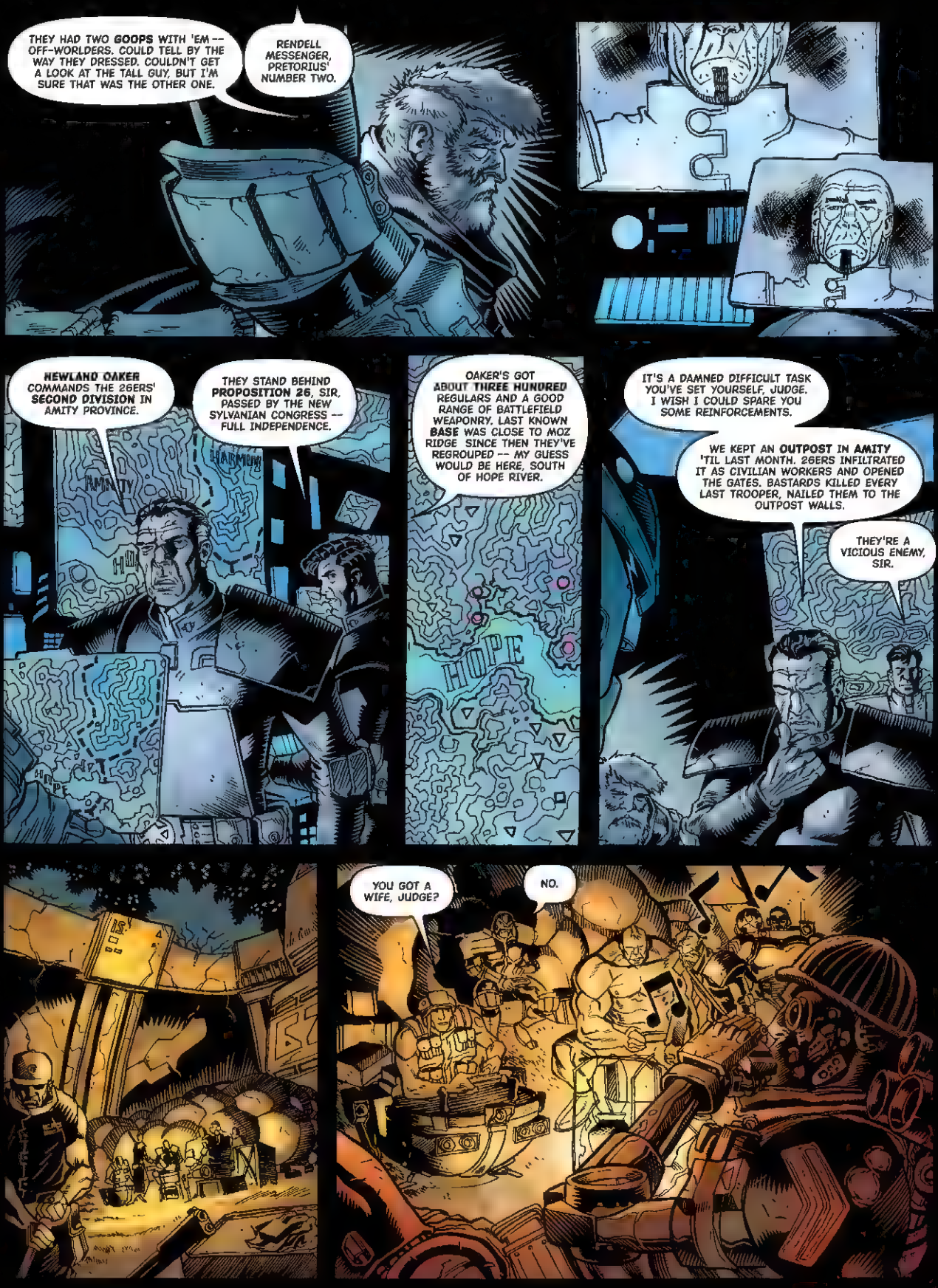

DRINK?
I DON'T INDULGE.
SUIT YOURSELF. HEARD YOU JUDGES WERE STUFFED SHIRTS.
THEY CALL THIS THE FORGOTTEN WAR -- YOU KNOW WHY?
I DON'T, GENERAL.
BECAUSE WE'RE FIGHTING OUR OWN, THAT'S WHY! NOT SOME BUG-EYED ALIENS, OUR OWN PEOPLE! DOESN'T MAKE FOR GOOD PUBLICITY BACK HOME, SEE. THEY'D RATHER FORGET WE EXIST.
SO THEY SEND US THEIR REJECTS AND THE SCRAPINGS OF THEIR STOCKADES AND THEY CALL IT AN ARMY, AND I'M EXPECTED TO FIGHT A CAMPAIGN--
GOOD GRUD, I'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE TRYING TO STOP MY OWN TROOPS FIGHTING EACH OTHER!
LET ME EXPLAIN THE SITUATION. THE NEW SYLVANIAN ARMY -- THAT'S THE NSA -- HAS MOST OF THE SOUTH. THEY'RE WELL-ARMED, A LOT OF IT OURS.
29"
CLF
NSA
NEW SYLVANIA
THE COLONIAL LIBERATION FRONT IS STRONG IN THE EAST. THEY'RE POORLY EQUIPPED AS YET, BUT THEY'RE BUILDING.
THE 29ERS OWN THE FORESTS -- THAT'S MOST OF THE NORTH AND WESTERN PROVINCES HERE. THEY HAVE ALMOST TOTAL SUPPORT AMONG THE PEOPLE. WE CAN'T MOVE BUT THEY KNOW ABOUT IT. AMBUSH IS THEIR SPECIALTY.
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TROOPS TO CONTROL THE CENTRAL PROVINCES, NEVER MIND WINKLE THEM OUT. AND YOU WANT TO STROLL IN THERE AND PICK UP YOUR MAN.
I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE EASY, GENERAL AGERS. I DO EXPECT YOUR FULL CO-OPERATION.
OH, YOU'LL GET IT, BE ASSURED OF THAT! I'M ASSIGNING YOU MY BEST UNIT -- GRUD KNOWS IF WE'LL EVER SEE ANY OF YOU ALIVE AGAIN.
EDWARDS -- SHOW IN DUKE!


DUKE -- SERGEANT -- REPORTING, SIR!
YOU AND YOUR UNIT WILL ESCORT JUDGE DREDD INTO 29ER TERRITORY, LOCATE AND DETAIN A FUGITIVE AND RETURN WITH HIM. DREDD WILL FILL YOU IN ON THE REST OF THE DETAILS.
MY UNIT?
FRANKLY, SIR, WE COULD DO WITH A WHOLE BATTALION.
I HAVEN'T GOT A BATTALION! YOU'RE SPACE CORPS, SERGEANT! YOU'RE PAID TO GET ON WITH IT!
YES, SIR!
DRAW WHATEVER SUPPLIES YOU NEED FROM THE QUARTERMASTER. YOU LEAVE AT DAWN.
AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, DREDD.
YOU CONSIDER THIS MISSION TOO DANGEROUS, DUKE?
WE'RE GOIN' IN KINDA LIGHT, SIR. THEM WOODIES ARE MEAN AN' TRICKY.
STILL, MAYBE A SMALL PARTY HAS THE BEST CHANCE.
WE'LL HACK IT, SIR. ME AN' THE BOYS ALWAYS DO.
BOYS, THIS IS JUDGE DREDD. WE'RE GONNA TAKE HIM FOR A LITTLE WALK IN THE WOODS.
I KNEW IT -- SUICIDE RUN.
SAME OLD, SAME OLD.

TOSSBAG!
THAT'S ENOUGH, SMITH!
YES, SIR! ARSEWIPE!
LINE UP, ALL OF YOU! GRUD ALMIGHTY, YA LOOK LIKE A BUNCHA REJECTS!
THAT'S 'COS WE ARE, SARGE.
CORPORAL STICK WITTLE. DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, BUT A GOOD MAN IN A TIGHT SPOT.
MANDROID?
I PREFER 'HEAVILY MEKANISED'. SOUNDS A BIT MORE HEP, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
ERP, PRIVATE. SCOUT. WE CALL HIM HOVERMAN.
GOING TO SEE SOME ACTION, YOU UP FOR IT, HOVERMAN?
YOU BET, SIR.
SMITH, PRIVATE.
DICKHEAD!
DON'T MIND HIM, SIR. GOT HIS BRAIN SCRAMBLED UP SOME. CAN'T HELP CUSSIN'. COULD STILL SHOOT THE EYES OUT OF A FLY AT TWO HUNDRED METRES
SUCK IT!
PRIVATE BIGGS.
LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH ONE, SIR.
I'M SURE WE'LL MANAGE IT, BIGGS.
HUUUR
DRUCKER, PRIVATE. EX-GENETIC INFANTRY.
I WOULDN'T SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM, SIR. HE DON'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH.

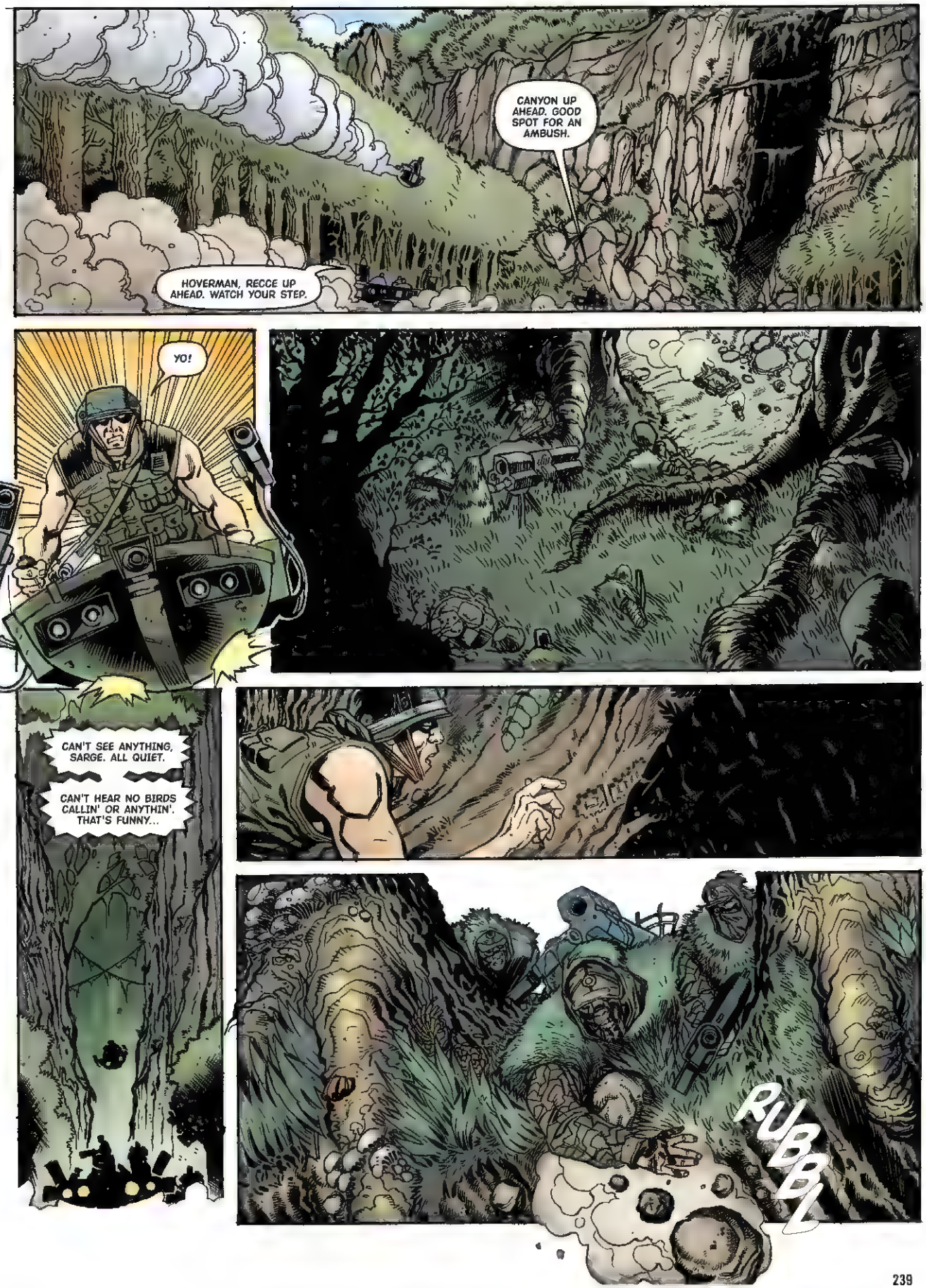

DAWN --
FEKKERS!
A STRANGE CREW. BUT THEY LOOK LIKE THEY CAN FIGHT. BY THE SOUND OF IT WE MAY NEED IT.
NO SPACE CORPS SOLDIERS GO HOME
SPACE CORPS GO HOME
ELVIN!
AT EASE!
ASHH
KA


AIN'T SMART TO STOP, EVEN IN COALITION-CONTROLLED ZONES. NOT THAT WE HAD THAT MUCH TROUBLE HERE SO FAR.
THE TROOPS AREN'T POPULAR.
NO, SIR. CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME 'EM, EITHER.
THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE FIGHTIN' FOR THEIR FREEDOM, JUST LIKE OUR AMERICAN FOREFATHERS DID.
LOTTA GOOD IT DID **THEM**, MAN. LOOK WHAT THEY GOT NOW FREAKIN' JUDGES.
RANCID PUS POULTICE!
LET'S KEEP THIS FRIENDLY, CORPORAL. WE GOTTA WORK TOGETHER HERE.
SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL **GET** INDEPENDENCE -- WAY THIS DAMN WAR'S GOIN', PROBABLY REAL SOON. AN' MEANWHILE WE'RE KILLIN' EACH OTHER. DON'T MAKE SENSE.
OURS JUST TO DO AND DIE, SARGE.
THAT'S DO **OR** DIE, HOVERMAN. IT AIN'T A GIVEN.
HuuHH-HuH-Huh
DRUCKER, DESIST CUTTIN' UP THEM BUGS! FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I GOTTA **TELL** YOU!
*LATE AFTERNOON, **FORT SUULA** --*
A PARTY CAME THROUGH LATE AT NIGHT ABOUT TEN DAYS AGO. **OAKER'S** BOYS -- **26ERS.** MUSTA BEEN **TEN** OR MORE ON FAST SKIMMERS.


THEY HAD TWO GOOPS WITH 'EM -- OFF-WORLDERS. COULD TELL BY THE WAY THEY DRESSED. COULDN'T GET A LOOK AT THE TALL GUY, BUT I'M SURE THAT WAS THE OTHER ONE.
RENDELL MESSENGER, PRETORIUS' NUMBER TWO.
NEWLAND OAKER COMMANDS THE 26ERS' SECOND DIVISION IN AMITY PROVINCE.
THEY STAND BEHIND PROPOSITION 26, SIR, PASSED BY THE NEW SYLVANIAN CONGRESS -- FULL INDEPENDENCE.
AMITY
HARMONY
HOPE
OAKER'S GOT ABOUT THREE HUNDRED REGULARS AND A GOOD RANGE OF BATTLEFIELD WEAPONRY. LAST KNOWN BASE WAS CLOSE TO MOZ RIDGE. SINCE THEN THEY'VE REGROUPED -- MY GUESS WOULD BE HERE, SOUTH OF HOPE RIVER.
HOPE
IT'S A DAMNED DIFFICULT TASK YOU'VE SET YOURSELF, JUDGE. I WISH I COULD SPARE YOU SOME REINFORCEMENTS.
WE KEPT AN OUTPOST IN AMITY 'TIL LAST MONTH. 26ERS INFILTRATED IT AS CIVILIAN WORKERS AND OPENED THE GATES. BASTARDS KILLED EVERY LAST TROOPER, NAILED THEM TO THE OUTPOST WALLS.
THEY'RE A VICIOUS ENEMY, SIR.
YOU GOT A WIFE, JUDGE?
NO.

GIRLFRIEND?
NO.
I HAD A GIRLFRIEND ONCE. REAL PRETTY, SHE WAS.
SHE HAD EYES THAT SPARKLED LIKE A RIVER ON A SUNNY DAY, AND HAIR, HAIR LIKE MOLTEN HONEY.
HONEYYY. VERRY GOOD.
I WAS GONNA LEAVE THE CORPS. WE WERE GONNA SET UP HOME BACK IN THE MEG -- HER DADDY WAS RICH, HE WAS GONNA FIX US UP IN A LUX-HAB, GIVE ME A JOB ..
THEN THOSE OL' SPOOKS TOOK US BY SURPRISE AT KA'ZLIM -- MAYBE YOU HEARD OF IT?
THE BIG BAD BATTLE OF KA'ZLIM. WHO HASN'T?
FIRST SALVO TOOK MY LEGS CLEAN OFF. THEY WERE LUCKY TO GET ME OUT.
I UNDERSTOOD. HER WHOLE LIFE, STUCK WITH SOMETHIN' LIKE ME -- HELL, IF SHE HADN'T BROKE IT OFF, I WOULD'VE.
AFTER THAT, I JUST SIGNED ON FOR ANOTHER TOUR. WHAT ELSE WAS THERE? HAD NOTHIN' ELSE TO LIVE FOR.
WHEN SHE.. WHEN SHE SAW HOW THEY FIXED ME UP SHE COULDN'T... SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT.
SHE CRIED WHEN SHE ENDED IT -- SHE REALLY LOVED ME, Y'KNOW
POX-EATEN FEKWIT!
HOUSTON, WATCH YOUR FLANK! HOUSTON!
THEY GOT SCHWARTZER! WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON AMMO!
DON'T WORRY, JOHNNY! I'LL GET YOU OUTA HERE!
WATCH IT! ZEEBERS ON AN INWARD BOUNDER!
EASY, BIGGIE. EASY, MAN.

HELIGON WARS. CARRIED A DYING PAL TWELVE KAYS BACK TO HIS OWN LINES WITH HALF HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF -- HIS, NOT HIS PAL'S.
MAYBE I'M ASKING TOO MUCH OF THESE MEN. THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH ALREADY. IF I COULD DELAY THE MISSION UNTIL A LARGER FORCE IS ASSEMBLED...
BUT IT CAN'T WAIT. PRETORIUS MOVES FAST. DELAY A FEW DAYS AND HE MIGHT BE GONE.
I FIGURE OUR BEST BET'S TO FOLLOW THE HOPE RIVER ROAD. CHANCES ARE THEY LL FIND US BEFORE WE FIND THEM. IF WE CAN PICK UP A PRISONER...
THAT'S IF WE CAN GET 'EM TO TALK. THEY CAN BE DAMNED TIGHT-LIPPED.
YOU'RE IN CHARGE, SERGEANT.


CANYON UP AHEAD. GOOD SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH.
HOVERMAN, RECCE UP AHEAD. WATCH YOUR STEP.
YO!
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, SARGE. ALL QUIET.
CAN'T HEAR NO BIRDS CALLIN' OR ANYTHIN'. THAT'S FUNNY...
RUBBL

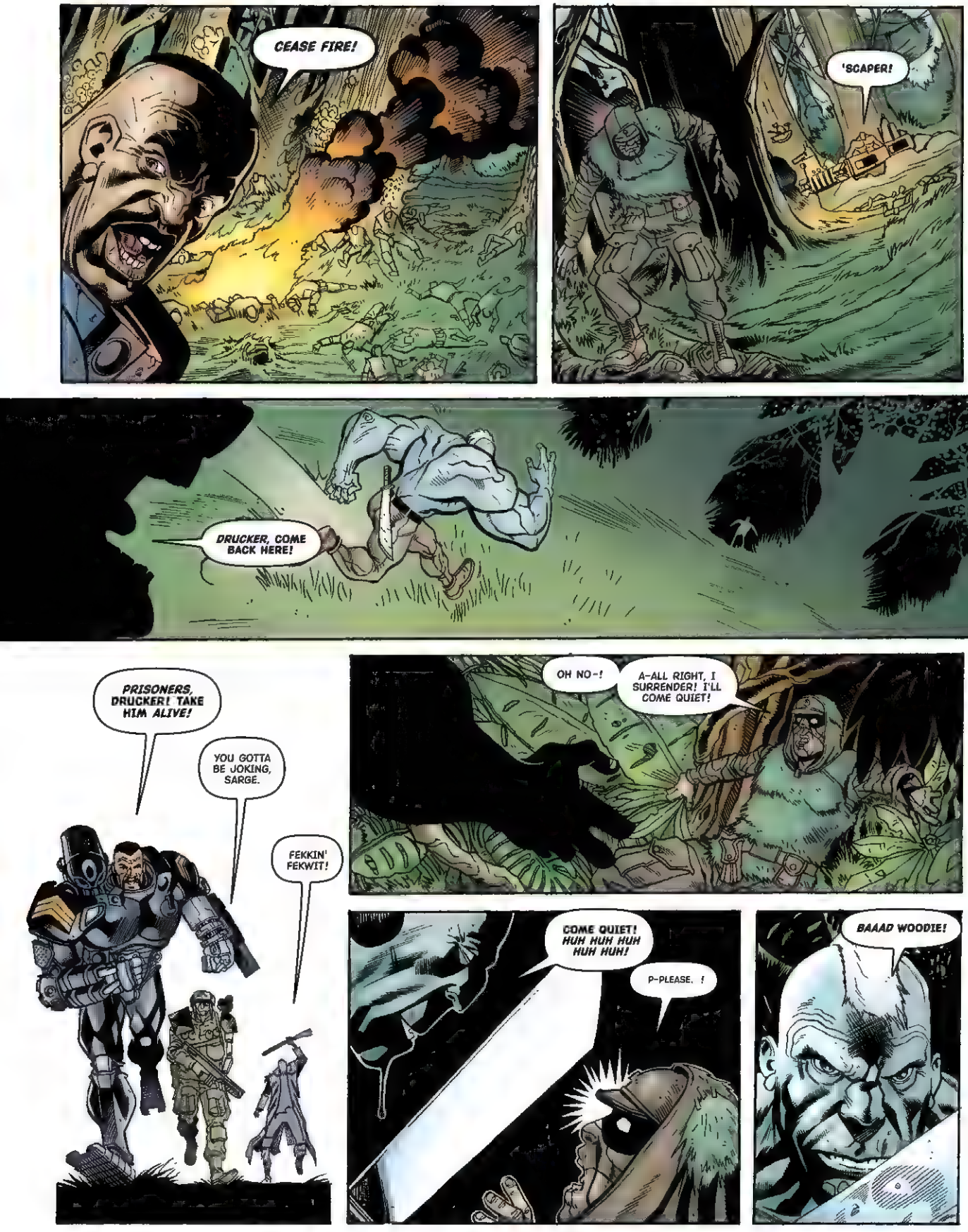
KKAAAARRFF
LET HIM HAVE IT!
RECEIVING FIRE FROM BOTH SIDES! ESTIMATE TWENTY-PLUS HOSTILES!
HOVERMAN, BACK OFF! GET OUTA THERE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SARGE!
HOVERMAN! GRUDDAMMIT!
HE'S TRYIN' TO GET HIMSELF KILLED AGAIN! LET'S GO!

COME ON! TAKE ME, YOU SCUMBAGS! I'M READY FOR YOU!
GRUDDAM HOVERMAN TRYIN' TO GET HIMSELF KILLED AGAIN! TIME TO GET INVOLVED!
I'LL TAKE THE OTHER FLANK!
VRMMMMM
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHERE'D YOU WOODIES LEARN TO SHOOT?
BRAPPAPPA

FRAAAAKK
BUDDA
HIT 'EM!
ZOW
ZING
BUTTSUCKER!
HUH HURRR!

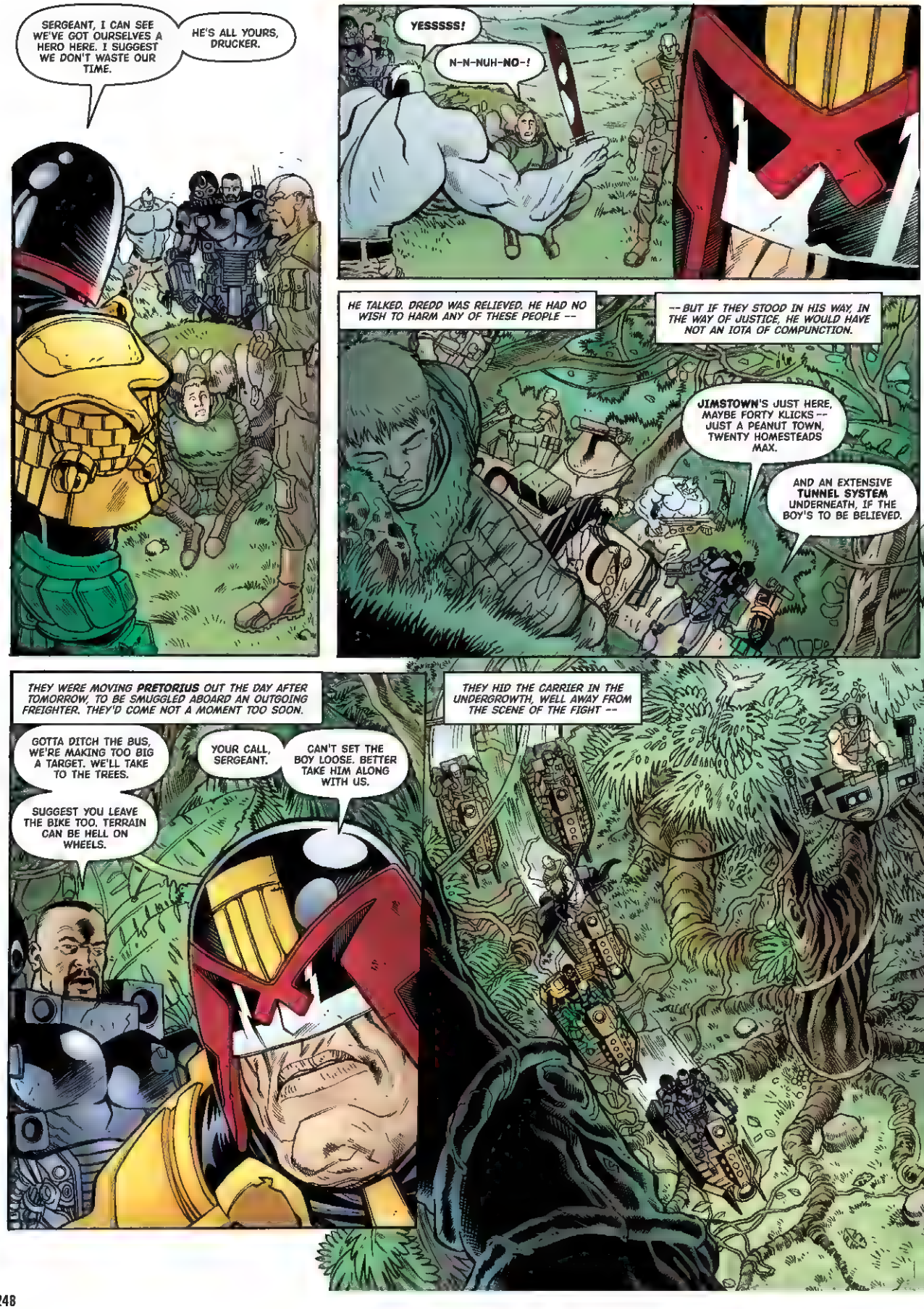
DIEEE--
UnGGG!
I THINK NOT, MY FRIEND.
SNUFFED!
KADOOOOOM
THE BOYS GOT TROUBLE OVER THERE!
LET'S GO!

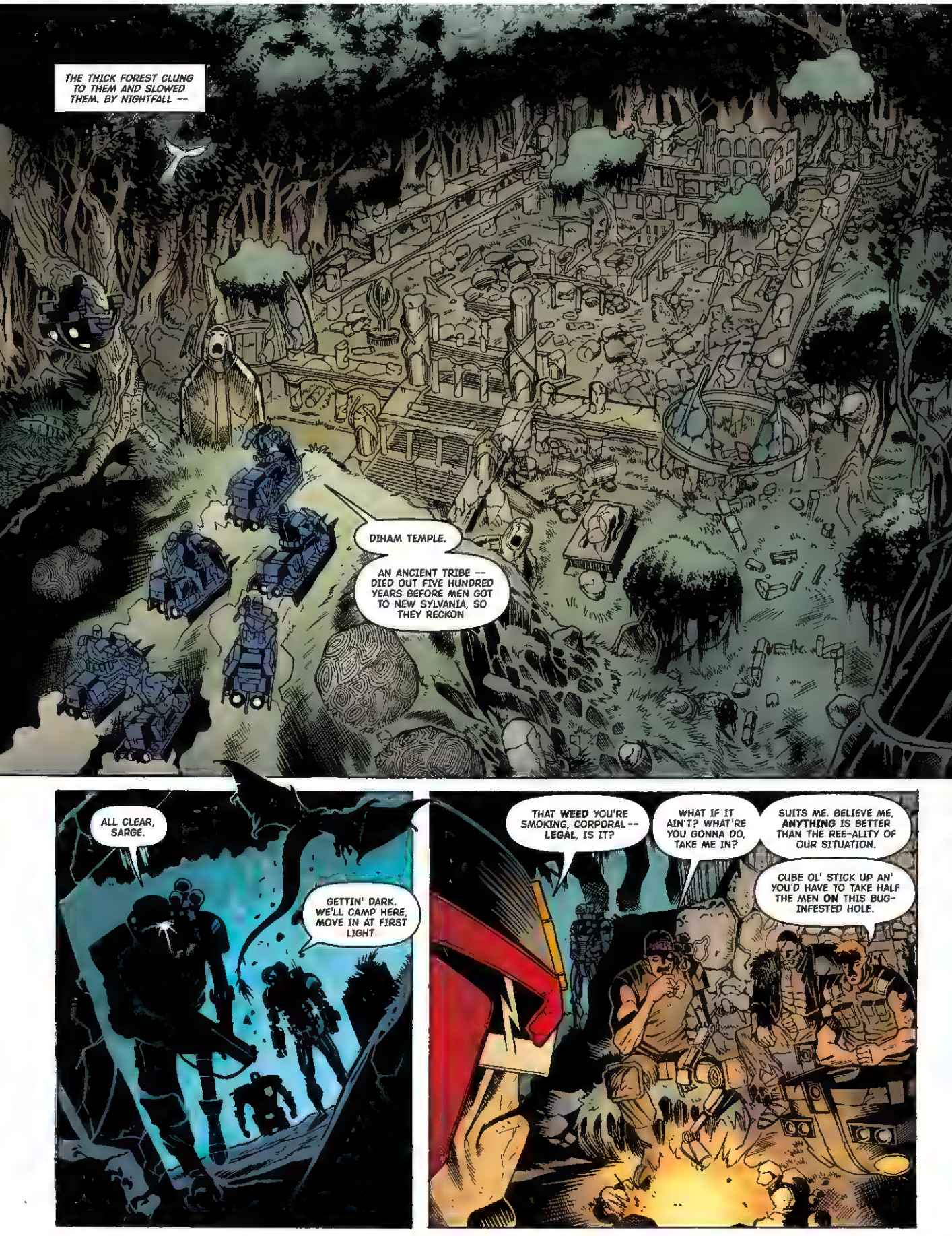
AAHH!
BRAM
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU MEN ARE BREAKING THE LAWS OF THE COLONY OF NEW SYLVANIA! LEAVE NOW OR IT WILL GO BADLY FOR YOU!
LIKE HELL!
WE CAN TAKE HIM!
BRAM
BRAM
BRAM
HEATSEEKERS!
AAAGHH!
UHHN
IT AIN'T JUST HIM!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE!
HOTFOOT, BOYS!


CEASE FIRE!
'SCAPER!
DRUCKER, COME BACK HERE!
PRISONERS, DRUCKER! TAKE HIM ALIVE!
YOU GOTTA BE JOKING, SARGE.
FEKKIN' FEKWIT!
OH NO-!
A-ALL RIGHT, I SURRENDER! I'LL COME QUIET!
COME QUIET! HUH HUH HUH HUH HUH!
P-PLEASE. !
BAAAD WOODIE!

AAAAAAAAA
WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH THE GUY?
GRU*DAMMIT*, HOVERMAN, IT'S BAD ENOUGH MY **POINT** MAN GOT HIMSELF A **FULL-BLOWN *DEATH WISH***, BUT WHEN YOU EXTEND IT TO THE **REST** OF US I START GETTIN' **MAD!**
SORRY, SARGE.
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHERE'S THE **JUDGE?**
DOWN THERE, SARGE!
uhhhhh...
STUNNED HIM. FIGURED HE MIGHT BE EASIER TO CRACK.
JUST A BOY.
THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE ANY KIND OF AGE TO HATE US.

Hu-uhh?
YOU'RE IN A BAD SPOT, BOY. YOU LOVE YOUR CAUSE ENOUGH TO **DIE** FOR IT?
I-I AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU.
YOU OUGHT TO BE.
WE NEED SOME INFORMATION. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO HURT YOU, BUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I'M GOING TO GET IT OUT OF YOU.
GO TO HELL!
HERE COMES DRUCKER.
ALL RIGHT, DRUCKER, LET'S HAVE IT!
NUHH! DO **NOTHIN'**!
GRUDDAMMIT, WHY DO WE HAVE TO HAVE THIS PERFORMANCE EVERY TIME? **HAND IT OVER!**
I GOTTEM, SARGE!
GIMME!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I GOTTA TELL YOU, DRUCKER?
SORREEE.
YOU'RE NOT SORRY! YOU'RE NOT A BIT SORRY! FROM NOW ON YOU OBEY **ORDERS** OR I'LL HAVE YOUR HAIRY **ASS!**


SERGEANT, I CAN SEE WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A HERO HERE. I SUGGEST WE DON'T WASTE OUR TIME.
HE'S ALL YOURS, DRUCKER.
YESSSSS!
N-N-NUH-NO-!
HE TALKED. DREDD WAS RELIEVED. HE HAD NO WISH TO HARM ANY OF THESE PEOPLE --
--BUT IF THEY STOOD IN HIS WAY, IN THE WAY OF JUSTICE, HE WOULD HAVE NOT AN IOTA OF COMPUNCTION.
JIMSTOWN'S JUST HERE, MAYBE FORTY KLICKS -- JUST A PEANUT TOWN, TWENTY HOMESTEADS MAX.
AND AN EXTENSIVE TUNNEL SYSTEM UNDERNEATH, IF THE BOY'S TO BE BELIEVED.
THEY WERE MOVING PRETORIUS OUT THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW, TO BE SMUGGLED ABOARD AN OUTGOING FREIGHTER. THEY'D COME NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.
GOTTA DITCH THE BUS, WE'RE MAKING TOO BIG A TARGET. WE'LL TAKE TO THE TREES.
YOUR CALL, SERGEANT.
CAN'T SET THE BOY LOOSE. BETTER TAKE HIM ALONG WITH US.
SUGGEST YOU LEAVE THE BIKE TOO. TERRAIN CAN BE HELL ON WHEELS.
THEY HID THE CARRIER IN THE UNDERGROWTH, WELL AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT --


THE THICK FOREST CLUNG TO THEM AND SLOWED THEM. BY NIGHTFALL --
DIHAM TEMPLE.
AN ANCIENT TRIBE -- DIED OUT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE MEN GOT TO NEW SYLVANIA, SO THEY RECKON
ALL CLEAR, SARGE.
GETTIN' DARK. WE'LL CAMP HERE, MOVE IN AT FIRST LIGHT
THAT **WEED** YOU'RE SMOKING, CORPORAL -- **LEGAL**, IS IT?
WHAT IF IT AIN'T? WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, TAKE ME IN?
SUITS ME. BELIEVE ME, **ANYTHING** IS BETTER THAN THE REE-ALITY OF OUR SITUATION.
CUBE OL' STICK UP AN' YOU'D HAVE TO TAKE HALF THE MEN **ON** THIS BUG-INFESTED HOLE.

FUNNY, AIN'T IT, TO THINK ANOTHER CIVILISATION BUILT ALL THIS, ALL THEM YEARS AGO. NOW **WE'RE** HERE AN' ALL WE CAN DO IS **KILL** EACH OTHER.
WONDER WHAT THHEY'D THINK OF US. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
MAYBE THEY KILLED THEMSELVES OFF TOO?
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ADVANCED SPECIES THAT DRIVES THEM INEVITABLY TO SELF-DESTRUCTION.
LIKE WE GET TOO SMART FOR OUR OWN GOOD. I'LL BUY THAT.
MEEE TOOO.
OUR FAT-ASS GENERAL ON THE COM, SARGE. WANTS TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE.
I'LL TAKE IT HERE, BIGGS.
YES, SIR. MAP CO-ORDINATES 213409, SIR. PUTTING THE WOODIES OFF THE SCENT.
OUR INFORMATION IS THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN A TUNNEL NETWORK UNDER JIMSTOWN. WE'RE ROUGHLY FIVE KLICKS OFF. WE'LL MOVE ON THE TARGET AT DAWN.
ALL RIGHT, DUKE! GOT NO RIGHT GOING OFF ON YOUR OWN WITHOUT KEEPING ME INFORMED, THAT'S ALL!
YES, SIR. SORRY, SIR.
CO-ORDINATES 213409. THEY KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. THEY PLAN TO MOVE AT DAWN.
I MOST CERTAINLY WILL, GENERAL. AND THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN. YOU ARE TRULY A FRIEND OF THE REVOLUTION.
JUST MAKE SURE THE MONEY'S THERE ON TIME...

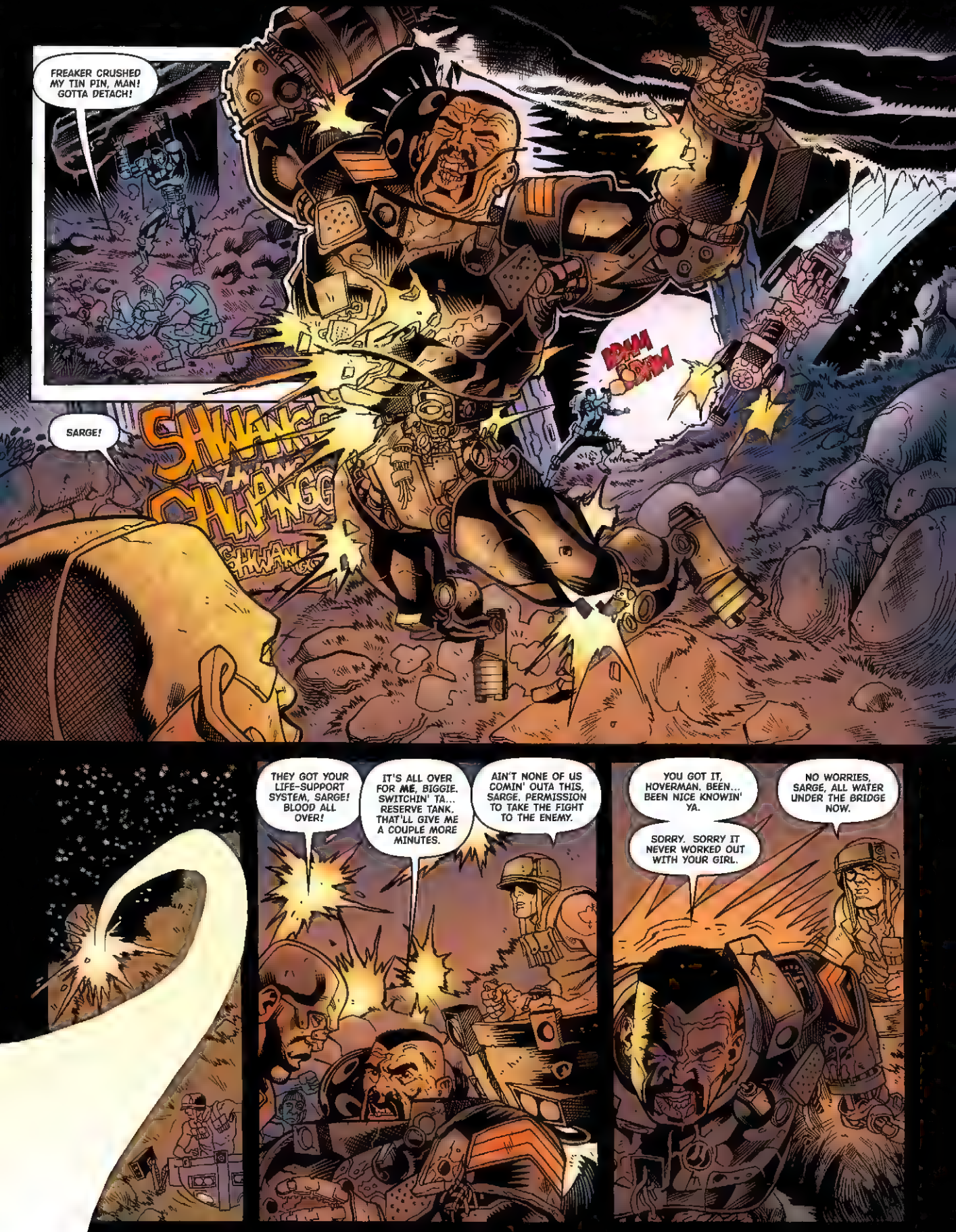
SNURRRRRRRRR

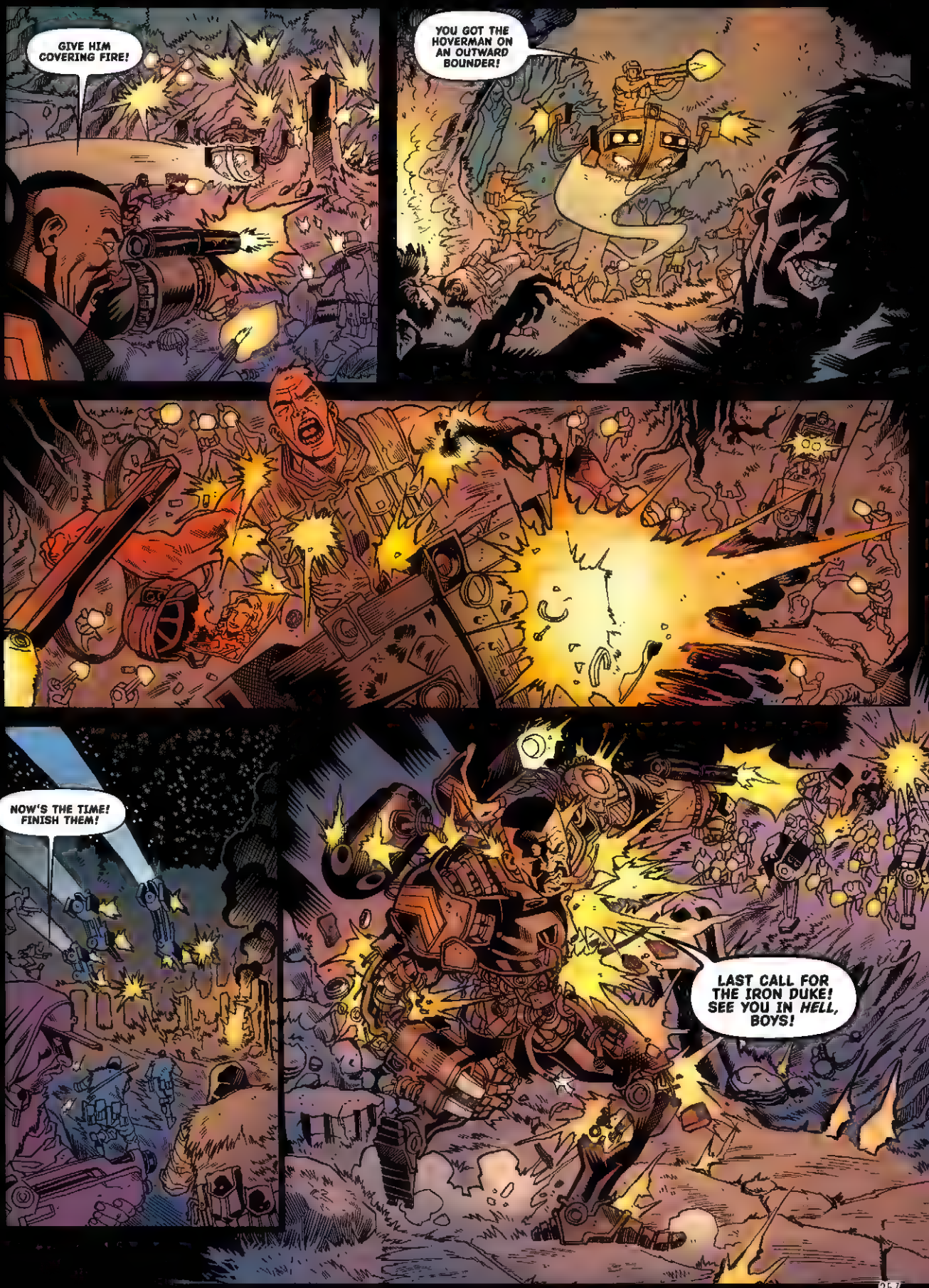
FEK!
CAN'T SLEEP, SIR?
NOT USED TO IT. TEN MINUTES IN THE SLEEP MACHINE, THAT USUALLY DOES ME.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, BIGGS?
CAN'T LET MYSELF, SIR. NOT ON A MISSION. CAN'T KEEP THEM SCREAMIN' DEMONS DOWN. WAKE THE WHOLE NEIGHBOURHOOD. SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, I TAKE WATCH
SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
HELMET AUDIO'S PRETTY GOOD. SOUNDED LIKE THE CRACKING OF A TWIG...
WAKE EVERYONE UP, BIGGS. I THINK WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

I HEAR SOMETHING TOO, SARGE. SOUNDS LIKE HUSH JETS -- THREE FORTY-EIGHTS, MAYBE. I HEARD THE WOODIES GOT THEM.
SMITH-- DRUCKER -- COVER OUR REAR.
DICKWIPE!
DREDD
SHUFFF
IF WE'RE WRONG, THIS IS GONNA BLOW OUR COVER BIGTIME!
FOOOOM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
FWOOOOM
WE'RE SPOTTED, BOYS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
TOK
BDDAM
RAM
MORE WOODIES THAN A WOODIE JAMBOREE!

DON'T SHOOT, IT'S ME, PRUDEY--
AAAHHHH!
LET'S GIVE 'EM A BIG SPACE CORPS WELCOME!
FWOOOOOMMM!
HI-EX!
HOLD YOUR LINES, DAMMIT!

UNNH!
FEKKERS!
FESTERING BUTTSCABS!
VROOOM
HUUUH—?

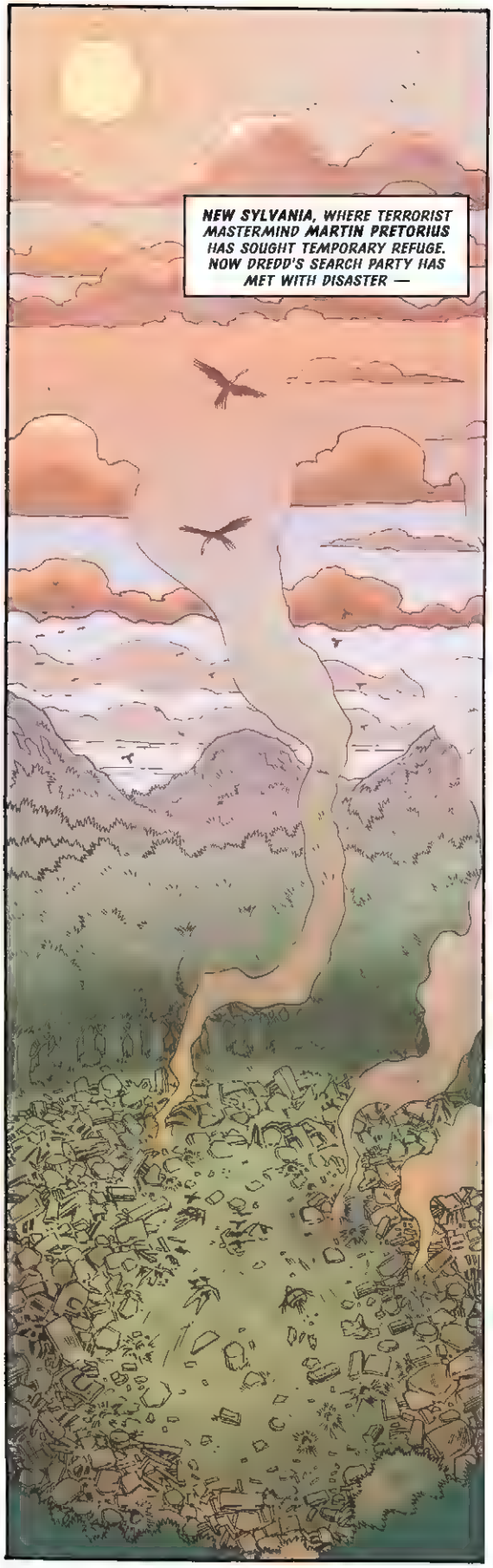

FREAKER CRUSHED MY TIN PIN, MAN! GOTTA DETACH!
SARGE!
SHWANG
CHWANGG
SHWANG
BRAM
BRAM
THEY GOT YOUR LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM, SARGE! BLOOD ALL OVER!
IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME, BIGGIE. SWITCHIN' TA... RESERVE TANK. THAT'LL GIVE ME A COUPLE MORE MINUTES.
AIN'T NONE OF US COMIN' OUTA THIS, SARGE. PERMISSION TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY.
YOU GOT IT, HOVERMAN. BEEN... BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YA.
SORRY. SORRY IT NEVER WORKED OUT WITH YOUR GIRL.
NO WORRIES, SARGE, ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE NOW.


GIVE HIM COVERING FIRE!
YOU GOT THE HOVERMAN ON AN OUTWARD BOUNDER!
NOW'S THE TIME! FINISH THEM!
LAST CALL FOR THE IRON DUKE! SEE YOU IN HELL, BOYS!

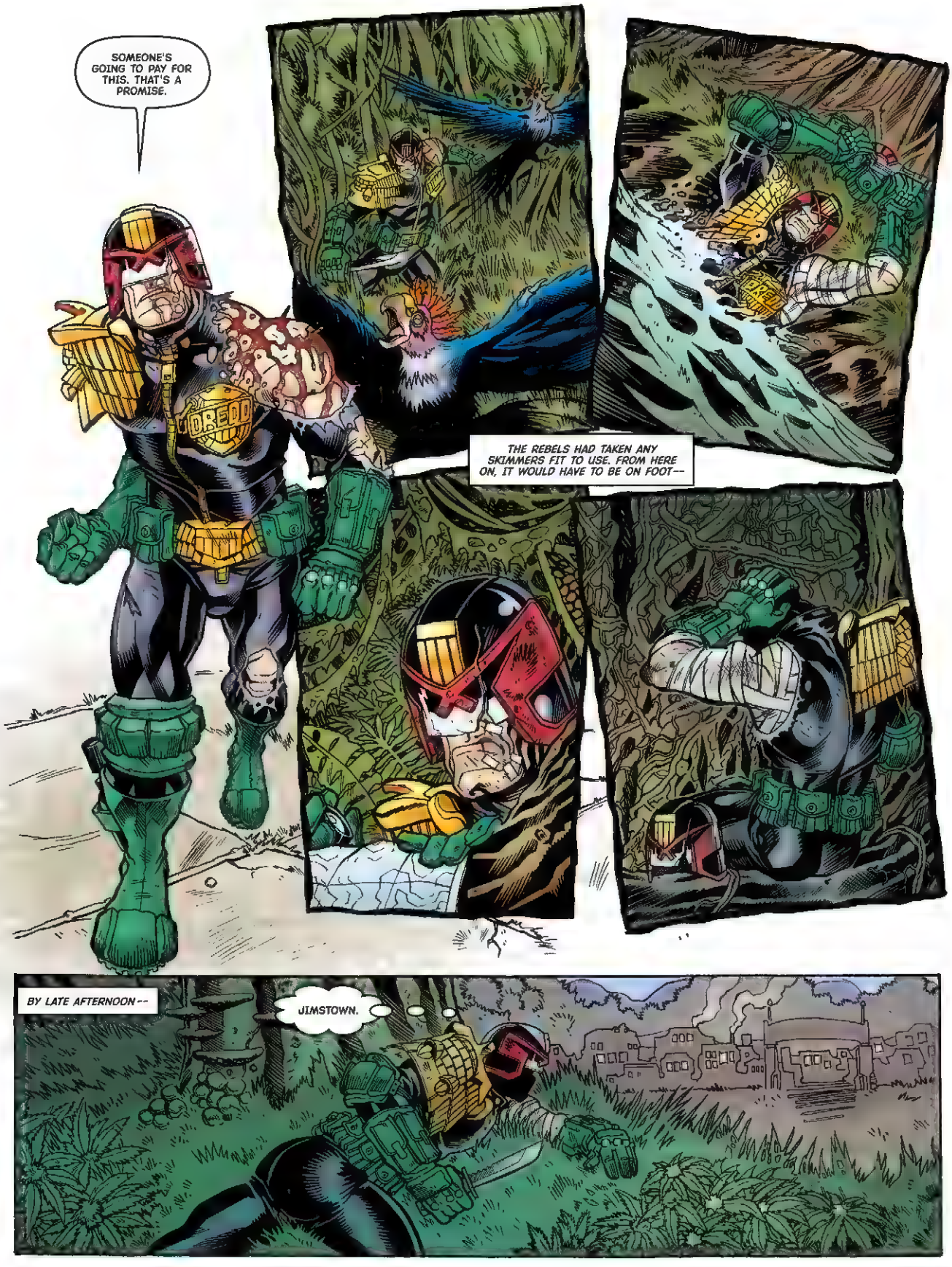
AAHHHHH!
CLUNK
THAT'S OUR MAN!
CHAAAAAAARGGGGE!

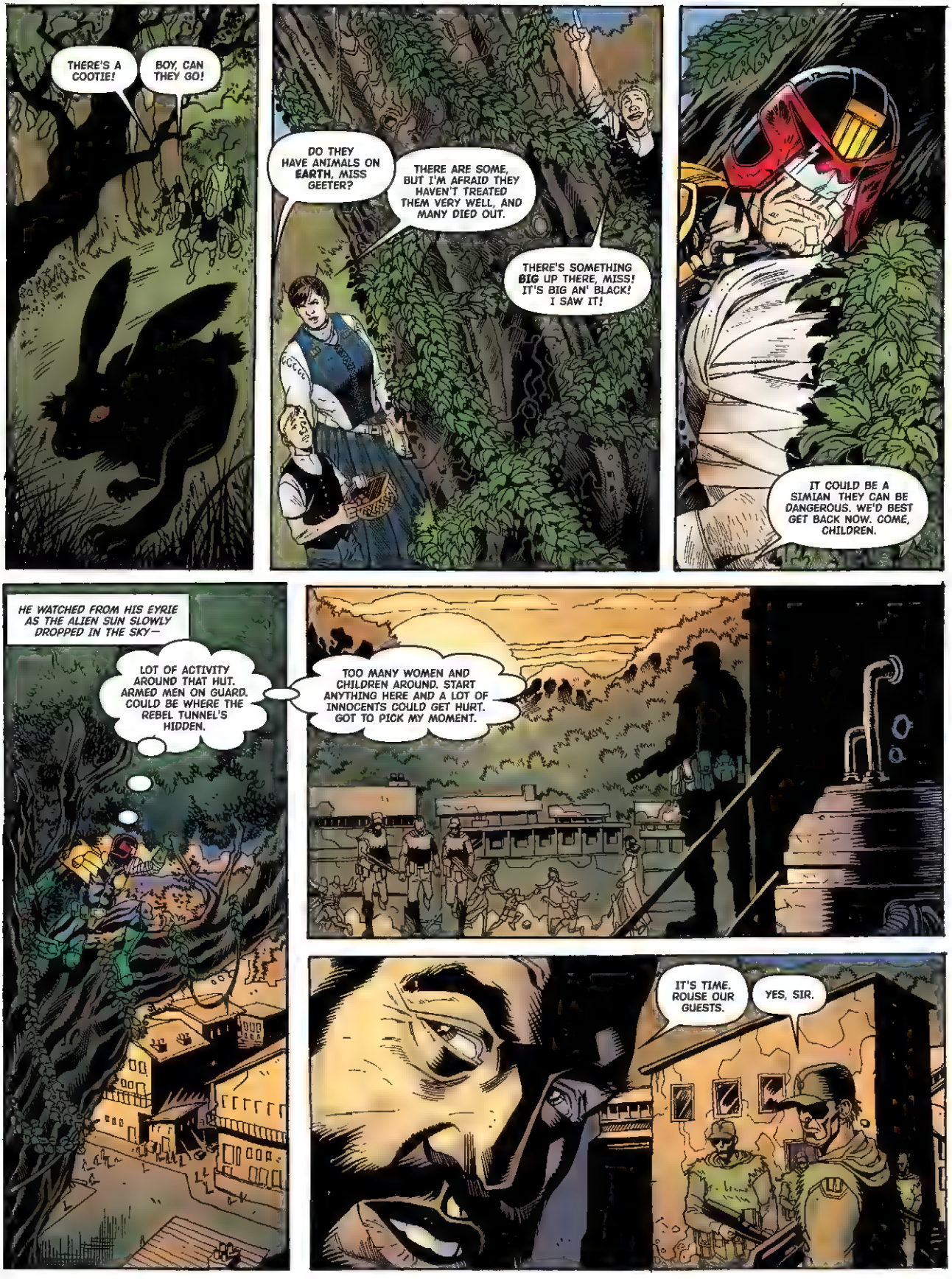
CLONK
VAVOOOM
JOB DONE.
ONE DAY THEY'LL LEARN, THEY CAN'T GOVERN US FROM LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

CRAW
DREDD


NEW SYLVANIA, WHERE TERRORIST MASTERMIND MARTIN PRETORIUS HAS SOUGHT TEMPORARY REFUGE. NOW DREDD'S SEARCH PARTY HAS MET WITH DISASTER —

FUNNY, AIN'T IT, TO THINK ANOTHER CIVILISATION BUILT ALL THIS. NOW WE'RE HERE AN' ALL WE CAN DO IS KILL EACH OTHER.
JUMSTOWN


SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS. THAT'S A PROMISE.
THE REBELS HAD TAKEN ANY SKIMMERS FIT TO USE. FROM HERE ON, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE ON FOOT--
BY LATE AFTERNOON--
JIMSTOWN.


THERE'S A COOTIE!
BOY, CAN THEY GO!
DO THEY HAVE ANIMALS ON EARTH, MISS GEETER?
THERE ARE SOME, BUT I'M AFRAID THEY HAVEN'T TREATED THEM VERY WELL, AND MANY DIED OUT.
THERE'S SOMETHING BIG UP THERE, MISS! IT'S BIG AN' BLACK! I SAW IT!
IT COULD BE A SIMIAN. THEY CAN BE DANGEROUS. WE'D BEST GET BACK NOW. COME, CHILDREN.
HE WATCHED FROM HIS EYRIE AS THE ALIEN SUN SLOWLY DROPPED IN THE SKY—
LOT OF ACTIVITY AROUND THAT HUT. ARMED MEN ON GUARD. COULD BE WHERE THE REBEL TUNNEL'S HIDDEN.
TOO MANY WOMEN AND CHILDREN AROUND. START ANYTHING HERE AND A LOT OF INNOCENTS COULD GET HURT. GOT TO PICK MY MOMENT.
IT'S TIME. ROUSE OUR GUESTS.
YES, SIR.

THE FREIGHTER LEAVES AT DAYBREAK. OUR FRIEND AT HQ WILL PULL HIS TROOPS OUT ONE HOUR BEFORE. THERE SHOULD NOT BE ANY PROBLEMS.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY, OAKER. ONE DAY THERE'LL BE REGIME CHANGE IN MEGA-CITY ONE. THEN YOU CAN COUNT ON US TO RETURN THE FAVOUR.
IF WE HAVEN'T SENT THE GOOPS OFF WITH THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS LONG BEFORE THAT, WE WILL HAVE FAILED.
PRETORIUS AND HIS HENCHMAN MESSENGER! THEY'RE ON THE MOVE!
COME HOME SAFE, DADDY!
HE WOULD HAVE PREFERED TO TAKE HIS MAN ALIVE, BACK TO FACE TRIAL. DEAD WOULD HAVE TO DO --
BE CAREFUL!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, DAMMIT—
DROKK! LEFT IT TOO LATE!

SOMEONE'S STEALIN' THE SKIFF!
FUT FUT FUT
UNGGG!
DAD!
FZOOOM
IT'S THAT JUDGE! THEY DIDN'T KILL 'IM, DAD!
SYLVAN CITY'S THE NEAREST SPACEPORT! GOT TO GAMBLE THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE HEADING!
THIS IS DREDD! CODE 12! RESPOND!
NO ANSWER! EITHER THE COM'S BROKEN OR I'M OUT OF RANGE!
FUT FUT FWUMP
CRAMP

END OF THE LINE. DAMNED COLONY HEAP --
THERE IT IS!
CAREFUL, BOYS!
CAN'T SEE HIM.
COME ON OUT, YOU!
SHMUNKK
HRIEEEEEE
WATCH IT!
DON'T!
FREEZE OR YOU'RE DEAD! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!
D-DO IT, ARDEE! TH-THEM JUDGES ARE KILLERS!

THIS ONE CAN MOVE.
CUSTOM JOB -- GOT TO HAVE A DOUBLE-SIZE POWER UNIT.
BUT THEY'VE GOT A BIG LEAD. ODDS ARE STILL IN THEIR FAVOUR.
ZRUUUUUUUUM
TWO HOURS GONE. MAYBE I GOT IT WRONG. THEY COULD BE HEADING FOR PORT AIO. IF THEY ARE THEN—
THIS IS DREDD! CODE 12! RESPOND!
CODE 12, RESPONDING!
BACK IN RANGE! PRAISE THE LAW!
APPROXIMATELY TWELVE RIDERS HEADING YOUR WAY. SUSPECTS PRETORIUS AND MESSENGER AMONG THEM. STOP AND DETAIN! LET NO ONE PAST!
WILCO!

LET'S HOLD IT HERE, BOYS.
FORTY KAYS, GIVE OR TAKE. DON'T WANNA GET THERE TOO SOON.
MUCH FURTHER?
SIR, YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
IT'S AN ENGINE. SOUNDS LIKE JODEE CLAMP'S HOVERJET.
MAYBE..
WHAT HE DOIN' FOLLOWIN' US? MAYBE THERE'S TROUBLE BACK HOME.
NO, SIR! IT'S UP AHEAD! LISTEN--
WHAT THE HELL-?
AIN'T .. AIN'T GOT NO RIDER, SIR!
DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT. LET'S MOVE ON, NICE AN' SLOW.

BRAAM
BRAAM
BIKE CANNON!
HALT! PROCEED NO FURTHER!
WELL I'M DAMNED—
IT'S DREDD'S! YOU SEE THE KIND OF DEVILS WE'RE UP AGAINST?
SIR-!
I WANT PRETORIUS AND MESSENGER! I WANT THEM ALIVE BUT DEAD WILL DO! YOUR CHOICE!
THE HELL WITH YOU!
THEN DEFEND YOURSELVES!

CODE 12! ENGAGE!
WILCO!
BDAM BDAM BDAM
BDAM
VARROOOOOM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
WE'LL HACK IT, SIR. ME AN' THE BOYS ALWAYS DO.

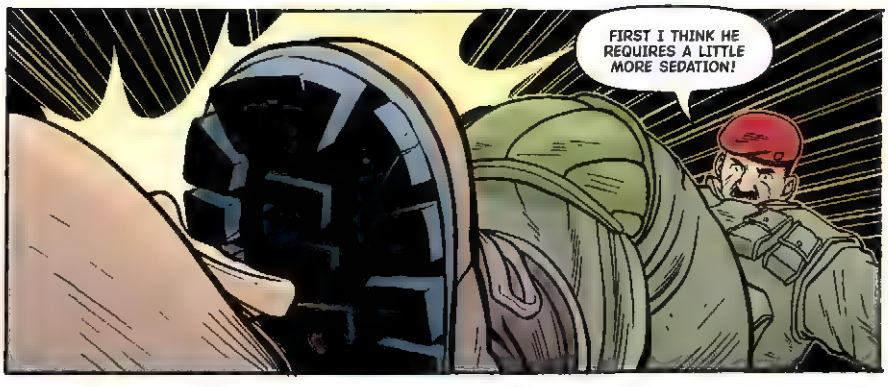
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
FESTERING BUTTSCABS!
IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME, BIGGIE...!
TAKE COVER, RENDELL-- AHHHHHH!
VAROOOM

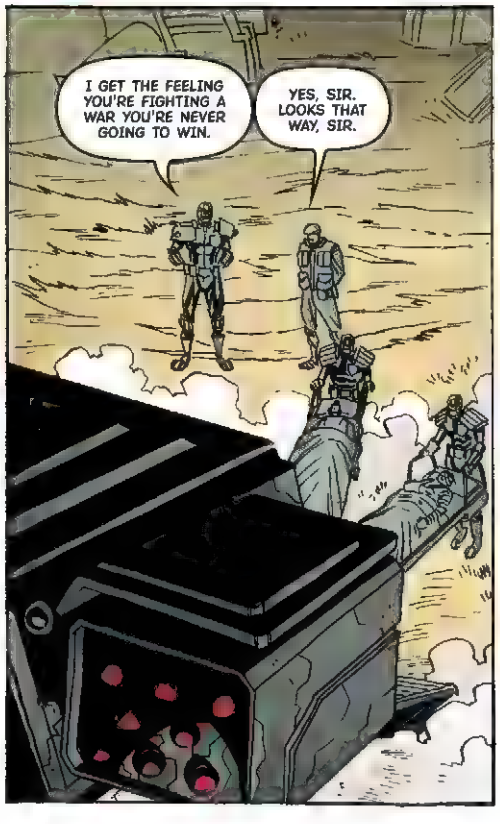
DAMN YOU!
DAMN YOU!
UNNNH!
DAMN...YOU—
WHUMP

NO. DAMN YOU.
GENERAL AGERS, SIR! DREDD'S COMING IN!
PRISONER REQUIRES MEDICAL TREATMENT, MAJOR. KEEP HIM UNDER CONSTANT GUARD.
GORSKI! PRISONER TO MED BAY! STAY WITH HIM!
YES, SIR!

AND DUKE AND HIS MEN, SIR?
AMBUSHED. DEAD. ALL DEAD.
SO. YOU MADE IT, DREDD. YOU SURPRISE ME.
I THOUGHT I MIGHT, GENERAL. AFTER ALL, YOU THOUGHT I'D BEEN KILLED WITH DUKE AND THE OTHERS, DIDN'T YOU?
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
I CAUGHT UP WITH NEWLAND OAKER AND A PARTY OF HIS REBELS ON THE WAY TO THE SPACEPORT. BEFORE HE DIED HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU -- HOW YOU FED HIM OUR POSITION.
HOW YOU CONSIGNED YOUR OWN MEN TO HELL.
THAT'S A DAMNED LIE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT WAS. AND SO WAS YOUR DENIAL.
LIE
I KNEW SOMEBODY HERE HAD TO HAVE PASSED THE INFORMATION I FIGURED YOU WERE THE PRIME SUSPECT, I JUST HAD TO BE SURE.
YOU-! HOW COULD YOU?
YOU WANT TO LAY OFF THE BOTTLE. DRINK CAN MAKE YOU CARELESS. BUT THEN YOU WON'T BE GETTING ANY WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
HOW DARE YOU!
HOW DARE YOU COME HERE MAKING UNFOUNDED ALLEGATIONS! I'LL REMIND YOU I'M COMMANDING OFFICER HERE! THIS IS AN INTERNATIONAL FORCE! I'M NOT UNDER YOUR JURISDICTION!
ARREST ME? I'LL HAVE YOU IN THE STOCKADE!
I DARE SAY YOU COULD, GENERAL. JUST A PITY YOU HAD THAT UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

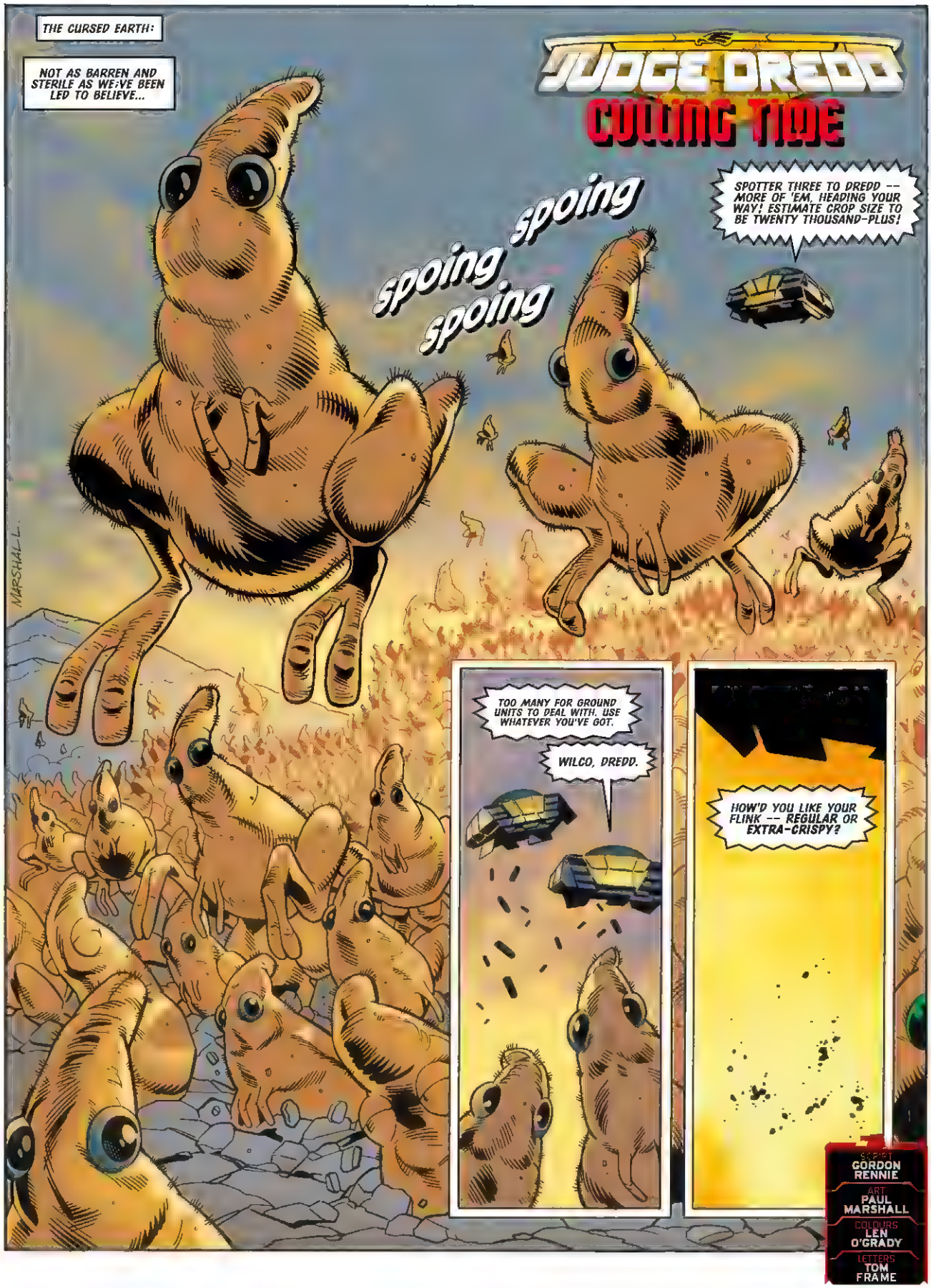
I'M A PRETTY GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, MAJOR. I CAN TELL YOU'RE A MAN WHO WANTS TO SEE THE BEST FOR HIS GENERAL -- AND THE BEST THING FOR THIS CONDITION IS **IMMEDIATE TREATMENT** IN **MEGA-CITY ONE.**
YES...YES, YOU'RE RIGHT.

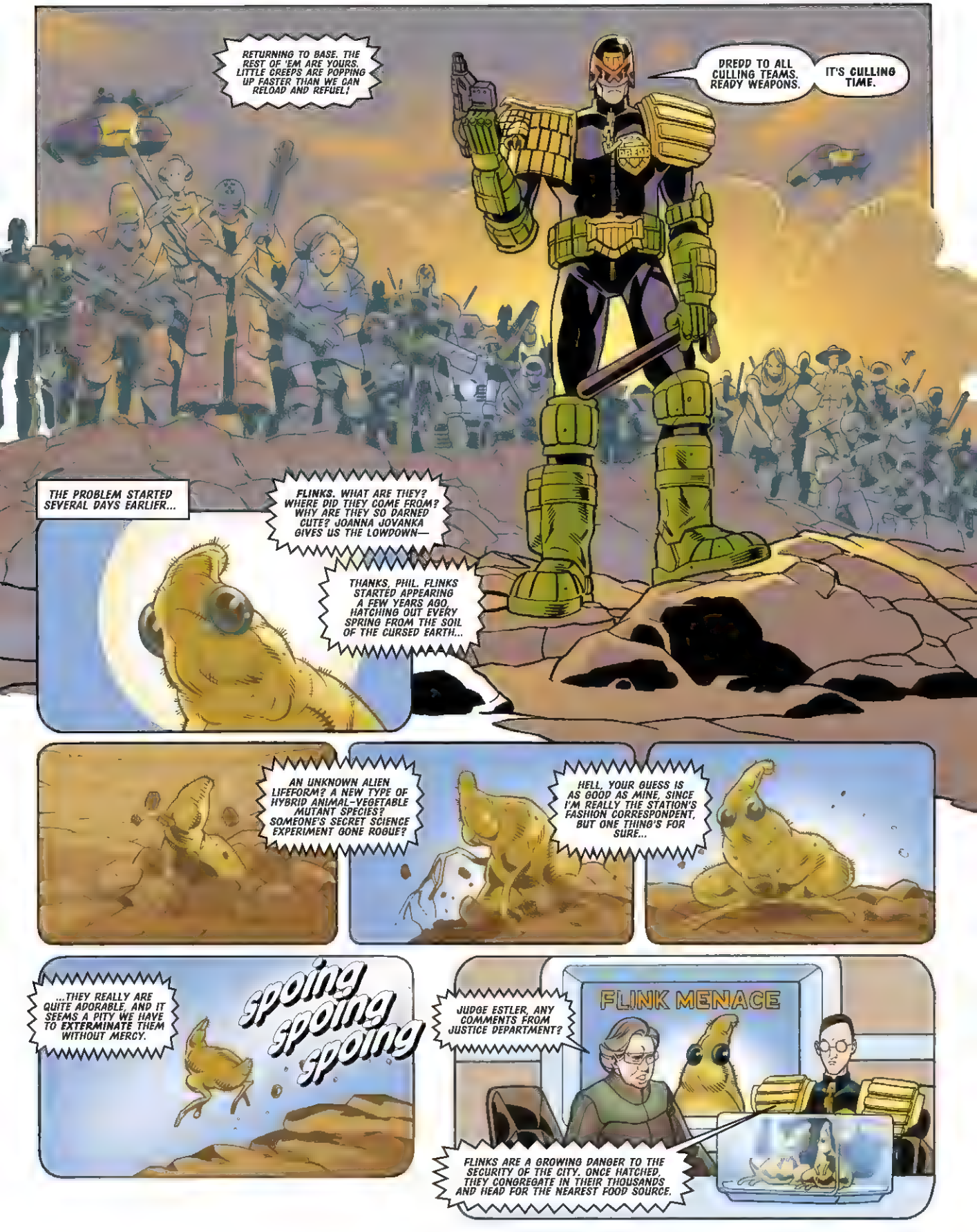

FIRST I THINK HE REQUIRES A LITTLE MORE SEDATION!

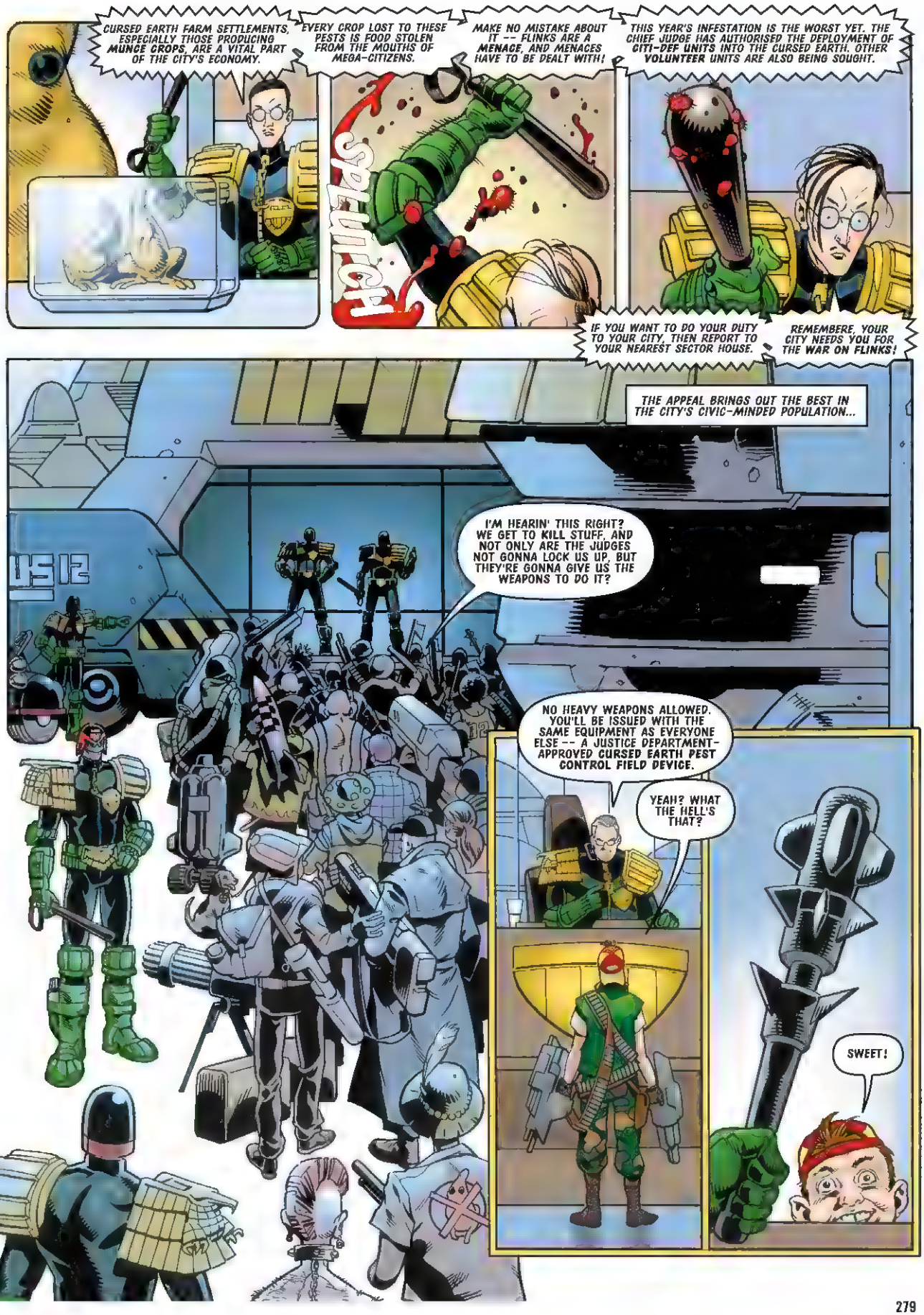

I GET THE FEELING YOU'RE FIGHTING A WAR YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO WIN.
YES, SIR. LOOKS THAT WAY, SIR.

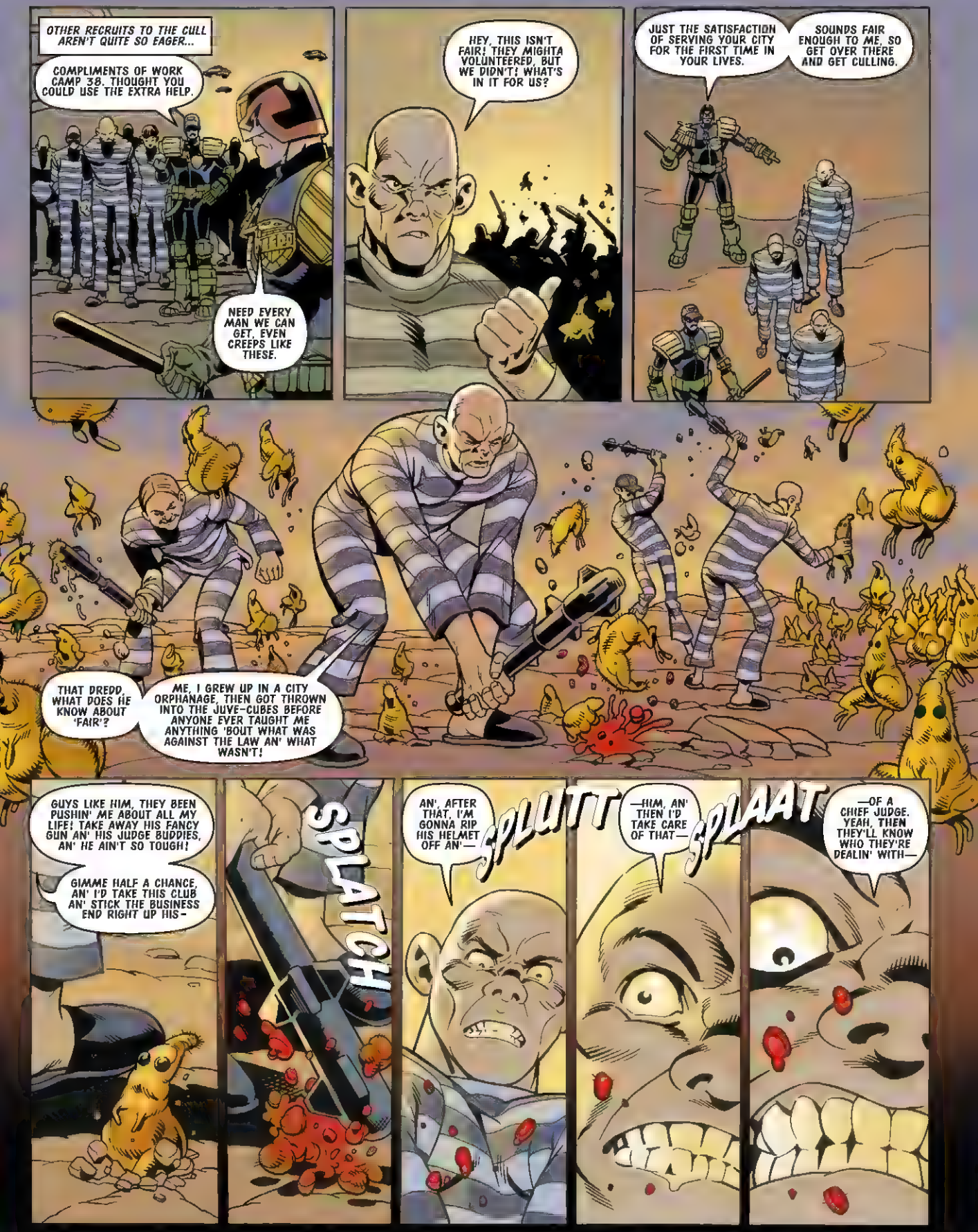
STILL, AT LEAST NOW WE CAN FIGHT IT FAIR AND SQUARE.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE, SIR.

THE END

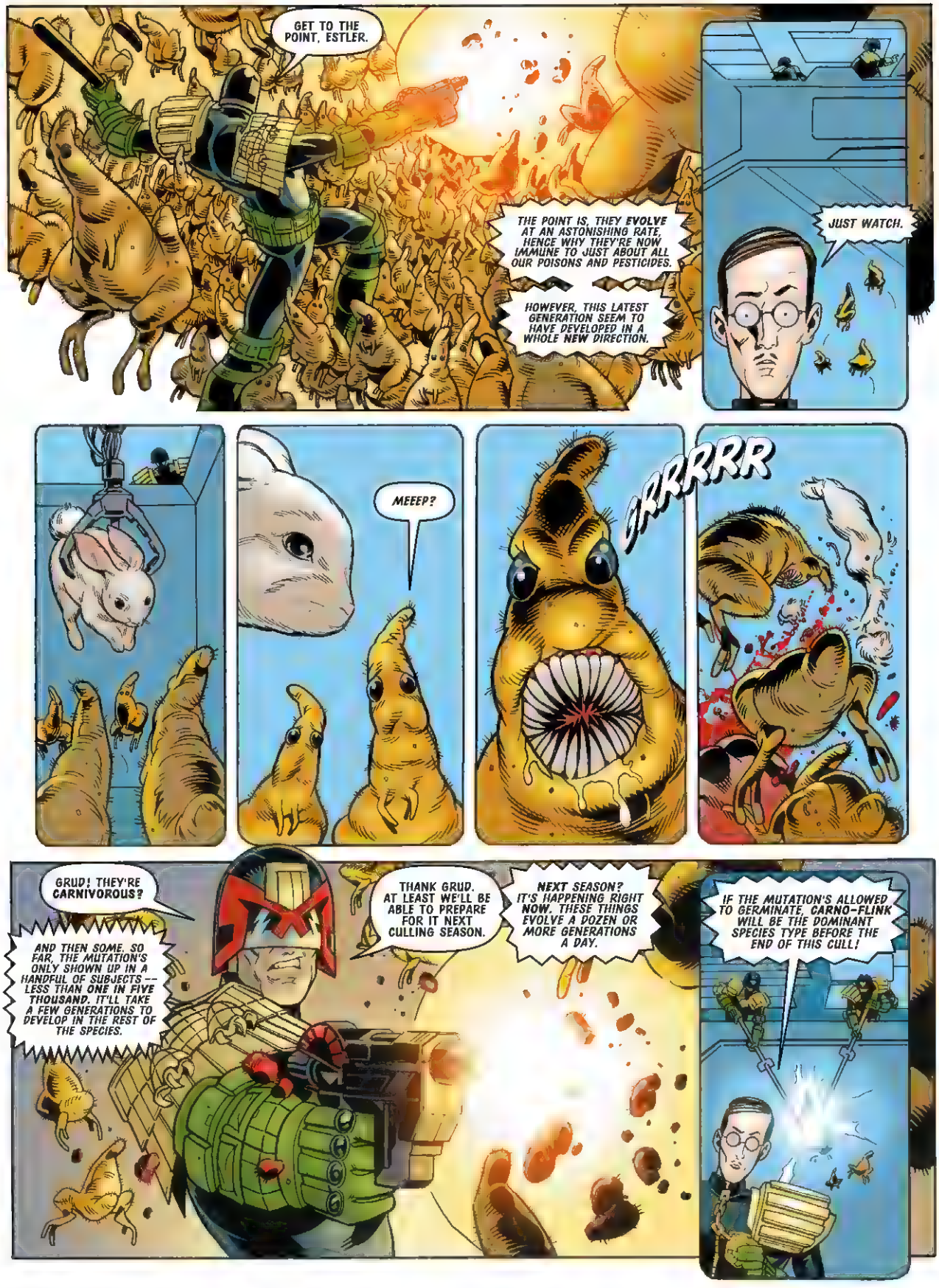

THE CURSED EARTH:
NOT AS BARREN AND STERILE AS WE'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE...
JUDGE DREDD
CULLING TIME
spoing
spoing
spoing
spoing
SPOTTER THREE TO DREDD -- MORE OF 'EM, HEADING YOUR WAY! ESTIMATE CROP SIZE TO BE TWENTY THOUSAND-PLUS!
MARSHALL
TOO MANY FOR GROUND UNITS TO DEAL WITH. USE WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT.
WILCO, DREDD.
HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR FLINK -- REGULAR OR EXTRA-CRISPY?
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART PAUL MARSHALL
COLOURS LEN O'GRADY
LETTERS TOM FRAME


RETURNING TO BASE. THE REST OF 'EM ARE YOURS. LITTLE CREEPS ARE POPPING UP FASTER THAN WE CAN RELOAD AND REFUEL!
DREDD TO ALL CULLING TEAMS. READY WEAPONS.
IT'S CULLING TIME.
THE PROBLEM STARTED SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER...
FLINKS. WHAT ARE THEY? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WHY ARE THEY SO DARNED CUTE? JOANNA JOVANKA GIVES US THE LOWDOWN—
THANKS, PHIL. FLINKS STARTED APPEARING A FEW YEARS AGO, HATCHING OUT EVERY SPRING FROM THE SOIL OF THE CURSED EARTH...
AN UNKNOWN ALIEN LIFEFORM? A NEW TYPE OF HYBRID ANIMAL-VEGETABLE MUTANT SPECIES? SOMEONE'S SECRET SCIENCE EXPERIMENT GONE ROGUE?
HELL, YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, SINCE I'M REALLY THE STATION'S FASHION CORRESPONDENT, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE...
...THEY REALLY ARE QUITE ADORABLE, AND IT SEEMS A PITY WE HAVE TO EXTERMINATE THEM WITHOUT MERCY.
sproing sproing sproing
JUDGE ESTLER, ANY COMMENTS FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT?
FLINK MENACE
FLINKS ARE A GROWING DANGER TO THE SECURITY OF THE CITY. ONCE HATCHED, THEY CONGREGATE IN THEIR THOUSANDS AND HEAD FOR THE NEAREST FOOD SOURCE.


CURSED EARTH FARM SETTLEMENTS, ESPECIALLY THOSE PRODUCING MUNCE CROPS, ARE A VITAL PART OF THE CITY'S ECONOMY.
EVERY CROP LOST TO THESE PESTS IS FOOD STOLEN FROM THE MOUTHS OF MEGA-CITIZENS.
MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT -- FLINKS ARE A MENACE, AND MENACES HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH!
SPLURCH
THIS YEAR'S INFESTATION IS THE WORST YET. THE CHIEF JUDGE HAS AUTHORISED THE DEPLOYMENT OF CITI-DEF UNITS INTO THE CURSED EARTH. OTHER VOLUNTEER UNITS ARE ALSO BEING SOUGHT.
IF YOU WANT TO DO YOUR DUTY TO YOUR CITY, THEN REPORT TO YOUR NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE.
REMEMBERE, YOUR CITY NEEDS YOU FOR THE WAR ON FLINKS!
THE APPEAL BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN THE CITY'S CIVIC-MINDED POPULATION...
I'M HEARIN' THIS RIGHT? WE GET TO KILL STUFF, AND NOT ONLY ARE THE JUDGES NOT GONNA LOCK US UP, BUT THEY'RE GONNA GIVE US THE WEAPONS TO DO IT?
NO HEAVY WEAPONS ALLOWED. YOU'LL BE ISSUED WITH THE SAME EQUIPMENT AS EVERYONE ELSE -- A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-APPROVED CURSED EARTH PEST CONTROL FIELD DEVICE.
YEAH? WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
SWEET!


OTHER RECRUITS TO THE CULL AREN'T QUITE SO EAGER...
COMPLIMENTS OF WORK CAMP 38. THOUGHT YOU COULD USE THE EXTRA HELP.
NEED EVERY MAN WE CAN GET. EVEN CREEPS LIKE THESE.
HEY, THIS ISN'T FAIR! THEY MIGHTA VOLUNTEERED, BUT WE DIDN'T! WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?
JUST THE SATISFACTION OF SERVING YOUR CITY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIVES.
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH TO ME. SO GET OVER THERE AND GET CULLING.
THAT DREDD. WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT 'FAIR'?
ME, I GREW UP IN A CITY ORPHANAGE, THEN GOT THROWN INTO THE JUVE-CUBES BEFORE ANYONE EVER TAUGHT ME ANYTHING 'BOUT WHAT WAS AGAINST THE LAW AN' WHAT WASN'T!
GUYS LIKE HIM, THEY BEEN PUSHIN' ME ABOUT ALL MY LIFE! TAKE AWAY HIS FANCY GUN AN' HIS JUDGE BUDDIES, AN' HE AIN'T SO TOUGH!
GIMME HALF A CHANCE, AN' I'D TAKE THIS CLUB AN' STICK THE BUSINESS END RIGHT UP HIS-
SPLATCH
AN', AFTER THAT, I'M GONNA RIP HIS HELMET OFF AN'—
SPLUTT
—HIM, AN' THEN I'D TAKE CARE OF THAT—
SPLAAT
—OF A CHIEF JUDGE. YEAH, THEN THEY'LL KNOW WHO THEY'RE DEALIN' WITH—

YOU MEN! OVER THERE AND HELP LOAD UP THOSE H-WAGONS! DREDD WANTS THEM BACK IN THE AIR RIGHT AWAY!
HEY, LOU, YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY ONE O' THESE FANCY H-RIDES, DONTCHA?
SURE, MARPH. USED TO PILOT THEM BIG CARGO LIFTERS AT GIL GERRARD.
COOL. 'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
SPAK
BEEN INSIDE ONE KINDA CAGE OR ANOTHER MY WHOLE DAMN LIFE. THEY LET ME OUT AND PUT A WEAPON IN MY HANDS, THAT'S GONNA BE THEIR BIG MISTAKE!
DREDD -- ESTLER. I'M CALLING FROM TECH 25. GOT SOMETHING HERE YOU SHOULD SEE.
KINDA BUSY HERE, ESTLER. PATCH IT THROUGH TO MY HELMET-VID.
AS YOU KNOW, FLINKS ARE BASICALLY MUTATED VEGETABLE MATTER, NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE MUNCE CROPS THEY FEED ON.
THEY TASTE TERRIBLE. BY THE WAY. WE HAD HOPED THEY MIGHT BE A NEW FOOD SOURCE, BUT THEY ACTUALLY TASTE WORSE THAN RAW MUNCE.

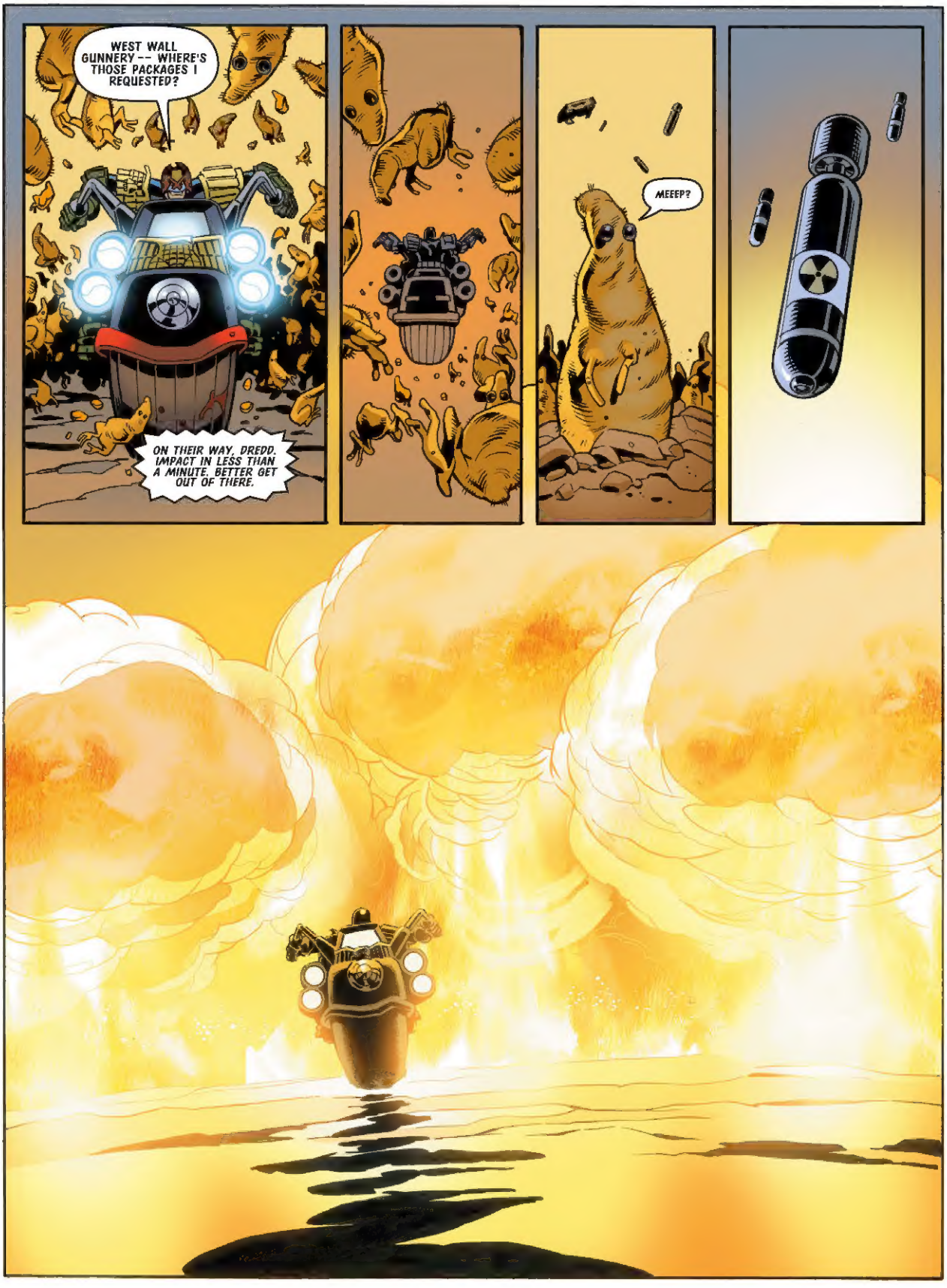

GET TO THE POINT, ESTLER.
THE POINT IS, THEY EVOLVE AT AN ASTONISHING RATE, HENCE WHY THEY'RE NOW IMMUNE TO JUST ABOUT ALL OUR POISONS AND PESTICIDES.
HOWEVER, THIS LATEST GENERATION SEEM TO HAVE DEVELOPED IN A WHOLE NEW DIRECTION.
JUST WATCH.
MEEEP?
GRRRRRR
GRUD! THEY'RE CARNIVOROUS?
AND THEN SOME. SO FAR, THE MUTATION'S ONLY SHOWN UP IN A HANDFUL OF SUBJECTS -- LESS THAN ONE IN FIVE THOUSAND. IT'LL TAKE A FEW GENERATIONS TO DEVELOP IN THE REST OF THE SPECIES.
THANK GRUD. AT LEAST WE'LL BE ABLE TO PREPARE FOR IT NEXT CULLING SEASON.
NEXT SEASON? IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW. THESE THINGS EVOLVE A DOZEN OR MORE GENERATIONS A DAY.
IF THE MUTATION'S ALLOWED TO GERMINATE, CARNO-FLINK WILL BE THE DOMINANT SPECIES TYPE BEFORE THE END OF THIS CULL!

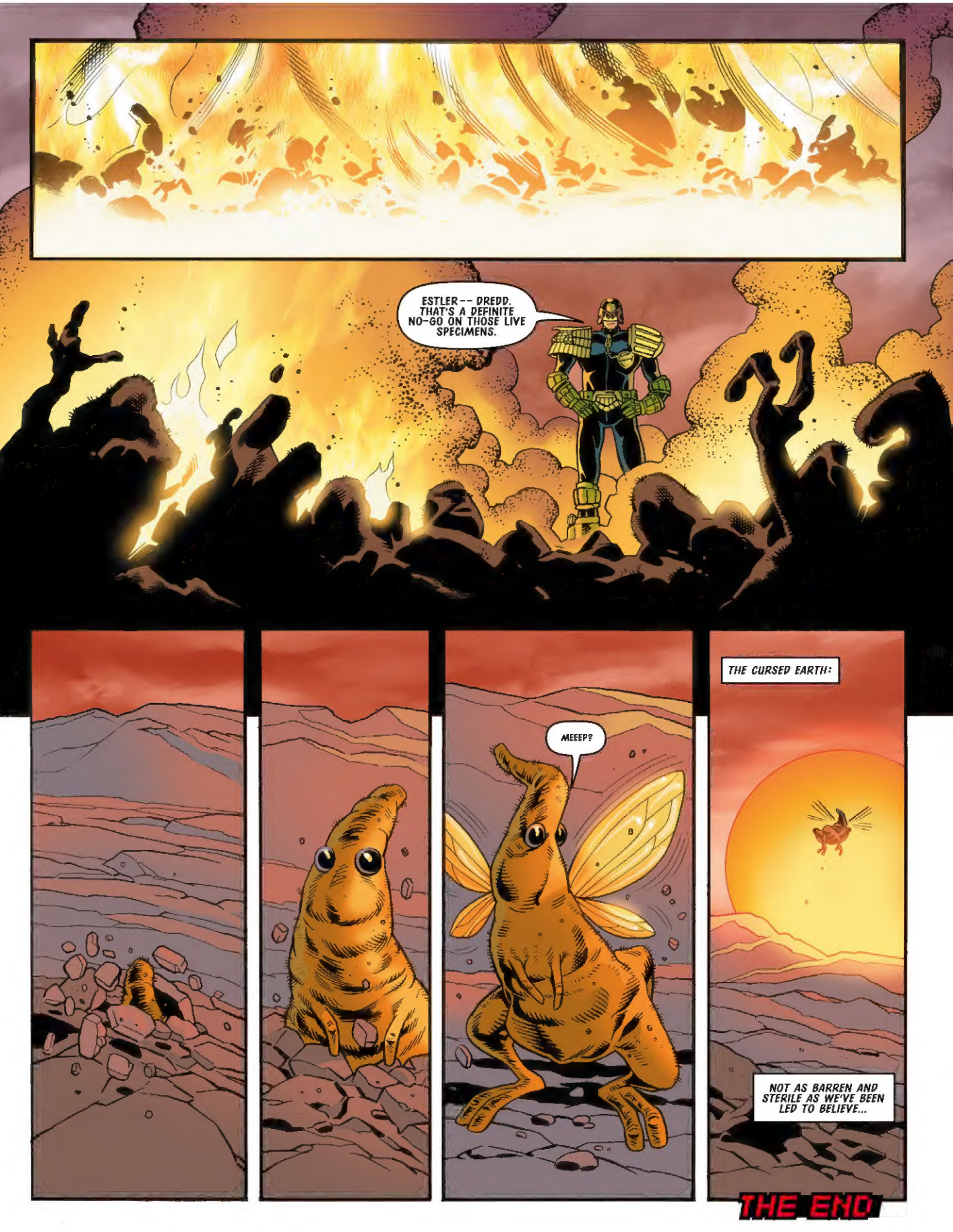
WE NEED TO FIND THE NEW MUTATION'S MAIN CROP SITE BEFORE—
DREDD! SOMEONE'S STEALING AN H-WAGON!
SEE YA, LAWMAN! THANKS FOR THE FREE RIDE!
SITUATION HERE, ESTLER. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.
NO FREE RIDES ON MY WATCH, CREEP!
ARMOUR-PIERCING!
BZANNG BZANNG
GREAT SHOT, DREDD. YOU ALMOST BROUGHT IT DOWN.
IF I SHOOT, I HIT WHAT I'M AIMING AT. DIRECT HIT TO THE POWER SYSTEMS. THEY'VE PROBABLY ONLY GOT LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES FLYING TIME LEFT.
COULD HAVE BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH A HI-EX, BUT COULDN'T RISK THE LIKELY CASUALTIES.
GET THE OTHER H-WAGONS INTO THE AIR TO SEARCH FOR MORE FLINK OUTBREAKS. I'LL DEAL WITH THESE CREEPS.

FOURTEEN MINUTES AND TWENTY-FOUR SECONDS LATER...
REAL SWEET, LOU. REAL NICE GOIN'.
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, MARPH. HE MUSTA GOT OFF A LUCKY SHOT AT US—
MORE A' THEM! AIN'T THERE ANYWHERE OUT HERE YOU CAN GET AWAY FROM THEM?
FREAKIN' CURSED EARTH! WHAT KINDA PLACE BREEDS BOUNCING PET VEGETABLES?
CHOMP
OH M-MOLEY!

spoing
spoing
ANOTHER FLINK CROP. IMPACT OF THE CRASH MUST HAVE CAUSED THEM TO HATCH OUT...
spoing
DROKK! CARNO-FLINK!
ESTLER -- DREDD. I FOUND YOUR CARNO-FLINK HATCHING SITE.
THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD BRING ME BACK A FEW LIVE SPECIMENS FOR FURTHER STUDY?
LOOKING KINDA DOUBTFUL, ESTLER. JUST TELL ME HOW TO GET RID OF THEM.
THE BEST WAY IS SCORCHED EARTH -- TOTAL ERADICATION OF THEM AND THE HATCHING SITE.
ALL IT TAKES FOR THE MUTATION TO SPREAD IS A FEW STRAY SEED SPORES TO TAKE ROOT ELSEWHERE.

CONTROL -- PATCH ME THROUGH TO WEST WALL GUNNERY COMMAND.
I'M HOLDIN' YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FER THIS, LOU! IF YOU'DA BEEN A BETTER PILOT, NONE A' THIS WOULDA HAPPENED!
GIMME A BREAK, MARPH! I'VE JUST HAD THREE OF MY T-TOES BITTEN OFF!
IT'S DREDD! HE'LL SAVE US! GRUD, NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HAPPY TO SEE A JUDGE!
TOO MANY OF THESE THINGS. NO WAY I CAN GET TO THOSE CREEPS BEFORE THEY GET EATEN ALIVE. ONLY ONE CHOICE...
SEE, MARPH? JUDGES, THEY AIN'T ALWAYS SO BAD—
MERCY SHOTS.


WEST WALL GUNNERY -- WHERE'S THOSE PACKAGES I REQUESTED?
ON THEIR WAY, DREDD. IMPACT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE. BETTER GET OUT OF THERE.
MEEEP?


ESTLER -- DREDD. THAT'S A DEFINITE NO-GO ON THOSE LIVE SPECIMENS.
MEEEP?
THE CURSED EARTH:
NOT AS BARREN AND STERILE AS WE'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE...
THE END

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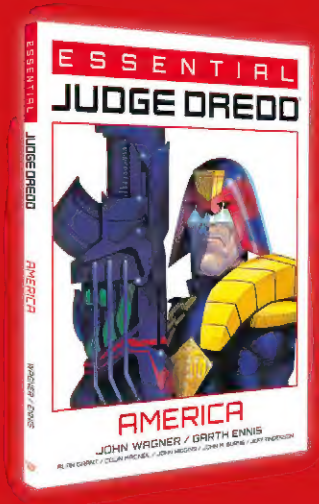

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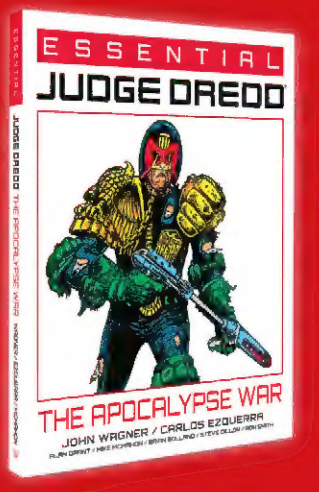

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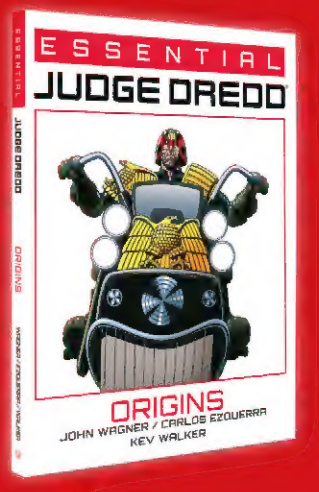

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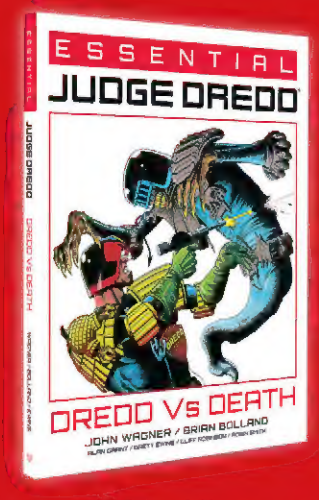

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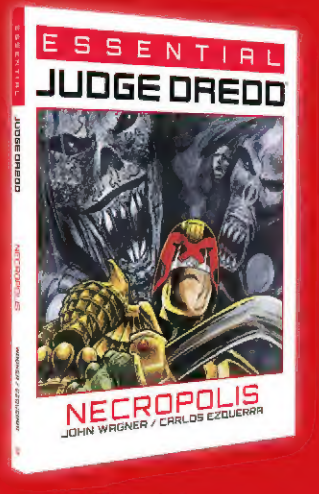

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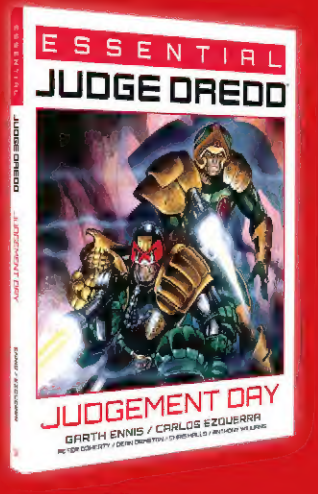

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